Warren H. Cudworth.

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W. H. C. Cudworth.

# A MEMORIAL

OF

# Rev. Warren H. Cudworth

BY HIS SISTER

Miss Angelia M. Cudworth

*I will not leave you comfortless.* — JOHN xiv. 18

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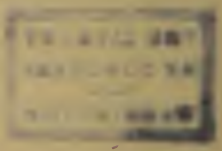

HHR 2 1937

"Say, who art thou, with more than mortal air,
Endowed by Heaven with gifts and graces rare,
Whose restless winged feet forever onward bear?

"I am Occasion — known to few, at best,
And since one foot upon a wheel I rest —
Constant my movements are. — They cannot be repressed."

*In a remarkable degree was the "Opportunity" illustrated in the life of the dear Subject of this Memorial,*

REV. WARREN H. CUDWORTH.

# REV. WARREN H. CUDWORTH.

WHEN the founders of the city of Lowell — Nathan Appleton, Patrick T. Jackson, Paul Moody and others — saw and seized the opportunity to establish a great manufacturing city on the banks of the noble Merrimac, Warren Cudworth was selected from one of the Waltham spinning-rooms, where he was overseer, to go to Lowell and start Number 1 spinning room on the Merrimac Corporation. There the subject of this memorial, Warren H. Cudworth, was born, May 23, 1825, in a brick house then called the Overseers' Block, on the middle row of the Corporation boarding-houses, and still standing. In the spring of 1826 our father started Number 1 spinning room on the Hamilton Corporation, and removed there with his family, where he died of consumption, April 11, 1827.

In looking up the genealogy of the Cudworth

family, I have been able, through General Ebenezer W. Pierce, who has spent much time in biographical, genealogical and historical research, to trace our family name back to General James Cudworth, who was a freeman in Scituate in 1634, and elder brother of the celebrated philosopher and divine, Reverend Ralph Cudworth, author of "The True Intellectual System of the Universe." General James is called, in the "History of Scituate," "a fine representative of the more liberal sentiment of early New England. He was a Puritan of the best type, an Independent after the order of John Robinson — religious, without bigotry or intolerance. He was deprived of his offices, and disfranchised by Governor Prince on account of the liberality of his sentiments, particularly toward the Quakers. He manifested his magnanimity by a dignified silence and quiet demeanor. His rights were afterward restored to him by Governor Josiah Winslow."

In 1658 he, with twenty-five others, purchased lands in Freetown, Mass., a large part of which is now Fall River. Our immediate ancestors origi-

nated in Freetown, and there is now one farm there, included in that purchase, which has never been out of the Cudworth family. If General James' character had been written for my brother, it could not have been more correct.

If any one now feels desirous of knowing of our ancestry on our mother's side, by consulting "Bond's History of Watertown," and looking for the portrait of Moses Brown, he will see a striking likeness of our dear mother, Angeline C. Brown. Her father was born in Cambridge, and was one of the famous tea party in Boston Harbor, December 16, 1773. The eldest sister distinctly remembered hearing him relate how he, with others, disguised as Indians, fought their way home through a party of Loyalists, by stationing themselves against the houses they passed, and taking defence with their clubs, which were loaded with lead, thus preventing the enemy tearing of their disguise. He was also one of the minute men at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and secreted some of the ammunition used under his shop, at the end of Warren Bridge in Charles-

town. He was acting as major, without commission, and was wounded by a musket ball, in the calf of the leg, while superintending the retreat of the soldiers across Mystic River to Winter Hill. At the conflagration of Charlestown he lost the most of his property. It seems but natural that his grandson should have proved the patriotic man he was. As early as June 1, 1841, he had joined the National Highlanders, a volunteer company in the city of Lowell. He was also very much like his mother. We three left to face the world with very little means were as one. We never knew any separation of interest. And now that they both have gone up higher, I am but one.

But the little brother must now have attention. He was not quite two years old when his father died, but he used to say he remembered his coming in one day from his work, weak and weary, just before he was taken sick, and finding his young representative standing in a chair at the open window, screaming his loudest, to hear the echo, spoke rather sharply to him, which prob-

ably fixed it in his mind. The first thing I remember in connection with him occurred during the autumn following our father's death. Our mother had gone up-stairs one day, and left us two little folks, with our slates and pencils, to amuse ourselves. We made our pictures, and rubbed them out, then stooped down to dry our slates by the open fireplace of those days. There was only a smouldering fire, but in some way we fanned it, and my clothes caught. We both screamed, and the mother ear quickly caught the sound, and with two or three leaps was down-stairs, and, opening the door, found her first-born in flames, and the brave little brother, not yet three years old, standing with the tongs in his hands, trying to pull the fire off his sister. I was very seriously burned, the fire just mounting to my head when the dear mother entered and, with her bare hands, pushed it away from my face, tore off my burning clothes, and saved my life.

As the little brother grew older, he developed one by one the traits that made him the man

he was. That intense activity and perfect fearlessness which were so apparent in his maturity, in the boy were sometimes mistaken and punished for mischievousness; but his teachers all lived to learn his real nature, and one came to him before he was eighteen years old, to be taught thorough bass by the roguish boy who himself had mastered it without instruction.

Music was his ruling passion. Before he was ten years old our mother bought a harpsichord then called, but the same shape is now the grand piano. She employed a good old man named Sharples, who tuned pianos and taught the rudiments of music, but the boy in less than a quarter went beyond his teacher, and had no more instruction, but heard all the great players, and read and practised music till he became the ready player and teacher his friends know him to have been.

Our father and mother were both fine singers, and our father played the clarinet. Doctor John O. Green, still living in Lowell, in a pleasant letter to me some time since, said he recollected

our father, whom he knew and attended in his last sickness, and recalled as a pleasant, genial man, full of music; which will answer for a portrait of his son. Our mother has told us that our father composed a number of pieces of music, which she sold for a good price after his death, thinking the money would be of more use to her children than music; but we have often wished we knew what they were. The son also composed music before he was twenty years old, and I have now six pieces in print that he composed before he was twenty-three.

He early displayed a desire for looking into things by taking to pieces our kitchen clock and putting it together again correctly. Later, when gun cotton was discovered, he tested satisfactorily its power by charging a pistol so heavily that it not only burst, but took off the end of his forefinger, which, some of his friends will remember, he had a trick of trying to hide. He was also interested in animal magnetism and the daguerreotype.

When he was fourteen years old, he had de-

veloped into manliness of air and demeanor, and when he was sixteen set himself seriously to thinking what he was to do and be for himself, his mother, to whom he had always been a helpful son, and his sister. Our mother was a member of the First Congregational Church in Lowell, of which Reverend Amos Blanchard was pastor, and myself and brother united with the same church by the time we were sixteen years old. We all sang in the choir; the *little* brother when he had to stand on a cricket, would sing duets acceptably with his mother.

As he had progressed in music, he practised on different instruments, and then sought to obtain the double bass, to play in the church he was attending. For some reason, the music committee did not see fit to grant his request, and becoming acquainted with the Unitarian Society — Reverend Doctor Miles — his ability was recognized, and he was secured as organist. And thus was he led into the Unitarian Fold, which, as he thought and studied, he became assured was the place for his life work.

He had already tried one or two different kinds of manual labor, but found his heart was in nothing but books and music. In September, 1842, he therefore entered Phillips Academy, Andover, to prepare for college. Here he attended to his studies, was connected with a musical society, going to Lowell every Saturday, generally walking, played the organ on Sunday and went back Monday. I judge that he never fell behind in his studies, for I have beside me the Order of Exercises at the Exhibition of Phillips Academy, August 5, 1845, in which he first developed the dramatic element in his nature by arranging a scene from the "War of the Roses" for performance, in which he took the part of Montague the Usurper, and acted it too. He also closed the exercises by his essay on Ancient Architecture, and the Valedictory.

I was told he was one of the most popular fellows in his class, and unanimously chosen the valedictorian. He had long before laid the foundation of his library, which now numbers over two thousand volumes, and the young man of

twenty was enjoying such books as "Parks' Pantology," "Froissart's Chronicles," and a little later "Milman's History of Christianity," and the prose writers of Germany.

By the advice of good friends, he decided to enter Harvard College, so August 29, 1845, we find him at home in Room 14, Stoughton Hall. And now it was that he must decide as to his future profession. Music was his first love, but a friendly M. D. was trying to persuade him to become a physician, yet his own inclination was for a clergyman's life. He was battling alone with his God the great future which he saw spread before him. The farsightedness which could not be content with the present was a strong element in his character. His life has proved him to have been not exceptionally, but harmoniously gifted, and with the dauntless will which could never fail in the end.

I cannot say what finally determined him to be a clergyman, but he graduated from college, and we next find him before the public July 15, 1851, when he graduated with credit from

the Divinity School. The subject of his essay was "The Importance of the Poetry of the Bible to the Preacher." A hymn he wrote for the occasion, I will here copy:

As humble followers of thy Son,
We come before thee, Lord, to-day;
Help us the Christian race to run,
Help us to labor and to pray.

Let not the world's alluring voice
Entice our feet from wisdom's way,
But may thy service be our choice,
Thy Spirit's aid our constant stay.

While in Life's shadowy path we tread,
O, fill our souls with heavenly light;
And ever by its radiance led,
May we be steadfast to the right.

And when Life's sacred work is o'er,
And we from flesh and sense are free,
O, may our raptured spirits soar
To holy rest and peace with thee.

Sunday, July 6, before he graduated, he preached his first sermon at Somerville (Rev. Mr. Pope's church), from Exodus xxiii., 2: "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." July 13 he

preached at Medfield; July 20 and 27, at South Boston; August 3, at East Cambridge; August 10, at Manchester, N. H.; August 17, 24 and 31, at Dorchester; September 7, 14, 21, 28, and October 5 and 12, at Medfield; November 9 and 16, at South Boston, and November 23, his first sermon at East Boston, from Luke xxi. 19 — in the morning: "In your patience possess ye your souls;" and in the afternoon, from Matthew xi., 28 and 29: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He also preached there the following Sabbath, and December 7, at Medfield.

The churches at both Medfield and East Boston gave him a call, and provisionally he accepted the latter, thinking that both privilege and opportunity would be greater near Boston. He had engaged to travel that winter with a friend who was out of health, but if the East Boston Society were of the same mind on his return, he would remain with them. He preached in Savannah, Mobile, Charleston and Baltimore. while absent, and on his return, preached January 25, 1852, at

Medfield. February 1 he began his life work at East Boston, and February 8 entered in his church records: "Preached at home: Text, in the morning, 'I seek not yours, but you.' In the afternoon, 'Thy will be done.'" He was ordained Wednesday, March 17. The introductory prayer was by Rev. J. W. Holland of East Cambridge; reading of the Scriptures, Rev. C. J. Bowen of Newburyport; sermon by Rev. H. A. Miles, D. D., of Lowell; ordaining prayer, Reverend Calvin Lincoln, of Hingham; and the fervor of his prayer, as he laid his hand on the bowed young head before him, seemed indeed to consecrate him to the holy work he had undertaken, and left an impression which has never been effaced. The charge was given by his loved teacher, Reverend Converse Francis of Cambridge; the Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. H. F. Harrington of Lawrence; the address to the people, by Rev. T. S. King of Boston, and the concluding prayer by Rev. A. B. Mussey of Cambridge. Thus in the pleasant church of the Trinitarian Congregational faith, generously offered for the

occasion, was our brother set apart for his work, and when called up higher received his summons in the same church, though not in the same house.

Before he was ordained he had commenced that course of energetic, self-denying work, in his chosen field, which ended only with his death. Martin Luther said, "The Church heareth none but Christ:" So said the beloved subject of our memorial in everything he undertook. The ideas of Church government in the church of his choice he found rather vague and undefined, and used successfully his influence to harmonize and make "One in Christ Jesus." A church covenant was adopted, and he began from the first to infuse his hopeful spirit into his people and induce them to commence at once the building of a church.

June 20 the Sabbath-school Anniversary was established, and July 15 to 20, the society raised their first meeting-house, on the corner of Maverick and Breman streets. August 12 he gave the Thursday lecture at Chauncy Place Church, and September 12 preached in the College Chapel at Cambridge.

The ladies of his society had been busy all this while preparing for a fair to raise money for the new church, and on Wednesday and Thursday, the eighth and ninth of December, it was held at Union Hall, corner of Washington and Essex streets, and was quite successful. They had commenced worship in their vestry November 14, and the little church was completed and furnished by the ladies at a cost of nine hundred and seventy dollars, and they gave their pastor about forty dollars' worth of books. The church was dedicated December 29. The invocation was by Rev. C. Robbins; selections from Scripture Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge; salutation of the churches, Rev. F. D. Huntington; sermon by the pastor, from the text, "Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee;" prayer of dedication, Rev. Calvin Lincoln; thus was their first New Year inaugurated in the church.

A very strong element in our brother's character was indicated by his selection of his text,

which was Humility. Under that dauntless will he was one of the most humble Christians I have ever known. Sensitive to a fault, his *trust* was where it was never betrayed, and he could ever preserve that genial, kindly manner which seemed to win all hearts.

In the spring of 1853 he preached a series of six doctrinal lectures, presenting also a printed statement of the Unitarian belief to all who wished, and so impressed were the East Boston people with his earnestness, that his society had increased from between fifty and sixty families in February, 1852, to between ninety and one hundred in March, 1853.

In September forty-one dollars were contributed for the benefit of sufferers in Mobile by yellow fever. In October one hundred and twenty dollars, by the Sunday-school and parish, for a musical instrument for the vestry, and over one hundred and fifty dollars were given during the year by the ladies of the Sewing Circle to benefit the Sunday-school and farther furnish the parish parlor.

In September he preached again at the College Chapel at Cambridge.

In 1854 there were one hundred and eight families connected with the society, and the Sunday-school and society were represented by eight members at a Sunday-school convention held at Worcester in October. It was also represented at the Unitarian Autumnal Convention held at Montreal, by five members.

In 1855 the good work went on, and his first Anniversary sermon was preached March 18.

Contributions were made to the Sunday-school Society, a new society at Washington Village, and to a poor society in Kansas. One hundred and seventeen families were connected with us.

Sunday, June 3, 1855, is the first time, I think, he addressed the Young Men's Christian Union, then in Bedford street; also his first vacation. — "SUNDAY, *August* 26 : — Spent the day listening to the preaching of Niagara Falls."

He was elected to the School Committee Board this year, and with the exception of the years 1860, '61, '62, '63, '64, served thirteen years —

until 1873; and at the close of his service was chairman of the Girls' High and Normal School. The local papers, teachers and pupils bore witness to faithful service in that capacity also.

In 1856 one hundred and nineteen families were connected with his society. He was this year elected Secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, and editor of its paper, *The Sunday-school Gazette.* He was ever intensely interested in the Sunday-school, and continued in the office till the year of our civil war.

His work had increased yearly outside of his society. It was soon known that his large heart took in all he could reach, and the "Great Unchurched" claimed him in their troubles, and he never refused his aid. His motto was:

> God speed thee, struggling brother!
> All blessings on thy head!
> May we be one in labor,
> Till to temptation dead.

And,

> I dare not idle stand
> While over all the land
> Poor wandering souls need humble help like mine;

Brighter than brightest gem
In monarch's diadem,
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

And,

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is risen;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, ceaselessly give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing —
Give as He gave thee who gave thee to live.

The following is one of his own poems, written when he was about twenty years of age:

LABORARE EST ORARE.

"Work is worship" — mute, but meaning,
Daily toil a prayer for bread;
Men from idle habits weaning,
That the hungry may be fed.

Thou whose hand is worn or wasted,
Frame with toil or trouble bent,
Ne'er regret grief to have tasted,
Time thus passed is nobly spent.

Champions in the cause of learning,
Armed for freedom's holy strife;

Hearts for truth and justice yearning,
Cease from labor but with life.

Thou in Mammon's temple bending,
Every thought absorbed in gold,
Will thy wish be Heavenward tending,
When the sum of life is told?

Ye who haunt the halls of pleasure,
Crowd the dance with giddy feet—
Onward press — fill full the measure,
Slowly weaves your winding sheet.

Death, that grim, relentless spectre,
Soon will close life's feeble span;
Nature's tireless debt collector,
Heaven's last messenger to man.

Toil on, then, and toil on ever,
In your God-appointed sphere;
Cease from your exertions never!
Onward, upward, persevere.

And so he did, and the year 1857 found him leading and encouraging his society unto every good work. His musical ability he had utilized from the first, establishing an adult singing-school one evening of the week, and a juvenile school Saturday afternoon. The Washington Literary

Society was formed among the young people of the society and others, and gave its first exhibition March 16, of this year, and was very creditably sustained. A concert was given in the church Fast Day evening entirely by home talent, at which Mr. Cudworth not only sung a sacred song, "The Church," but played the organ accompaniment for the whole concert.

In May he took a trip to St. Louis and returned much refreshed. In 1858 another concert was given on Fast Day evening, at which Mr. Cudworth sang "Honor and Arms," from the Oratorio of Sampson; and from one of the papers of the day I copy the following:

> The concert of sacred music at the Unitarian Church is spoken of on all hands as being a very enjoyable as well as profitable occasion. The performers — numbering about forty — were, without exception, we believe, from the society worshipping there, and their success reflects much credit upon the worthy pastor and his intelligent people.

The temperance question was also early introduced, and at the Sunday-school anniversary, held June 20, a Band of Hope was organized, and

temperance songs sung. A local paper in referring to the occasion said:

Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln, the Mayor, was present and added not a little to the interest of the occasion by his admirable address. The exercises throughout were of the most interesting character. Few pastors devote so much time to the interests of their Sabbath-school as Rev. Mr. Cudworth, and very few can show so interesting and flourishing a school. The children have raised twenty-five dollars for the Children's Mission, and sixty-six dollars and eighty-eight cents of the one hundred dollars pledged to help remove the church debt. In considering the Band of Hope, which through Mr. Cudworth's unwearied exertions has grown up in his society, we wish that all the religious societies on the Island would show as great a hope for posterity.

Mr. Cudworth was among the first to see the necessity of more time for the Sunday-school, and in April of this year, as superintendent, commenced the afternoon sessions of the school, which have been continued ever since.

In January, 1859, the pastor and superintendent presented to each member of the Sunday-school a New Year's card, accompanied by an original poem.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A Happy New Year! to the lambs of his flock,
Your pastor most earnestly says;
A Happy New Year! filled with blessings to all
He fervently wishes and prays.
A year crowned with mercies each morning anew
May God his rich bounties bestow,
And fresh every evening the gifts of his love
Full and free from his treasury flow.

A Happy New Year! is your pastor's fond wish;
O, walk in the fear of the Lord;
Let the words of your mouths and the thoughts of your hearts
Acceptable be to your God.
Form good resolutions, and pray for God's grace
To teach you to keep them aright;
And never forget that his love and his care
Are round you by day and by night.

A Happy New Year! be the lambs of His fold,
Who loves you and calls you His own;
Who will guide you through life, and give you at last
A place in His glorious home.
To Jesus, your Shepherd, your strength and your hope,
O, lambs to that Shepherd most dear,
Your pastor commends you and earnestly prays
A Happy, a Happy New Year.

In February, the juvenile singing-school closed

its winter term by a concert, conducted by its teacher, which was well commended. In April our busy worker gave the Thursday lecture at Chauncy Place Church. At the Sunday-school Anniversary in June it was learned that the Band of Hope, formed one year before, now numbered two hundred and fifty-one members, of whom but one had broken the pledge. This year were formed the Improvement and the Music Clubs; the latter for the cultivation of the higher musical ability of the society, and the former for bringing anything of interest to instruct or amuse its members. There are now two large cabinets of curiosities, contributed by its members and friends, in the parish parlor of the church.

In July the Club enjoyed a pleasant excursion to Nahant. In September a concert was given by the members of the Sabbath-school, of which an evening paper said: —

> At the Unitarian Church, in the evening, a Sabbath-school concert was held of surpassing interest. A new and prominent feature was a description of Palestine by nine or ten young ladies, in rotation — several of them, drawing from

memory, portions of the map of the Holy Land. This part of the services was delightful and instructive. Then there were questions and answers about the Mosaic Law, particularly with regard to slavery, which indicated that the admirable superintendent and school were sound on that great question — as sound as Holy Writ. The recitations by the little ones were charming, and the singing by the whole school was choice and good.

In October an Old Folks' Concert was given. The Autumnal Convention of the "Sunday-school Society" was also held this month at Portsmouth, and the Annual Report given by our active worker, as secretary of the society.

Christmas week a series of entertainments were arranged for removing the small debt on the church, which were entirely successful, and the New Year was welcomed — "Out of Debt!"

The year 1860 was full of the discontented mutterings of our Southern brethren, and church life was not so prominent anywhere; but our earnest worker was never idle, and never concealed his real feelings in regard to the approaching crisis. Yet he never intruded them, and never preached political sermons.

He gave again in April the Thursday lecture at the First Church, Chauncy Place. A mission circle had been formed from the Sunday-school to seek out the poor and needy, and help them, and on Fast Day evening, April 13, an entertainment was given to raise funds for its use. Our brother was never afraid to call things by their right names, and if the members of his Sunday-school gave a parlor drama, he did not call it a dialogue. The dramatic element was strong in his character, but not the sensational. He was too unpretentious to be sensational. So he encouraged the performance of little dramas, because he thought that what God had implanted in us we had a right to enjoy; and because he hoped to make it possible to free them from objectional thought or language.

The Sunday-school Anniversary was held June 17, and proved interesting as usual; and the Convention was held in October, at Fitchburg. It was during this month that he saw in an evening paper that a young girl had died in the cars on her way back to Boston, and recogniz-

ing the name, he went at once to the undertaker's where the body had been removed, and found it was the orphan girl he supposed, and formerly one of his Sunday-school. He had her removed with all a father's care to East Boston, and buried from his church — the Sabbath-school putting up a neat stone at her grave.

It was not strange that his Sunday-school was so large at his death. His great heart took in the circumstances of each child, even remembering every name, and if he could assist by advice, procuring situations, or in any other way, they were sure of his help. He followed them even when overcome by temptation they fell, and were suffering the penalty of broken law, and by his advice and assistance either mitigated the sentence or released the sorrowing one.

The usual social festival was held at Christmas, while all were moving, as it were, with "bated breath," awaiting the developments of our troubled times. The society had been feeling for some time that its limits were too narrow, and had proved so much in earnest, that a New

Church Society had been formed, with regular officers to create and sustain an interest, and provide for a large fair. But all was now held in abeyance for the country that needed our help; and when the die was cast, the proceeds of our New Church Society were transferred to the Soldiers' Aid.

Who, that was old enough to realize it, will ever forget that Sabbath morning in April, 1861, when the news was flashed to us that Fort Sumter had been attacked and evacuated? My patriotic brother was very calm, but early Monday morning found him at the State House offering his services as chaplain. They were accepted, and he then began to make his preparations to go when the summons should come. In January the following had appeared in our local paper, and as the editor has long been in his better home, I take more pleasure in copying it, as showing how the dear brother was recognized in the long ago, not by the partial eyes of a sister, but by one whose province it was to judge by results:

MR. EDITOR: — Although I live "away down East," I am much interested in your paper, and read it every week. A short time ago my curiosity was much excited while reading it, to know what kind of a Christmas "bag" that was the minister gave to all the teachers and scholars belonging to the Sabbath-school in his parish. It was something so unusual for a pastor to make presents to his people, that I should like to know more about it. I hope you will gratify my desire, for there may be others who would like to know too.

We thank our friend and correspondent, returns the editor, for her "curiosity," for it enables us to bear a pleasant testimony to a devoted and beloved pastor, not ours, but an East Boston pastor, whom his people so prize, and who so loves his people, that we have no fear that this blazonry of his merits will result in a "call" that will sever their union. Our correspondent thinks it unusual for a pastor to make presents, and we believe it is. We know of no minister who does it but this one. Perhaps when we have told what we happen to know, others may think it well to "go and do likewise."

Rev. Warren H. Cudworth is the pastor of the Unitarian Church in East Boston. He has not the reputation of being an extraordinary preacher, but the history of his pastorate has proved that there may be an eloquence of labor more charming than words and more effectual in building up a society. Mr. Cudworth came to East Boston — then just from college — we would say seven or eight years ago, and commenced preaching to the little Unitarian Society — a society so small and feeble that it had not been able to retain any of its preachers, and had no meet-

ing-house. We are not posted in dates, but very soon after he commenced his labors, the society had so much increased, and liked their minister so well, that they built a neat and convenient church. They have steadily increased since, till now their church, at first amply large, is crowded at every service; and many families who wish to attend, cannot for want of seats. The society talk of building a larger house, and it is to be hoped that before many months they will do so. It was not till about two years ago that we became much acquainted with Mr. Cudworth's pastoral character. We have said that he is a devoted man. Like Paul, he is determined to know nothing but his work. Of this work his Sunday sermons, though thoughtfully prepared, are the least part. He feels a personal interest in each member of his large congregation, is frequent in his pastoral visits, and social in his intercourse with all his people. In the rising generation he takes a parental interest; having no family of his own, he has adopted the children of the whole parish! He is the president and life of a society for mutual improvement among the adult members of his congregation. This society meet monthly, we believe, for the advancement of its object. Its meetings are of a social and intellectual character. The exercises are various — sometimes dramatic reading, sometimes a colloquial lecture, or several, are given by members, on some scientific or historical subject. Every member is required to contribute some fact or some curiosity of science, and prepare him or herself to discourse upon it at the meeting. The influence of this society upon the social and intellectual character of the members is most beneficial. But Mr. Cudworth gives his special at-

tention to the Sunday-school — the best conducted one we ever saw. In saying this we hope we do not detract from the merits of other schools. We have prosperous schools and devoted teachers in nearly every society in East Boston. The Congregationalists, the Methodist, and the Baptists — of whom we happen to know something — have schools that do them credit, and pastors whom they love and prize. Doubtless the same might be said of the other denominations. But Mr. Cudworth's school has struck us as remarkable. We do not believe there is a better one in New England. It numbers four hundred scholars; and we think that every one of these scholars, from oldest to youngest, is an exception to the general character which Shakespeare has too truly drawn. They go willingly and even delightedly to school. He has an insatiable love for children, and his whole labor for them is a labor of love. This is the secret of his success. He has such a way of imparting instruction, and studies so well the tastes and wants of little minds, that he makes all the school exercises interesting to them as well as profitable. We are not able to give a detailed sketch of the school; but the best proofs of its excellence are the facts of the children's wonderful progress and strong attachment to it. They frequently have exhibitions which fill the meeting-house to overflowing with the happy children and delighted parents; and at the end of each year they celebrate their anniversary. Whether their exhibition on last Christmas eve was their regular anniversary, we are not able to say; but they had a great meeting and a grand time among the little ones on that occasion; and at the end of the exercises every scholar received a Christmas bag neatly made

of white paper, and filled with — mustn't open it till you get home. This from the pastor; and though every little recipient was blest to overflowing on that occasion, we doubt not that the giver's great heart was more blest than they all. We trust our correspondent is answered, and when she comes to East Boston, we hope she will call and see this school. In our view, it is one of the really good things in East Boston.

The Improvement Club gave an entertainment in February of readings and music, and a concert was also given on Fast Day evening by a fine quartette. In May the following appeared in the Boston Journal:

One of the most intensely interesting meetings of anniversary week occurred last Tuesday evening in the vestry of the Hollis Street Church. At the close of the exercises of the Sunday-school Society in the afternoon, a collation was served by the ladies of the church, and it was there announced that Rev. Mr. Cudworth, who has been for many years the Secretary of the Sunday-school Society, had been that morning elected Chaplain of the First Regiment Mass. Vol., and would probably leave in a few days for the seat of war. A resolution was offered by Rev. Mr. Putnam of Roxbury, expressing the regrets of the society at losing so faithful a servant, and the wish that God might be with him and bless him in the performance of his patriotic duties. Eloquent and fervent re-

marks were made by the various clergymen present, and after the resolution had passed, Mr. Cudworth being called upon, made a short and touching reply in words which went directly to the hearts of every person in the room. It seemed as if the spirit of inspiration was breathing around. The feeling and interest became at length so intense as to find expression only in prayer, and the Divine blessing on our brother was asked by Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence. The First Regiment is to be congratulated in having secured the services of such a chaplain as Mr. Cudworth. He emphatically gives himself to the cause, and from personal acquaintance, we know it is no mean gift. He is a man of ripe religious experience, and what is not less important, of ripe experience with humanity. A large and flourishing society in East Boston, which he has built up almost entirely by his own efforts, will testify at once to his zeal and ability. Though not what is technically called an "Evangelical," he is not the less a true Christian. Thousands of children who have known him as the editor of the *Sunday-School Gazette*, will follow him with their prayers; — and we venture to say that every man in the regiment will find him not only a good teacher, but also a warm personal friend. Mr. Cudworth is the fourth person that the Unitarian denomination has furnished in Massachusetts to act as the soldiers' spiritual guide. May God bless him and his labors in this new sphere of duty!

June 1 he went into camp with the regiment, and Sunday, June 2, resigned the pastorate of

his church; but the parish unanimously requested him to withdraw it, and supply the pulpit during his absence. He therefore secured the Reverend Caleb D. Bradlee of Roxbury to occupy the pulpit till his return. Sunday, June 9, he preached at Camp Ellsworth to his regiment, and Saturday, June 15, they left Boston for the seat of war.

Ever true to himself and his higher instincts, our brother soon found the work awaiting him in his new sphere, as the following letters will testify:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 26, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND PARISHIONERS: — Since I wrote you last, I have been through a week of the experiences of camp life in earnest. To my great gratification, every night at ten o'clock precisely, a lieutenant of the Guard goes throughout the camp with the order "lights out." It reminded me strongly of our vestry meetings, and really seemed quite homelike. Last Sunday was a busy day for me, after my work began. The service hour was eleven o'clock, but the men were not assembled until twelve, and then in the open air, with no shelter between them and a broiling sun. My pulpit was a one-horse wood-cart, with a trunk in it, and when I began, the audience seemed totally disinclined to listen. Some held the Testaments I

gave them upside down, others turned their backs upon me, and some did various little cunning things on the sly, which they thought unseen. But I had kept a lesson for some of them too long to give up its application without a struggle; so I went on. I had seen them gamble, heard them swear; knew they had stolen from and quarrelled with each other; and having something to say about these things, I proceeded to say it. To my surprise they began to listen, turned round and looked me in the face, and when I referred to the State, the city, the mothers, wives and families whom such actions were disgracing, — as well as themselves, — some began to wipe their eyes. I saw the right cord had been touched, and soon concluded, giving out notices that there would be a Sunday-school in the afternoon, and prayer meeting during the week. I offered also to write, direct, and forward letters, to supply stationery, and the articles furnished in the chest filled the day I started, by the ladies of my society. I was very soon busy directing letters, etc., and at two o'clock found some thirty persons assembled in and around my tent, to commence the Sunday-school. This was certainly encouraging, and to work we went with a will.

When seven o'clock came, the school having been dismissed, I found Hon. Henry Wilson, and two gentlemen from Boston, guests at our mess, who spent, however, but a short time with us. Then came the evening prayer meeting. It was a hazardous experiment to hold such a meeting at all under the circumstances; but convictions of duty led me on, and we persevered. All denominations were represented, and God was with us. Sectarian differences were entirely forgotten, and we were all one in

Christ Jesus, our great common Lord. So much was the meeting enjoyed, that we have held one every evening since; and I know that great good must follow them.

We have been visited by the Florence Nightingale of America, Miss Dix, but as yet, thank God, have had no occasion for her services, or those of her equally devoted assistants. I know of nothing the soldiers need now except a new uniform, money, female society, and better morals; all of which in time I hope may be supplied. God bless you, my dear friends, now and forever, prays

Your ever affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

Neither was the patriotic mother forgotten, as the following will show:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 12, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have just received your letter, and believe it is the longest and best one you have written me since I was a boy. I am rejoiced to know that you feel so patriotic. Many people *talk* patriotism very easily. You have shown yours by bidding "God speed" to your only son, and if he is called to give up his life, you will have the blessed consolation of knowing that he died in the discharge of duty. I am still hard at work here, though not quite so well as when I wrote last. I attribute this to the water we are compelled to drink, which is quite muddy and full of lime; especially after a shower. We have terrific thunder showers here, and I have twice got very wet. Many of our men are down sick, and one has

died. Others must follow unless the camp is removed, which we hope may be very soon accomplished. Rest assured I shall take care of myself, and if I become too sick to attend to my duties in camp, shall go to Washington where I can have the comforts of civilized life. As many as eight Boston and Massachusetts men have been out here to see the camp, and it seemed good to see their familiar New England faces. You need not believe anything you see in the papers, for the reporters catch up every idle rumor they hear, and send it to them as reliable information. I will keep you posted in the real occurrences, so please not be troubled by anything the papers may say.

Truly your affectionate son,

WARREN.

The following was to the Rev. Mr. Bradlee, who was supplying his home pulpit :

FORT ALBANY, *Aug.* 12, 1861.

MY DEAR BRADLEE: — The Mass. 1st has become much smaller than when it left Boston. Battles, discharges and desertions have taken away nearly three hundred men — but recruiting is going on with great activity, and the ranks will soon be full again. Washington is quiet as you suppose, but it is because Congress has gone. Military men are easy enough to manage, but members of Congress who can handle?

It rejoices my heart greatly to hear such good news of my Sunday-school; that the ranks are so full, the spirit so

genial, and the determination to progress so general. God speed, help, and bless them all, — teachers, superintendent, pupils and friends, — and may *you* grow stronger and stronger, and be thus enabled to carry on this part of your labor of love with more and more vigor and enjoyment. I know exactly how to sympathize with you in your feelings of inadequacy for the duties you are called upon to discharge, for I have had them hundreds of time. Who is sufficient for these things? Only when remembering that all sufficiency is of God, have I been able to press forward and take courage. But they write me that you are beginning to look fatigued. Now don't let that earnest spirit of yours make you unmindful of the body which encases it. You must take care of the machinery, you know, or the steam is useless and the fire wasted. I should much like to take a peep into your brother's museum. Present him my warmest thanks for the proposed treat to Christ's little ones in East Boston. "Verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." That I am fortunate in getting you to attend to my charge is my constant feeling, for you give satisfaction and are doing good. Who could desire more?

Cordially yours,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The following interested the Sunday-school:

CAMP UNION, BLADENSBURG, *Sept.* 18, 1861.

DEAR MEMBERS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL: — I write you a letter this week about the President's House in Wash-

ington, which some one of you may occupy perchance — which many of you will live to say *who* shall occupy. It was commenced in 1792, and modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leicester. It is one hundred and seventy feet long, and eighty-six wide, built of freestone painted white, and hence called the "White House." The rooms are large and high, the great banqueting room being eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-two high. They are furnished at great expense every four years, and Government pays the bill. When first erected, this great house was an object of universal ridicule. Oliver Wolcott, in 1800, said:

"It was built to be looked at by visitors and strangers, and will render its occupant an object of ridicule with some, and of pity with others. It must be cold and damp in winter, and cannot be kept in tolerable order without a regiment of servants." Mrs. President Adams, writing to her daughter in Quincy, Mass., said: "The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables. The lighting of the apartments from kitchen to parlors and chambers is a tax indeed, and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all one can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what or how to do. If they would put me up bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. But

surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? The house is made habitable, but not an apartment is finished, and without, there is not the least yard or fence. I make of the great unfinished audience room a drying room to hang up clothes in." When Washington was captured by the British they paid a visit to the "White House." They found the table all spread, and covers laid for forty guests, in view of a welcome to the city's victorious defenders. The plates were warming at the grate, meats cooking on the spits, and everything made ready for a sumptuous repast; but the occupants had all fled. After indulging in many a joke at the expense of the "Yankee President," and helping themselves to whatever they wished, they set the house on fire and departed. It did not burn long, however, and during the next year was repaired and re-occupied. Ever since that time it has been the official residence of our country's chief magistrate, and though now considered quite insufficient to represent the dignity and answer the demands of his high office, it is the mansion where dwells Honorable Abraham Lincoln, now occupying the President's chair. The building is now sadly out of repair, being about seventy years old, and in 1860 the officer who has charge of it, reported that the roof was at first so poorly constructed as to need constant repairs, and after everything had been done that could be, it leaked so badly as greatly to disfigure and injure the ceilings, and unless some thorough work was soon done upon it, it would become uninhabitable. How strange a thing it is that a house against which so much has been said, should never want an occupant, nay, that

there should be hundreds and thousands of our wealthiest and greatest men ready to give up all they are worth to live in it for four years!

On the lawn just in front of the house, is a bronze statue of Jefferson, which was purchased by Captain Levy of the Navy, many years ago, and offered to the United States Senate, but as it was not accepted, it remains where he placed it. You may imagine that the occupant of a dwelling so spacious, and the recipient of honors so regal, must be very happy, but quite opposite is the fact. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," is as true of Presidents as of Kings, and no man in this country bears a heavier burden of care than its envied Chief Magistrate.

Your sincere friend and superintendent,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The following, to his parish, well illustrates his self-sacrificing character:—

BLADENSBURG, *Sept.* 26, 1861.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS:—I am glad to know that in compliance with the request of the American Unitarian Association, you have recently taken up a contribution to aid that body in providing reading matter for the army. It is like you to respond to calls such as this, though the storm probably made your response smaller than if there had been a full church. There is no restraint, however, to the liberality and patriotism of any Christian soul.

The doors of the Unitarian Association's Treasury are always open, and seldom, I imagine, are their receipts in excess of their expenditures. It *is* more blessed to give than to receive, for the country, for Christ, for truth and liberty. The best thing about this precept is that it is true whether we believe and feel it or not. I suppose there are very few individuals really and practically convinced that it is better to give money, life, love, than to receive them, but it is so, nevertheless, and whoever lives in this spirit, with a heartfelt appreciation of its glory and privilege — or from a mere sense of duty — will in no wise lose his reward. Never did the country, the world, or the community about you offer more ample opportunities for practising this precept than now. May I not hope that many, if not all, of you will be found faithful and diligent in its observance? The world needs to be Christianized, the country to be freed from the perils of anarchy and overthrow, the community to be fed, clothed and cheered, during the rigors of the approaching winter. Feet must be swift, hands busy, and means liberally disbursed, or these needs will fail of supply. At the conclusion of that sublime discourse on death and immortality which is recorded in First Corinthians, fifteenth chapter, Paul says to the church at Corinth what is most appropriate under this head, and which I desire to quote in concluding this letter to you: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Your ever affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

This to his parish, enforcing the practical nature he sought to inculcate in religious matters:

BANK OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR DONCASTER,
*Nov.* 2, 1861.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS:—How prone we are to consider earthly circumstances and surroundings permanent, and defer preparation for the only permanent condition an inheritor of immortality can enter. I was very forcibly reminded of this when our regiment struck their tents at Bladensburg recently, and prepared for their long march to this spot. They had two or three times as much baggage as they were allowed to carry, and much of it had to be thrown away, much left behind and stored at Government expense. They had known that only so much was allowed to a man; that we were liable to be called at any moment; yet one had been tempted to buy a table, another a nice chair, another a little camp stove, another a new kind of a bed, another a patent washstand, or messchest, or clothes' preserver, or other famous and indispensable thing—while others had large quantities of articles sent by express from home, until the camp was stored with a thousand contrivances, impossible to carry, yet hard to leave behind. The order to march therefore came upon them like a thief in the night. They did not grumble at it by any means, but many of them were at their wits' ends to know what to do with their belongings. Finally, however, it was all in some way disposed of, and we were off. How much like life! We go out into the world, and one is tempted to bring home property,

another office, another glory, another popularity, etc., etc., all cumbersome, and productive more of care than pleasure, all tending to produce oblivion of the true end for which we live, and the destiny for which we were created. "Take heed to yourself," said Jesus, referring to this very thing. "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." "For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth. Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."

We are all but soldiers in camp, or pilgrims by the wayside, and is it not the extreme of folly to become so dazzled by the glitter of this world's vanities, so blinded by its cheats, allured by its shams, or burdened by its cares, as to have neither time nor inclination to prepare for immortality? "Take heed to yourselves," dear friends, parishioners, fellow soldiers and pilgrims — "Take heed to yourselves," lest that day come upon you unawares. Watch and pray that your time may be always ready.

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The good cheer in the following letter was a comfort to the whole regiment:

CAMP HOOKER, *Dec.* 5, 1861.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS AND FRIENDS: — You will rejoice with me that the liberality of a friend in Boston has

supplied our regiment with what every regiment so much needs — a chapel tent — but which Government never furnishes. In the army regulations it is strongly recommended that officers and men regularly attend divine service, but no place is provided where such service may be solemnized. Officers and men are also required to be temperate, moral, gentlemanly, and free from the use of profane language, but no provision is made to encourage efforts undertaken to induce temperance, morality and freedom from profanity. All these things are left to the voluntary action of the Field and Staff, or Line Officers, or to the men themselves. Every regiment needs, as you will readily perceive, a large tent, where societies organized to promote these ends may meet and furnish entertainment, attractive enough to draw in the men of the regiment, and awaken an interest for the cause represented. But how to get such a tent, — that's the question. Several regiments have tried to raise the requisite funds by private subscription; but subscription papers are as little popular among soldiers as among civilians; and I have not heard of one obtained in such a manner. Our regiment therefore was specially favored in having so generous a friend to supply this want out of his own pocket. You have read, doubtless, how the tent was dedicated, and somewhat about the meetings thus far held in it. To me they have been very interesting, especially those for conference and prayer. All denominations are represented, and a brotherly spirit pervades the atmosphere. All seem to enjoy the unusual experience of procuring the bread and water of life from the same heaven. As to the temperance and literary societies, the members have taken the

whole control into their own hands, exactly as I desired, making them their own affairs, to be upheld by their strength, and advanced by their efforts. They fill the offices, carry on the meetings, and work in the regiment to secure the largest possible coöperation. We hope in time to have a large majority, who will be staunch temperance men, and will spend their evenings and leisure time in reading and discussion, rather than in gambling, drinking, and vulgar or blasphemous conversation. It is possible that some other enterprises, like a singing meeting, a course of lectures, a series of concerts, etc., may be started, my intention, as at home, being to get up something attractive and beneficial to all, each evening. Meantime give me, dear friends, and give us all, your prayers, that we steadfastly resist temptation, and be found faithful in the discharge of our duties.

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

It may have been forgotten by some that the chapel tent mentioned in this letter was presented by William Cumston, Esq., and was but a tithe of the good done by this high-minded gentleman, who died the last of January, 1870. The tent, after its dedication, the last of November, 1861, and called the "Cumston," was in use every evening. The prayer meetings were held Sunday and Wednesday evenings, a tem-

perance society was formed and named the Cowdin Temperance Society, after their staunch temperance colonel, and a Literary Institute was called into being and named in honor of Mayor Fay of Chelsea, another true friend to the soldier.

A brigade hospital was established in connection with Camp Hooker, and in all ways possible, the First Massachusetts Regiment seems to have been cared for. Accompanying a letter to the *Traveller*, our brother sent a fragment of a rebel shell which, to use his own words, "exploded within fifty feet of our chapel tent on Friday, the twenty-ninth of November, from the examination of which one can readily perceive the nature of the wound it would make. This shell came from the rebel battery at Shipping Point, Potomac River, and traversed a distance of three miles in fifteen seconds, before it struck. The shell was fired at our balloon. Indeed, this balloon was the object of a terrific cannonade for nearly an hour one day, showing how fond the rebels are of 'gas.' It was not hit once."

The estimate in which he was then held was truly expressed in one of the evening papers:

A good chaplain is a *rara avis* — at least those who have had considerable experience in our armies have so stated to me. Said a General not many day since, "If you hear the soldiers swearing freely in the presence of their chaplain, you can at once make up your mind that officer is not worthy the place he holds, and a regiment would be better without than with such an one." The force of this remark was brought to mind in a recent visit to the 1st Massachusetts, where, in a two hours' stay with the "boys," I heard less swearing than one could hear in fifteen minutes on Broadway, and no officer, not even their excellent colonel, was treated with more genuine respect than was Chaplain Cudworth by his military flock. His tent is always open; his books and papers are freely given and gratefully received by all, and I sincerely believe that in a great measure the effectiveness and valor of the "Old First" is due to the great moral and Christian influence of their much loved chaplain. He has never forsaken them; in field, in battle, and in the camp he is always to be found doing his chosen duty with that untiring zeal and unflinching fortitude which draws the hearts of all in love to their Christian pastor and patriot. The invocation, pronounced extempore, for the blessing of the Almighty upon the banner of his reg iment, upon its fearless and tried defenders, and upon our country, delivered in the open field, in presence of our bronzed sons of war, and the distinguished company

was worthy to have been written in letters of gold, and read throughout the land. With excellent field and line officers, with such intelligent material as composes the rank and file, and with a "Good Chaplain," the honor of old Boston will never be tarnished by its favorite regimental representative in our grand army.

In this connection occurs to me a reunion of the officers of the "Old First," in the autumn after the close of the war, at which I for the first time saw the affection that could exist between men. Truly religion *is* a good thing to live by, and a safe thing to die by. "They that honor Me *I will* honor."

And now follows a letter to Mr. Bradlee:

CAMP HOOKER, *Dec.* 6, 1861.

MY DEAR BRADLEE: — I am very sorry to learn by your last that you have been sick. I hope you will heed the warning of the All-good Father, and take better care of yourself hereafter; and that you will soon be able to bear the exertion of preaching again. Pray do not think of going into the Sunday-school, for you may bring on a relapse which will prove fatal; — and don't chafe, my good brother, for it is part of the Master's work to "Let your moderation be known to all men — and Patience have her perfect work." Accept my heartfelt thanks again for the interest you have taken, the zeal you have manifested, and

the labor you have bestowed to keep society matters at East Boston in good order — Here everything is uncertain. We have not gone into winter quarters, although it is winter, and the weather pretty severe. We know not, indeed, what a day may bring forth. Unless Congress emancipates the slaves, I am sure our armies will soon meet with a disastrous defeat. *God* means that this war shall break every yoke, and let all the oppressed go free; and if man will not do this for humanity's sake, *He* will have to of necessity. Your anticipations about the conclusions of the war I was glad to get, though I cannot share them. When June comes I am fearful we shall find the end is not yet. But whatever comes, God sends it, or allows it, and so I say, for all things *Laus Deo*.

Cordially yours,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

The practical sermons which he preferred to preach are well illustrated in the following letters to his people:

CAMP HOOKER, *Dec.* 12, 1861.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — Among the evergreens which I have found in the Maryland woods, is the bright and cheerful holly, famous in England, and used elsewhere on Christmas occasions, for decorating houses and churches. It abounds in the vicinity of our camp, and is now as stiff and green as it was in August. With other trees, and even with other evergreens, it presents a striking contrast, most of them having shed their leaves, and the others

looking pale and pinched by the frost. But this seems tenaciously to cling to its greenness, as though determined to retain of beauty and freshness all that God had bestowed, until it had adorned the holiest festival of the Christian year. As I stood near one of these holly-trees this morning, the thought occurred to me that it was an excellent illustration of what the true Christian should be amid all the chilling experiences and cheerless prospects of life. He still should preserve fresh and green his confidence in, affection for, and loyalty to the Saviour. In all the year there is no time so fitting to consider these things as that day when the church celebrates the Redeemer's birth. Then he should be born again in every heart, not as an humble Jewish babe, but as the rightful Master and glorious Lord of the soul. That he may be born anew in yours, dear parishioners, is the heartfelt Christmas wish, and daily, fervent prayer of your absent pastor. If you would have it so, fresh, green, and beautiful, he would keep your lives amid all the waste, the blight, the decay attendant upon human expectations. Misfortunes could not wither the blossoms of hope, opposition could not provoke the bitterness of hatred, nor beget the prostration of despair; sickness and sorrow could not dry up the sources of happiness, and even death would have no sting, the grave no victory. So may it be with you all during the year to follow next Christmas Eve. May the blessed Son of God be born afresh in all your hearts, and keep them ever green like the holly which adorns sanctuary and home, prays

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP HOOKER, *Dec.* 20, 1861.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: — Next Wednesday is New Year's Day, and as then, or previously for settlement then, there will be a general reckoning up and adjustment of accounts, it seems peculiarly appropriate that we should run over our spiritual as well as temporal balance sheet; to find how the soul stands with God, and whether any progress has been made in the life divine. My own great responsibilities for years past has been the parish you constitute. How does it stand to-day? Not in numbers, wealth, respectability, or worldly influence, but in living, Christian spirituality. I asked myself this question under my favorite "holly," in the solemn and silent woods the other day, but the answer that conscience gave did not satisfy me; so I came back to my tent, and there upon my table lay a letter from one of you, which seemed sent of *God* to answer it; so I will quote a portion — O, that you all could write so!

"When I look back upon the events of my life," the letter reads, "I find none more prominent, or on which memory likes so well to dwell, as that of being connected with you and your church, and I now thank and bless you for good counsel and untiring efforts to promote my spiritual welfare. When I take a superficial, worldly view of our once happy, prosperous, and peaceful country, the picture it presents is awful in the extreme, and would seem to justify me in exclaiming, There is no God in Israel! But I thank you again, that through the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour I can exclaim, Surely there *is* a God in Israel, who will redeem his people, and cause each widow's moan to glorify Him, each orphan's tear to

be a tribute of praise to His holy name. I think I can perceive the gray dawn of a resurrection morning of peace, whose foundation principles, when established, shall be truth, justice and mercy, and then this nation will be God's nation, and this people His people."

The writer then goes on to speak of his wife, and does it in a way so beautiful and touching, I cannot forbear its quotation. "I have been requested to remember to you one who is the joy of my heart and the light of my eyes; one whose faith is unwavering and whose love is undiminished; one who by your assistance, and her own untiring efforts, has led and is still leading me upwards to the mark of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus."

This is a long quotation, my dear people, but as it made me very happy, and will enable me to answer the question referred to in the beginning of this letter, to some extent, I have made it, hoping there may be others who could testify in a similar manner that my labor in the Lord has not been in vain among you. That it may soon be resumed again is now the constant and most earnest prayer of

Your ever affectionate pastor,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP HOOKER, *Dec.* 31, 1861.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: — I have heard with peculiar satisfaction that another weekly prayer meeting has been started among you, and now that two opportunities are afforded each week in the parish for all who wish to hold direct personal communication with God. No parish news could

have more rejoiced my heart. That you still hold together in bonds strong and harmonious; that your life, interest, zeal, continue and abound; that your numbers have suffered no diminution, nor your affection for your absent pastor any abatement, I rejoice; — but that you continue "instant in prayer," I more and more rejoice. No one who has ever offered an heartfelt prayer will ask the reason for my joy, for of all the privileges and pleasures of religion, this is chief I had rather have you, my dear friends, a *praying* people, than the wisest, the wealthiest, or doctrinally the most correct and best instructed people on earth There is no word, therefore, on this first Sunday of the New Year, which I can send with more interest and feeling than this, that you all and always "pray and never faint," and that you *watch* and pray as Christ commanded his disciples. There were very few things which the great, the noble and heroic Paul asked other men to do for him; but he most earnestly besought his brethren to "pray for him." Hardly an epistle does he write but you find the familiar request, "Pray for us." This shows how profound a conviction he entertained of the efficacy of prayer; and he had authority for that conviction. Experience had taught it, observation had confirmed it, and inspiration had sealed it as sure as the being of God. Sympathizing with him so truly from my inmost soul, let me earnestly entreat you to pray for your absent pastor; that if it be God's will, he may be restored to you again; that he may be instrumental while in the army of doing much good; that the men among whom he labors may be led to abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good; and that the holy cause of a

God-sanctioned government of liberty and law, which he has come out to aid in sustaining, may receive the favor and help of Him who alone can give victory in battle. Many and heartfelt thanks for the prayers which I know have ascended, and been answered too, for my good. More earnestly, more believingly, let them continue to ascend, and blest will be the soul, cheered the life, of

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

In January, 1862, he learned that General William H. Sumner, deceased — whose ancestor had purchased the original "Noddle's Island," in 1670, and which had continued a part of the family estate till 1835, when it was conveyed to the East Boston Company — had the following in the second codicil of his will: "In all matters relating to the Sumner Library Association, and my bequests thereto, in which I have appointed William C. Barstow and Benjamin Pond to any trust or service, I wish Warren H. Cudworth of Boston to be associated with them, and to act jointly with them, and I hereby appoint the said Cudworth thereto."

Also from the first codicil was the following:

"I suggest to Mrs. Sumner, if she desires it, to employ either my friend Samuel Burnham, or Warren H. Cudworth of East Boston, as suitable persons to arrange my autographs, papers and letters."

"Brother Bradlee" receives the next letter:

CAMP HOOKER, *Jan.* 4, 1862.

REV. BROTHER BRADLEE: — I am very glad to hear that you continue able to preach. The festival you spoke of I hope you could attend and enjoy. The keenest pang of separation I suffered on New Year's night. Other occasions are ordinary — that extraordinary. *Love* has ever been the inspiration of my efforts in East Boston, and on New Year's night it blossoms. But you have inhaled its fragrance, perchance, and seen its beauty — We continue in camp, and there is no prospect of a move. The earth is covered with ice, and the men are building solid log houses. I am in mine. It is ten feet square, with a canvas roof and a large fireplace. We are still chopping wood, drilling, picketing, doing guard duty, and watching the enemy. Nothing more; but the men are all ready to tread again the *sacred soil*, determined to hold or be buried in it. Your last Sunday's services are highy commended, especially the administration of the Lord's Supper, referred to as sweet and touching in the extreme. Such things gladden me, be assured. Please inform me if I owe you any letters and I will liquidate the debt,

for one of the principles on which I live is to "Owe no man anything, but to love one another," as I do you, remaining in affectionate fraternity,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The following letter will be found exceedingly interesting to every Christian soul:

CAMP HOOKER, *Jan.* 6, 1862.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS:—I know I can write you nothing in which you will feel a deeper interest than a description of our church and communion service last Sunday. Many church members in the regiment had felt the want of such a service, and of a specific church organization. To meet this want the following had been drawn up and accepted:

*Creed and Covenant of the First Mass. Reg. Church, formed and adopted near Fort Worth, Alexandria, Va., Oct.* 5, 1861.

You believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth. You believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, through whom cometh salvation. You believe in the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, Quickener, and Sanctifier of the human soul. You believe in immortality, in the Holy Scriptures, in a judgment to come;—that it will be well with the righteous, and not well with the wicked. You believe in prayer, in the Church, and in the necessity of a righteous life.

COVENANT:—We, then, the members of this church, receive you into our fellowship, and covenant to walk with

you, so far as in us lies, according to the commands of our Divine Master, and Head, looking unto Him for an example, and striving to manifest towards each other, and all men, the spirit which He so constantly enjoined, and faithfully exhibited.

Sunday, January 5, 1862, was appointed for our first communion. We assembled in the chapel tent at three o'clock, without a fire, the weather raw and cold, thermometer below freezing point, and after indicating the principles upon which we could all agree in a homily based on the fourteenth chapter of Romans, I organized the church by reading the Confession of Faith and Covenant, to which twelve persons signified their assent, and to which, in a written form, they signed their names. There were Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Unitarians, but all denominational feeling seemed to be laid aside, and all fraternized like brothers. Next I gave the Right Hand of Fellowship to three, one a Baptist, another Orthodox, and the other Unitarian, who had never joined a church before. They seemed to be deeply affected by the ceremony, and signed their names to the Confession and Covenant with great feeling.

We then proceeded to celebrate the Lord's Supper, and after prayer for the blessing of God upon the elements, half of the communicants came up, to whom I distributed the bread and passed the cup, the other half following in the same manner, I meantime quoting passages of Scripture relevant to the occasion, after which they returned to their places, and an opportunity was given for any one to make remarks before the meeting closed. The Rev. R. A. Russel from Michigan, now the blacksmith of Battery

C, New York State Volunteers, spoke at some length and with great earnestness, after which the benediction was pronounced and the meeting concluded. The most gratifying feature to me in this new church organization is its entire freedom from sectarian limitations. There we all gathered in the war tent about Jesus the universal Lord, and each of us as it were, took him by the hand, each of us certainly felt him in the heart, and cared not whether our doctrinal quotations might prove Methodist, Baptist, Orthodox or Unitarian. Certain I feel that fifteen men went out of that tent solemnly resolved that they would try to be Christians.

Your affectionate pastor,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP HOOKER, *Jan.* 22, 1862.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: — I cannot tell you how much it rejoiced me that you observed our annual custom New Year's night, and met together in the parish parlor. I seemed that night to stand there too, and take your hands, and hear your friendly words, and look into your eyes. O, how I blessed you all that night, as in my tent alone I bowed my head upon my hands, and brought up your friendly, loving faces one by one. It was comforting, though trying to me, and I blest God that he had given so many and such strongly attached friends. And since then how kindly and generously you have worked, at my solicitation, for the soldiers, for the cause of Union, Liberty and Law. How proud and happy you have made me that you entered upon this so heartily. God bless you! — and again I say, God bless you! Let me exhort and entreat you to

suffer nothing to lag among you, and no difference to creep in between you, but let this be a year of harmony and peace, of love and progress, like the years that are past. Pray for me as ever, only more earnestly, and, if it be God's will, that I may soon be restored to you.

Your loving pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP HOOKER, *Feb.* 12, 1862.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: — How wonderful are the ways of Providence. Were it proper for me to make public what has been said to me in confidence by various individuals, you would be assured that God deals with his children in a way illustrated with peculiar aptness by our Saviour when he says, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one who is born of the Spirit."

A young man has opened his heart to me, who at home was the cause of continual anxiety and fear. His parents were pious, but he just the opposite. They believed, he scoffed. They entreated, he resisted. They prayed, he laughed. And so he joined the army. Surrounded by profane, reckless, unbelieving companions, with none of the neutralizing influences of home, his ruin seemed sure. But "God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts." The young man went on in transgression and insubordination until he was placed under arrest, and sent to the guard house. A court martial and disgrace seemed imminent; but God intervened. The young man was let off and became serious. His mother's prayers have been

heard, and are about to be answered. He cannot shake off the feeling of guilt which burdens his soul. He is anxious, troubled, perplexed. God is dealing with him as with a son. He comes to me and I tell him what to do. He does it, and his companions laugh at, and persecute him, but he perseveres. He is happy now; *happy!* O, is it not worth everything we can give or endure to be happy, happy in God, in Christ, and in communion with the Spirit?

I saw two letters his delighted mother wrote him; one the day he joined our church, and the other soon after. They were like the irrepressible outgushings of song which a bird in spring pours forth at sunrise. Joy ran along the lines, and seemed to tremble and quiver in every word. You who are mothers know just how she wrote. The hope, the prayer of years was answered, and so strangely; in the army where the Church sacrament was to be administered in a cold tent, with twenty bearded men in uniform present. Of a truth she felt that

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

This is but one instance. One man had joined our regiment unable to read or write. Not vulgar nor profane, he had frequently left his mess, and sat an hour in the darkness outside, thinking and praying. He prayed, among other things, that I might teach him to read and write. To-morrow night I commence; yet he did not come to me. He was afraid to, so God led me to him. And now it is beautiful to see how gratified he is. But think of the

power of prayer. Think how wonderful God's providential dealings with his children.

Your affectionate pastor,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP HOOKER, *Feb.* 25, 1862.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — I was deeply impressed with the truth of Secretary Stanton's letter to the editor of the *New York Tribune*, which has recently appeared in the columns of that paper. The editor, in an article previously issued, had referred to the victory the new secretary had organized; but Mr. Stanton refuses to acknowledge that man *can* organize victory, and maintains that victory cometh from God, and to him belongeth the glory and praise. Having witnessed somewhat of the confusion and excitement attending a battlefield, and arrived at this conclusion from my own observation, I was very much gratified to have it corroborated by Secretary Stanton's excellent letter. We owe our recent victories to *God*, and not to man. To *God*, as manifested in the righteousness of our cause, the unanimity of our leaders, the wisdom of our generals, the intrepidity of our troops, and the patriotic devotion of our people in counsel, in the field and at home. I have not ceased to thank God, therefore, many times a day, that it has pleased him to reward our efforts with such triumphant success, to endow our soldiers with such bravery, and their officers with such self-sacrificing fidelity to duty, when its discharge seemed certain death. And I exhort you, dear friends and parishioners, to go daily with me to the throne of grace, and pour out thanksgivings to the Author of all good, and the Bestower of every blessing, that he has so

mercifully arrested the carnage and misery attending this unhappy war, and by the indications of his Providence seems to promise that ere many months elapse it shall be ended, and its calamities cease. Every rebel victory will prolong, and every Union success shorten it. Therefore let us *pray* that God would please to inspire Union statesmen with wisdom, the officers with valor and firmness, the soldiers with courage and fortitude, and Union people at the North with vigor and energy, at the South with inflexibility of purpose and patient waiting for the restoration of their rights. Be assured God *will* hear and answer prayers such as these. Though he may seem to tarry long, yet if we believe, and believing, pray, in due season we shall exchange "Joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP HOOKER, *March* 5, 1862.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: — I heard with no little anxiety, a week ago last Monday, the roar of the furious gale which prostrated my chapel tent, tore the tarred papers from the roofs of our company's houses, and unroofed one of our officer's cabins, opening our regimental library in a very unceremonious manner; — for I remembered a certain steeple which stands not far from where you now sit, and felt almost sure it would be laid low. Judge of my amazement, then, at hearing that not ours, which I had always considered the weaker, but another I had supposed the strongest in East Boston, had been torn from its fastenings and overthrown. As truly as I rejoice in our escape

from such a disaster, so I sorrow that it has befallen another body of Christians: — but it suggests two lessons to which I would like to call your attention. Our steeple was weak, the other strong. Weakness was protection; strength destruction. Ours yielded to the gale, and swayed with its power; the other stood strongly up in defiance, and now lies low in consequence. What says the Apostle? "I glory in mine infirmities, for when I am weak, then am I strong." Let us not trust in, or rely upon, our own strength, and lift ourself up proudly above our fellows, for when the winds of trouble blow, the rains of sorrow fall, the floods of censure and misfortune come, we may fall utterly from our self-attained eminence. Let us feel deeply our own weakness, and trust wholly in the Arm of strength. Then in all our tribulations we shall be sustained, for the "Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Then our steeple was low, the other high. Had it been higher it would have caught the fierce breath of the same gusts, and bowed before them to the earth. But it was humble and lowly, and the wind passed over it. Behold how profitable is the grace of humility. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." So read we the lesson, my dear parishioners, and so it is sanctioned by the word of God. That you may feel your weakness and the Lord's strength, and receive grace for your lowliness, prays

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP HOOKER, *March* 10, 1862.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — To-day our regiment crossed the Potomac to reconnoitre, and if needful, skirmish with the enemy. For over four months we have been encamped on the Maryland bank, watching the movements over against us, and listening to the roar of rebel cannon, and the shriek of their shells. They have ceased. The batteries are evacuated, the guns spiked, the powder exploded, the shot and shell lie about to be gathered up in the service of a better cause than they have hitherto been forced to sustain. Our whole division will doubtless soon cross just below, so as to hold the railway to Fredericksburg and Richmond; and then unless the rebels retreat, or lay down their arms, will be enacted some of the most sanguinary scenes of the war. In the last three or four weeks the division has been kept in constant readiness to march at a moment's notice. Clothing and weapons have been in perfect order, provisions on hand, and the means of transportation lying just off shore. As a consequence, when the order came to cross over before daylight this morning, the men were ready. Their clothing was donned, their armor buckled on, their haversacks provided with one day's rations, and when the sun arose, they were on their way to the boats. I was filled with admiration to see how perfect our military system is when well carried out; and how easy it is, if a general can rely upon his men to plan the movements of large armies. And then I thought — Ah, if these, if *all* possessors of immortal souls, could be induced to make as careful and thorough preparation to cross the narrow stream of death as these soldiers have made to cross the Potomac — if they were as ready

and eager to enter upon the endless and blessed realities of spiritual life as these soldiers are the unforeseen experiences of their coming campaign, how joyfully would be heard the summons to depart — how peacefully and happy the transition from an earthly to a heavenly state of being. But in this as in many other respects, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." It is not easy inwardly to realize, and practically to feel, that "We are pilgrims and sojourners here, as all our fathers were," and "Heaven is our home." Yet duty, and the voice of God, call us to realize it, admonish us to be prepared to cross the river, at any time to tread the radiant shore from whose blissful abodes have come over to us words of such cheer and promise, truths of such priceless value, instructions and entreaty of such matchless wisdom and inexhaustible love as contained in the glorious Gospel of our ever blessed Lord.

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP HOOKER, *March* 17, 1862.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — Never since the war began has there been a more signal instance of the interposition of Divine Providence than in the arrival of the *Monitor* off Fortress Monroe, and the driving back of the *Merrimack* to the place whence she came. The irreverent and unbelieving will say she *happened* to come, and the finger of God was no more visible in her opportune arrival than in the least noticeable events of the war. I think they are mistaken. I think she came just as she did as answer to the prayers of the saints. I think that the victories

which have recently blessed our arms were vouchsafed to answer their prayers; and if the saints will only keep praying earnestly, and believingly, God will continue to make our enemies flee before us. In this war we are not to look wholly or chiefly to artillery, cavalry, and infantry; to iron-clad ships, or casemated fortifications, but to the Lord God Almighty. *He* it was who drowned Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, and overthrew Amalek in battle. *He* it was brought Protestantism forth from its bloody baptism along the Rhine, to a foremost place among the religions of the earth. *He* also who allowed us to achieve the independence for whose preservation we are now contending; and *He* will not allow a discontented, ambitious, domineering minority to wrench from us the dearest right we have inherited from our fathers, or can exercise ourselves, and make us bow the neck to political dictation, as at home their slaves submit to domestic servitude. *No*, not if we pray fervently, and work faithfully. Now then, when purblind croakers of evil are predicting the annihilation of our commerce, the shelling of our seaboard cities, the flank movement of the rebel army through Pennsylvania into Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, the discomfiture of Burnside, the drawing of our forces into the South where fevers and pestilence will prove more fatal than sword and bullet, the prolongation of the war three, five, fifteen, twenty years — let us *pray* — let us pray that God would vindicate the supremacy of his rule over all the nations of the earth, and his control of battlefields, however well contested, his bestowment of success, or decree of failure, to strategy however skilfully planned and carried out.

I am shocked with this boastful arrogance which confidently affirms what *it* is going to do, without the reverent proviso, "If the *Lord* wills;" and I am ashamed of those timid panic breeders, who cannot see a cloud arise but all, *all* is lost, and the most fearful catastrophes just at hand. How calmly and grandly stands the soul which prays, believes, and does its duty faithfully, letting *God* think and plan for it. How peaceful and blessed the repose of a perfect trust in the wisdom unfathomable, the power irresistible, and the vigilance unceasing of God the Omnipotent. O, come to the citadel of prayer; enter the stronghold of supplication; put on the panoply of devout entreaty; and more than we can ask or even think of benefit, God will bestow.

Your affectionate pastor,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP HOOKER, *March* 29, 1862.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — When last I wrote it was with the fear that I might not be permitted to write again for some time. Everything seemed to betoken an advance of General Hooker's Division, and I knew when once started we should not stop till at least one and perhaps several bloody battles had been fought. But God has mercifully delayed the day of our departure. O, how much better than our fears are the will and ways of God in the discipline and government of our lives. What we have dreaded with the most dismal forebodings, what we have feared and shrunk from, not infrequently proves to be for our best good. Indeed, we are assured that *all* things shall work together for good, if we only love God.

All our sufferings and disappointments will end in blessing. Could we but realize this, and put the same implicit trust, the same unhesitating confidence in God which children do in their parents, what a treasury of comfort, what an inexhaustible supply of quietness and peace would be unfolded to us. I pray God, my dear friends and parishioners, that you may be led unto Him in this spirit, and so may endure to the end sickness, bereavement and loss. Let love be perfect love, and all tormenting fears will be utterly cast out; nothing earthly can distress the heart, or overwhelm the soul; and God's peace will crown all life's experiences with calm and heavenly repose.

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, *April* 18, 1862.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — I have written to you from Washington, now, as always, the centre of so much interest, from Georgetown, one of the oldest and formerly one of the busiest places in the country; from Budd's Ferry on the broad Potomac, unknown to fame, and heretofore of little account except as a crossing place into Virginia; from Fort Albany, which with other works of a similar character, saved our National Capital from conquest by the exultant regiments who had fought at Manassas; and from Bladensburg, famous as a place of conflict between Americans and English during the last war. But more of interest attaches to the locality where I now am seated, than to all the others combined; for here, in 1781, before the United States became a nation, were encamped the regiments of our Revolutionary ancestors, and their French

allies; and on the very ground where now are quartered the soldiers of the loyal North, the British laid down their arms, and the independence of the United States was practically established. The very house where Lafayette had his headquarters is within a few steps of my tent; and the site formerly occupied by his seven thousand troops is freshly consecrated by the presence among the forces of two batteries from Massachusetts.

The First Regiment occupies an advanced position about a mile in front of General McClellan's headquarters, and only two from the strong earthworks which defend Yorktown. Between us and the enemy there are no forces except the pickets and outposts, so that if an infantry attack is made upon them, and they make such a resistance as their fortifications will enable them to, many of our brave men must be killed and wounded. The work of death is going on daily, and we are awakened every night by sorties from the rebel lines, and in silence and darkness our thousands have been mustered for conflict, but no general engagement has been brought on. It seems evident to me that our foes feel their losses, and are making desperate efforts to retrieve them, but if I can discern the signs of the times, their race is nearly run.

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The following is to Brother Bradlee: —

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, *April* 21, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER BRADLEE: — On my table lie three letters in your peculiar chirography, each telling of service

in the Lord's vineyard, and most acceptable to me. I was told that your Fast Day discourse gave much satisfaction, and that your funeral services are touching and beautiful.

Humanly speaking, the downfall of Yorktown is inevitable. Parallels have been drawn, roads cut, cannon and mortars planted, and positions selected, so that three thousand six hundred shot and shell can be poured into the enemies' works every hour. Flesh and blood cannot stand this, of course. But I pray Yorktown may fall as fell Island Number 10, and the war be ended by panic rather than by slaughter. Our iron wall is nearly done, and soon it may be fire and steel. It is a comfort that *God* reigns.

Cordially yours,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The next by date is to his parish: —

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, *April* 26, 1862.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — By the goodness of God I am permitted to send you another greeting from the front of General McClellan's grand army of the Potomac now engaged in the siege of Yorktown. Since I wrote last, three of our regiment have been killed while making an assault upon the rebel outworks, and thirteen more or less seriously wounded, of whom I fear two more will die. I have visited several of the divisions composing our Union forces, and seen somewhat of the gigantic preparations which have been made to subdue the Secession army on this peninsula; and have been amazed to see how colossal they are. Never have I felt more deeply the weakness of the individual, or more thoroughly realized

the irresistible power of the mass. Here are regiments, brigades, divisions, batteries, comprising tens of thousands of vigorous, stalwart men, with their arms, equipments, horses, servants, wagons, etc., scattered over miles of territory, in the woods and on the open field, ready and eager for the word which shall begin the work of death, for which they have been months in training. What is the individual indeed in such a mass? What are individual misfortunes, wounds and sufferings; or what an individual death? It might be thought it is nothing, and no account is taken of it; but not such is the fact. So perfect is the military system, that every particular of individual experience and condition, down to the minutest detail of dress and deportment, is as carefully included, and as thoroughly attended to, as are the grand movements which turn the tide of battle, and decide the destiny of the day. The individual is never lost sight of, never disregarded. If he is wronged, provision is made for his redress. Sick or well, wounded or unharmed, on the march or at the bivouac, he is to be kept in sight. Military law provides that he must be clothed, fed, armed, trained, and otherwise looked after. And generally he *is* looked after, and consequently the United States have at this moment the best and most effective army in the world. Now let us, my dear parishioners, look after our individual words, and acts, and moods, as carefully, and we shall manage as successfully the arch foes of our peace and purity, and win crowns of everlasting rejoicing when life's battle is over.

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

On May day the young people of his society, in East Boston, gave an entertainment in the afternoon and evening for the purpose of raising funds to aid the Sunday-school mission. Then follow letters to his parish:

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, *May* 3, 1862.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — The dullest eyes must begin now to see the bright side which is showing itself between loyalty and anarchy in our beloved land, and the tongue least used to fashion prayer must have ejaculated a hearty "Thank God!" as tidings of victory, on river and sea, in city and country, have been borne to our ears electric and jubilant with a Nation's joy. More than once has my tongue said "Thank God!" hearing of Donelson, Newburn, Roanoke, Pulaski, Shiloh, New Orleans and Macon; but by nothing has my gratitude been so quickened and deepened as by the *moral* advances we have already made, and the moral *promise* we have given to the world that this *shall* be the land of the free, as it is the home of the brave. It is good to take munitions of war, prisoners, ships, forts and cities; but better still to take a higher stand for justice, truth, and everlasting right. All material wealth, and temporal prosperity, all prayers and success must be founded on justice, truth, and right, or they will come to naught. So I have rejoiced that our far-sighted President issued his proposal of pecuniary aid to any State willing to rid itself of slavery, and that from Congress the voice was so firm and emphatic on this subject.

I have rejoiced that our Central district was purified from this stain, that West Virginia has expressed its wish gradually to break the chains of centuries, that hundreds of the strongest opposers of emancipation throughout the Union are becoming its most earnest advocates, and that we are beginning to be understood abroad, at last, as fighting, not for a political abstraction, but for a principle on which, as the chief corner stone of our nation, all our rights, individual, State, and corporate, are based. I am proud, and glad and grateful to God, that I have seen this day, and though around me now the storm is raging, I know it cannot last, and will prove fruitful of blessing to our beloved country.

Your affectionate pastor,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP BEYOND WILLIAMSBURG, *May* 10, 1862.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — Since I last wrote, the most exciting events have transpired, through which, as yet, I have been called to pass. Yorktown, strongly fortified, and held by an immense force, where we expected to lose hundreds or thousands of our brave troops, has, as you well know, been evacuated, and in a pitched battle, the field chosen and prepared by the rebel generals, they have been conquered and driven back. I cannot bear to dwell upon the harrowing details of human suffering incident to such occasions, or I would voice facts which must make you value the homes, friends, and comforts by which you are surrounded, far more than any one does, or can, until deprived of them. Let me rather call your attention to the hand of God, as I have seen it working in our be-

half. When the Yorktown defences were built, a thick belt of woods was left all along their front by some strange military oversight — and almost at the outer edge of this, our forces began to dig their trenches. Had the woods been cut down, this would have been impossible. But as it was, ten thousand men worked there day after day, entirely screened from observation — getting only now and then a chance shot from the enemies' batteries — until our own works assumed such size, and were filled with such formidable munition, that resistance was useless, and none was attempted. The eyes of the engineers seem to have been blinded, and left us this quickly improved chance of driving the enemy from his stronghold without assault; and so Yorktown was evacuated. Again, upon arriving near Williamsburg, it was found that the left and centre roads had been fortified in front and on both flanks, so as to make approach extremely hazardous, if not impossible, but a road on the extreme right, which was a key to the others, had been left guarded only by a small earthwork. General McClellan took immediate advantage of it, and his troops are now beyond Williamsburg in pursuit of a flying enemy. Our ability and force has doubtless been underrated by the foe, but surely God has been in it all. The little *Monitor* was brought along just at the right time. Our forces were hastened along to save the army at Shiloh. Our finances are in good condition, and Foreign Powers are deciding not to take sides against us. God *has* heard and answered the prayers of His people, and I am fully convinced that he is about to give us peace and prosperity once more. Let us resolve that prayerfully and faithfully we will improve them, and in all

the future, unto *Him* commit our ways, that *He* may direct our paths, and order all our steps in accordance with His will.

Your affectionate pastor,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

Then follows a letter to friends in Boston:

CAMP NEAR WILLIAMSBURG, *May* 14, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: — I avail myself of your invitation to write, to tell you and friends at the Festival how strongly and repeatedly the conviction has been forced upon me since the commencement of this war, that God is on our side, and that He has been more palpably present and active in the ordering of our affairs, in the correction of our mistakes, and the defeat of our foes, than the hand and power of man. With the liveliest satisfaction which I have felt, therefore, in the triumphs of our arms, have mingled a gratitude, a thanksgiving, and a sense of obligation to God, such as I never felt before; and if my life is spared to return to my loved New England home and parish, I shall enter upon the duties of my calling with a fervor and enjoyment heightened and intensified by the experiences of a year in camp among armed men. Mingled with the festive joy of your annual gathering, I hope there will be a gratitude to the All-wise Creator, profound and universal, that *He* has been pleased to crown our efforts with such signal, speedy, and glorious success.

Cordially yours,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

*Chaplain First Regiment Mass. Vol.*

On the road to Richmond, *May* 20, 1862.

My Dear Parishioners: — It was the good fortune of our division while on the march, yesterday, to pass St. Peter's Church, an Episcopal edifice where our beloved Washington was married. Most of the meeting-houses in this part of the country are miserable, dilapidated buildings, partaking of the forlorn, poverty-stricken appearance seen wherever slavery has left its blight; but St. Peter's is quite a respectable structure of brick, built over an hundred years ago, and about half as large as our church. It is in a sightly position, surrounded by lofty oak-trees over two hundred years old, and around it sleep the forms of those who once worshipped God within its venerable walls. I saw several headstones in its churchyard so old that inscription and date were entirely obliterated, and some that I could decipher extended back to 1736-1740, etc. The inside is extremely simple; uncarpeted, uncushioned, and furnished with the old-fashioned hard pine benches once so common. In front is a square tower fifty feet high perhaps, containing no doubt a bell, and with a carriage porch underneath the bell deck. Though not much of an antiquarian, I confess that I rode round and gazed into this ancient building with a feeling of reverence, thinking principally of that noble soul who here doubtless passed some of the happiest moments of his life. How potent the influence of a great heart! Even bricks and wood become invested by it with a halo of constantly increasing glory. Thus the immortality which man inherits, he can bequeath not merely to those bearing his name, but to everything he has been connected with. O, let us strive

to make our lives so sublime that the places which have known us shall be revered by those who come after.

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The following is to Brother Bradlee:

WHITE OAK SWAMP, *May* 3, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER BRADLEE: — The rebels are not yet in Washington, neither are we; but we are in a water trap, which may somewhat retard our advances, though it cannot prevent our final triumph. When the war is over, my dear brother, the Union restored, slavery abolished, or dying by degrees, and those of us who are to come back, return rich and strong in our experience of camp and army life, I am sure you will look back upon your East Boston labors with more satisfaction than now you seem able to feel. Let not a conscience morbidly sensitive. therefore, cause you regrets as groundless as useless. That the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting have continued to flourish, has given me abundant reason to thank God, for without a good school, and a weekly meeting for prayer, I hold it impossible for any parish to keep the lamp of its collective piety trimmed, burning, and ready for the Master's coming. All piety to live again, must be aggressive, just as the sun, when it rises and puts darkness and cold to flight, or as medicine or surgery attack physical evil, and if possible, remove it. My only hope of future usefulness, should I return to East Boston, would be in beleaguering all the strongholds of iniquity, and throwing up entrenchments against the outworks of sin, wherever they show

themselves. This, to come from things future to things present, is exactly what our cautious young general is now doing before the rebel capital. He will make no immediate, unadvised, and risky attack; but as at Yorktown, make liberal use of shovel, spade, and pick — if need be bring up his whole siege train, and save as much life as possible. We receive and send mails on Sunday, the same as other days.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

The next letter is to his parish, written on the same day:

POPLAR HILL, WHITE OAK SWAMP, *May* 31, 1862.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: — I had hoped while writing my last letter to you, that my next would be sent from the capital of Virginia, but I am reminded of the old proverb, "Man proposes, God disposes." We had been favored with such a rapid succession of brilliant Union victories that undoubtedly our leaders and men had begun again to underrate the craft, power and desperation of the foe, and were in danger of repeating the disastrous experiences of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff. God mercifully averted this by allowing the forces of our favorite Massachusetts general to be so much reduced that the risk of a battle was out of the question, and only a masterly retreat was left, both to save most of his command, and by showing the whole country our weakness, arouse again the legions of the patriotic North, to rush forward to the holding of what we had already obtained, and the defense of what we had preserved.

How my heart thrilled as I read of the promptitude with which our Governor's earnest call was responded to, and by those who shortly before had thought the war about over, and had begun to direct their attention and energy to the business prospects and demands a speedy peace was denoting. How it thrilled as I read of the thousands making ready to help us regain every inch of our loss; and the thousands back of them, who, without conscription, would advance if necessary to the "deadly breach." Having been somewhat saddened and discouraged by the mistaken leniency of our Government, and the intermeddling of politicians with the plans of our great military leaders in the field, it was truly a relief to find that the hearts of the people were all right; that their hatred of secession, under the guise of "State rights," was as strong as ever; that their zeal to find and conquer the foes to the best government the earth ever saw, was not one whit abated. Truly the clouds of temporary disaster have proved big with blessing, and the darkness of a brief hour of defeat will surely be followed by well-earned victories. Let us thank God with full and grateful hearts, and give ourselves to prayer and duty with renewed fervor, waiting in faith and patience till it shall please Him to cause this war to end and give us peace once more.

Your affectionate pastor,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP NEAR FAIR OAKS, *June* 7, 1862.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: — While you were engaged in the worship of God last Sunday, the men of our regiment were in constant expectation of an attack from the enemy.

The details of the battle you have all doubtless read. From early morning till late in the afternoon its fearful tide ebbed and flowed around our camp in White Oak Swamp, and half a dozen times we expected it would break through the thin belt of woods separating our brigade from the main body of the army; but the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry receded slowly farther and farther, until towards night it ceased entirely, and we knew the battle of Fair Oaks was ended, and we, though ready, had not been needed. It was evident that a fierce struggle had been going on, and thinking we might be called at any time, our troops were kept in readiness, Monday and Tuesday, from three o'clock in the morning until nine at night. On Wednesday we took up our line of march towards Fair Oaks, arriving before sundown, and finding the battlefield still covered with the dead, though the soldiers had been engaged three days in burying them. They approached for this purpose even the picket stations of the foe, but the conflict had extended so far — through fields, woods, fallen timber and swamps — that the whole atmosphere was full of the stench of hundreds still unreached. The next day while the regiment was absent on picket duty, I got together as many of those left behind as I could muster, and shouldering my shovel with the rest, went out to discharge the last sad office required of man for the dead. We found enemies and friends mixed up indiscriminately, and lying in every conceivable position. Some were nearly under water, some bedded in mud, some beneath logs and fallen trees, some beside a small brook, where, in the death struggle, they had crawled to assuage their thirst; but all so much decomposed that they could

only be approached on the leeward side, and covered up as they lay. It was a sad and awful task, but there was only time for work, none for regret and sorrow. So I plied my shovel with the rest till my hands were blistered and my limbs ached with weariness. Part of the time we stood in water, and part had to cut through roots and turf to get at any soil, and only knew by the dress on which side the dead had fought. Alas! such is war. Having, my dear people, been with you during many a season of bereavement, and stood beside the precious forms of those whom you consigned to the tomb with all the solemnities of Christian burial, I could not help shuddering at the contrast. God grant that few more such scenes may need our attention.

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP NEAR FAIR OAKS, *June* 21, 1862.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: — The time seems rapidly approaching when the great principles of loyalty, liberty and law, are to have their death grapple. As our Union forces and works increase and approach completion, the enemy manifests more and more uneasiness. They open upon our camps with artillery, make attacks upon our pickets or reconnoisances in force, and apparently unwilling to precipitate a battle, yet seem eager to annoy us all they can. Thus far, however, their efforts have only increased our vigilance. Not a rebel picket steps across his line but he is greeted with the crack of a Union rifle; not a rebel cannon is discharged, day or night, but all eyes and ears

are instantaneously opened, and all hands grasp the trusty weapons which are to decide who will rule this country; and when the warning bugle note is heard calling upon all to fall in and march forth, in less than ten minutes one will see five, ten, fifteen thousand stalwart men filing rapidly out of the woods, over the roads, and across the fields, with glittering muskets, and firm, determined step, speaking victory or death. Every day, last week, a demonstration was made against our lines, and immediately repelled. The most serious one occurred on Saturday. It was a hot, dusty, disagreeable day, making any exertion laborious, but no sooner were the warning picket guns discharged, than the whole country seemed alive with men, and in twenty minutes after the firing commenced, every rebel gun was silenced, and every one of the enemy driven back. Then rode back the generals from the front — Heintzleman, Kearny, Hooker, Meagher and others, cheered as they passed along the lines, as only *soldiers* can cheer. Ah! thought I, if the soldiers of the Cross were only as self-sacrificing and enthusiastic as that! If *they* only loved and trusted their great Captain as these men do their leaders! If they would go forth on picket in the highways, or deploy as skirmishers among the underbrush of evil and suffering abounding in all communities, fighting now and then a great battle against the principalities of sin, the powers of iniquity, the rulers of the darkness of this world, and of spiritual wickedness in high places, how truly could all Christendom shout in unison with the army of freedom, Glory, Hallelujah!

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The following is to Mr. Bradlee:

CAMP NEAR FAIR OAKS, *June* 23, 1862.

REV. BROTHER BRADLEE:—I was glad again to hear from you, and to be assured how much interest our Sunday-school anniversary awoke in Boston. Would that all our churches were as alive to the importance of labor in this direction as are the people of East Boston.

Brother A. B. Fuller is located near me, and I see him nearly every day. We have been expecting a battle all day, but it has not occurred. Desperate attempts are made to break our lines, but as yet are unsuccessful.

Very cordially,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

We quote from a newspaper notice of the anniversary of his Sunday-school:

This school is said to be the most numerously attended of any belonging to the denomination in New England, if not in the country. It was organized by the Rev. W. H. Cudworth, who is at present in the field serving as chaplain of the Massachusetts First Regiment. A year ago Mr. Cudworth was present, having been sent from his regiment with despatches to the Governor, and he gave the school some interesting accounts of the Battle of Bull Run, and the skirmishes which preceded it. Since then, he has sent a letter almost every Sunday, describing the incidents of camp life, battles, etc., thus keeping up a lively interest between himself and his pupils. The

school at present numbers six hundred and fourteen pupils and teachers. The church in which the anniversary was celebrated presented a fine appearance, having been tastefully ornamented with flowers in all its prominent points of observation; and it was crowded with the pupils and spectators to its utmost capacity. The services were opened by Rev. Mr. Bradlee, who occupies Mr. Cudworth's place during his absence, after which there were various exercises by the pupils under the superintendence of Benjamin Pond, Esq. Twenty Bibles were given to as many scholars who had brought in the greatest number of pupils during the year, or had not been absent at all. Interesting remarks were made by Messrs. Kneeland, Studley, James, and Metcalf. The proceedings were pleasing and instructive throughout and reflected great credit upon all who took part in them.

From another notice we learned —

Mr. Cudworth, as pastor of the society, though absent, has still given tone to its proceedings, by writing letters to it, and to the Sunday-school, which have been read to each nearly every Sabbath. His people learning, however, from his letters, that during the last four months his labors as a chaplain had not been required by the regiment, on account of the exigencies of war, several of them have from time to time written to him requesting him to resign his commission and return home. In reply to these numerous requests he sent a letter in which he stated that after the fall of Richmond, and the end of the

summer campaign, if he could, with honor to himself, return, he would do so about the first of September. Yesterday forenoon the society, by an almost unanimous vote, instructed the chairman of their standing committee to write to him to return to the society as early as possible. In coming to this decision they have had in view only one object, viz., the doing of good. If their pastor's labors as a Christian minister are not required at the seat of war, they know from years of previous experience that they can be rendered very useful at home. Not only has he a full congregation of hearers, but a Sunday-school composed of over six hundred pupils and teachers, who all love and honor him and are anxious that he should resume his labors among them. It was evident, therefore, to his people, that he could do more good here than in the field, and for this reason alone they voted for him to return at his earliest convenience. Mr. Bradlee himself, who now ministers in his place, before he proposed the vote of recall, frankly stated that he was as anxious as any one could be for his return. Although he loved the people, and had been treated by them in the most kindly spirit, yet he felt that his feeble health would not permit him to discharge all the duties that were required of a pastor, therefore he, as well as the congregation, was interested in the speedy return of Mr. Cudworth. It must be very gratifying to Mr. Cudworth when he learns that, notwithstanding his well-known views of the cause of the war, not a single voice was raised against his recall. We believe he is the most popular minister of the denomination in New England, because the most disinterested, and the most energetic in the cause he has at heart. The

cause first, himself last, has been his rule of action during his connection with the society in East Boston.

The following letters are to Mr. Bradlee:

CAMP NEAR ALEXANDRIA, *Sept.* 11, 1862.

DEAR BRADLEE: — I am glad to hear that church services have again been entered upon at East Boston, and shall pray for you constantly, that God will bless the labors you have resumed among my people there. One of those you missed on Sunday — Brother Lewis G. Smith — was with me, and attended preaching, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and evening prayer-meeting. The Lord was with us, and cheered all our hearts. I hear that Rev. Mr. Waterston was very much liked by our people. You have not only done faithfully yourself, but procured exchanges which have always given satisfaction. I hope the Sunday-school will continue as it has commenced, in good working order.

Cordially yours,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP AT FAIRFAX, RAILROAD STATION,
*Nov.* 9, 1862.

BROTHER BRADLEE: — I was rejoiced to hear that your last Sunday's Communion Service was very much enjoyed by many. Christ himself seemed to be in your midst to bless you.

Your snowstorm reached Virginia, and I pitched my tent upon its white carpet two inches thick. Our men have nothing but shelter tents, and most of them but one

blanket, so that the experience of one of our New England snowstorms has proved pretty trying. But we all do our best to bear it, and God helps us, and for Liberty's sake, we suffer willingly.

As Christ died to make men holy,
We will die to make them free.

The entire Army of the Potomac is on the move now. They are building bridges and a railroad at present, and will soon attack the fortifications of Lee in the rear of Fredericksburg. We are to have an active winter campaign. God bless the work till every yoke be broken, and all the oppressed go free.

Cordially yours,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *Dec.* 3, 1862.

REV. BROTHER BRADLEE: — Your prayer that I might have a pleasant Thanksgiving was answered in full. We had a fine regimental service in the morning, and a nice New England dinner, spread in the area of a rebel fortification. Since then we have marched nearly forty miles, and are now in the front again, within two miles of the rebel lines. It is not proposed to do anything at present, I understand, but get up the siege guns which drove the rebels out of Yorktown, and will of course drive them beyond Fredericksburg. This may take a month, perhaps more. Meantime winter quarters are not thought of. My own feeling is that not much will be done before January 1, 1863, when God, in the shape of a righteous decree, will

become the Major-General of our army, and woe betide those who rebelliously press upon "The thick bosses of His impenetrable buckler." The army is universally anxious to end the war, and will welcome an onward movement, however hazardous. I never knew men to march better than during the last few days.

Cordially yours,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *Dec.* 19, 1862.

DEAR BRADLEE: — Your note received to-day found me nearly prostrated with a severe cold and neuralgic pains contracted by lying in the open air on frozen ground, or in the icy mud. But as these are not so bad as a minnie ball through my brain, or a bayonet through my heart, I shall not surrender to sickness, but call up all my reserves for a grand rally after my lost health, spirits, and appetite. Our future movements in this quarter are undecided as yet. We wait probably till something occurs elsewhere. Meanwhile the Day of Doom comes on apace. God speed it, and the great work it heralds to dusky millions of His great human family.

Most cordially yours,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

The following is a letter to the dear mother, the only parent we either of us recollect:

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *Jan.* 6, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Your letter of December 26 found me recovering rapidly from the cold I caught during the exposure of the battle of Fredericksburg. If we were liv-

ing in any sort of shape, I should be comparatively comfortable now, but being sixty miles from any market, we get hardly any thing but army rations, and of these a poor supply. I live principally on bread, molasses and water, and long to get hold of some nice fruit and cake. I can understand your wonder how one feels looking on and seeing men with limbs amputated or ghastly wounds dressed. I would not have believed two years ago that I ever could endure it. But with the time of trial comes also the necessary preparation for it. The promise is literally fulfilled, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Men who are wounded also seem to be supported by strength from On High. I have seen many of them terribly injured, and many in a dying state, but very few complained, or groaned, or expressed any wish but that they might see their friends before they died. I think that the sufferings and deprivations of our soldiers are more deeply felt by their friends at home than by themselves. It is one of a soldier's privileges to grumble, and after having indulged in it he feels and does better. It seems to be a merciful dispensation of Divine Providence that gradually their minds shall be brought down to a level with the lot to which they are subjected, and if, after marching, fighting, and faring roughly, they can get what they call a "soft job," like doing garrison duty, or standing guard in some town, they are perfectly happy. Very few of them are so at home after leaving the regiment, on account of sickness or wounds; and nine out of ten come back. We have moved camp twice since I last wrote, and are now in a wild and magnificent forest but two miles from the Rappahannock, and close enough to the

rebels to prevent their doing anything should they feel so inclined. We had a grand review yesterday by General Burnside. About twenty thousand troops took part in it, and made a very imposing display. With love to all as usual.

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

The next letters are to Mr. Bradlee:

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *Jan.* 10, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER BRADLEE:—I was reminded of an anecdote of wicked Tom Sheridan by the commencement of your letter of the fifth ultimo, which has just arrived. His father told Tom he had better take a wife. "Very well," says Tom; "whose wife shall I take?" So you write that on Sunday evening you gave Mr. —— a wife, and also a wife to Mr. ——. Now the question arises, whose wives did you give them?

You preached well, they say, Sunday, January 4, and the full congregation were edified by your discourse. I am delighted with Brother Metcalf's success in the Sunday-school. May God strengthen and encourage him according to his needs. Have you read Doctor Putnam's Thanksgiving discourse on slavery? Thank God, the leaven is working. It was a glorious utterance. The pro-slavery men of the army mutter a little, but Butler's noble acknowledgment of radical change in opinion causes them to become silent. Madam Rumor says the rebels are evacuating Fredericksburg, but she is not always a truth-teller, you know.

I have been thinking of my experience here so plastic

is our wonderful human nature, so benignant the compensations God bestows upon those in trial. You cannot conceive what a blessing chloroform is in the army. It is universally administered, and as yet, I have not heard of a death resulting from its influence. I have seen a man with his leg off to the body, singing "The Morning Light is breaking" — "We're going Home to die no more," etc. at the highest pitch of his voice, and looking as happy as an angel; all through the power of this blessed anæsthetic.

Cordially yours,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *March* 1, 1863.

MY DEAR BRADLEE: — I was much pleased to learn of the calls you had received from members of my parish at your pleasant home in Roxbury. I have always found my people delightfully social, overflowing with good feeling and demonstrative in its manifestation. I suppose the reason you feel so old at times, notwithstanding your youth, is because as Solomon saith, "This perishable body presseth down the soul that museth upon many things." Good health is the willing man's best capital, whatever his age or wealth. We are still waiting for the mud to dry up. Active operations are commenced in part, however. We have about one hundred thousand men — the foe eighty thousand, with entrenched positions. The men have great confidence in General Hooker, for he *leads* them, and is sure to be found where the fight is strongest, and the danger greatest.

My health is now good, thank God, and I hope by His grace to go through the exposures of the coming cam-

paign without sickness. I hope you are still well and strong, and may long so continue.

Cordially yours,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

The following is another letter from the dear brother to our mother:

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *March* 17, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Our weather is still very cold, and nearly every day we have snow squalls or thunder storms. Sunday night it came down with terrific power. The hail stones were larger than peas. But at its height we celebrated the Holy Communion in my tent, and eight soldiers came out to participate in it, with the thunder for our organ, and the howling winds and rattling rain our choir.

I am now enjoying very much the good things which my society has recently forwarded to me. You must never give way to anxiety concerning me, dear mother, because you may not get letters regularly, for when we are on the march I cannot write, and frequently in camp my time is so fully occupied that it is impossible. I am glad to hear of the revivals in progress. The nation is guilty before God, and religious people should do their utmost to bring it to a sense of its wrong doing.

Those books you sent have been received, read, re-read, and read again. The soldiers were deeply interested in them, and they have done much good. I went up to Washington last Wednesday with the money which the men who had just been paid off wished to send home to

their families. I had *seventeen thousand* dollars in Uncle Sam's greenbacks — the largest sum I ever carried about me. Thanks be to God, I did not lose a dollar of it, and it has gone in the shape of a draft to Massachusetts. With love to all as usual, believe me ever

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

A current publication of this date says:

"The Rev. W. H. Cudworth, chaplain of the Massachusetts First Regiment, sends a letter to his society in East Boston every Sunday. The following sketch of a military sermon by him is a model of theory reduced to practice:"

BANK OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR DONCASTER, MD.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND PARISHIONERS: — Perhaps you would like to know what sort of sermons I preach to the regiment, so I forward the following as a specimen: — TEXT: — 1st. Timothy, v. 22. *Keep thyself pure.* — All must have observed that things are not kept clean in this world without an effort. Bright as a soldier may make his gun, one day's exposure to air and rain will tarnish it; clean as he may make clothing and person, a few hours' march in mud or dust will soil them again; faultless as the morning finds him, after the work of washing and brushing is over, the evening shows as much need of soap and brush as ever. The best-made equipments lose at last their lustre; the most polished weapons contract

stain and rust. So, in civil life, houses must be often swept, windows often washed, and everything worn or used by man, often purified. It is with the mind and its faculties, the soul and its emotions, the heart and its affections, the spirit and its aspirations, as it is with the body and its surroundings; and the command, *Keep thyself pure*, includes them all. No doubt heart, mind, soul and spirit are apt to become tainted and corrupt through the influence of evil around them. If forewarned we are forearmed; it is sufficient to state this to put every reasonable being on his guard, and induce the inquiry, "What can *we* do to keep pure?"—as well as systematic effort to the same end. Observe, before that inquiry is answered, "*Keep thyself pure*," and not "*make* thyself pure." It were indeed a hopeless task to *make* ourselves pure; for this nothing but the grace of God can do. But after we have been cleansed by the washing of regeneration and the renewal of the "Holy Ghost," we *can* "*Keep ourselves pure*," if so inclined. For instance, all that is required to keep the face and hands pure after the slumbers of the night, or the heat and labors of the day, is a little soap and water. Now water everywhere abounds, in rivers and streams, in springs and the ocean, so that an abundant supply answers to the demand "*Keep thyself pure*," and whoever is found with person or clothing habitually soiled must be sloven or sluggard. It is *contact* with water which purifies things material, and so it is contact which purifies heart, mind, soul and spirit. And thus I answer the inquiry, "*How* shall I keep my heart pure?" By avoiding *contact* with hearts that are impure, and allowing contact with those only which are pure. Associations with

thieves, gamblers, drunkards, the profane, and "lewd fellows of the baser sort," is sure to develop similarity of taste and nature, because "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and association with the noble and gifted produces generally an opposite effect, because good communications beget good manners. So with mind. If it is brought into contact with trashy novelettes, the records of races, the bulletins of fashion, the satire of scoffers only, it must grow hourly more impure. But if it commune with the best minds earth has produced, meditates upon their highest thoughts, and drinks in the inspiration of their wisdom, it will be kept pure. So with the soul, and so, in conclusion, with the spirit. The most ample provision has been made to keep the spirit pure, by inciting it to contact with the most exalted of earthly spirits, prophets, sages, apostles, martyrs, and saints, and allowing it also the sublime privilege of communion with God. Thus of man nothing is required to the attainment of which he is not abundantly supplied with the means. By contact or communion with the best hearts, minds, souls, spirits, earth has produced, and by fellowship with God through the ever living, ever open way, he can keep heart, soul, and spirit pure as easily as by water he can remove impurities from person or apparel. *Keep thyself pure.*

Your affectionate pastor,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The following is one of the home letters:

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *April* 5, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER:—We are still having most unseasonable weather. Last night about six inches of snow fell

during a northeast storm, and this morning it was as cold as during any day in winter. The wind was so furious as to tear up by the roots several large trees in our camp, but they did not fall on our tents. I can say "amen" to your dread of any more fighting, for this regiment at least. They have done more than their share, and ought to be permitted now to fall back, giving room for new troops, who have never been in a battle, and are all eagerness for the fray.

Providence has its plan regarding your life, and to that you will be compelled to submit, whether it make or mar your happiness. So with us all. God knows best. The only wise and safe life is that hidden with Christ in Him. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." I cannot in words convey to you any idea of the power and beauty with which this truth has been brought home to me of late. "They were spirit, they were life." When a man feels about his soul the everlasting arms, he is not likely to heed the carpings of those who say he is cherishing a delusion.

Your affectionate brother,

WARREN.

P. S. I sent to you the other day a copy of Adjutant General Schouler's Report for 1863. It contains a long and highly commendatory notice of the 1st Regiment which I thought you might like to read.

The next is to Brother Bradlee:

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *April* 24, 1863.

DEAR BRADLEE: — So far as solid roads and sunny skies are concerned we are now about ready to advance

upon the enemy. President Lincoln and several gentlemen high in office, have been here over a week reviewing and inspecting the army, as well as visiting the various camps. We have had forty thousand troops in line recently. They were in splendid condition and looked as though nothing could stand before them. The last rumor is that General Hooker's programme is to be entirely changed, and we may not move again before autumn. *God* rules, is my consolation, and he *will* rule out slavery before he will rule in peace.

Should he give us Vicksburg and the Mississippi, the end cannot be far.

Fraternally and cordially,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

Then follows one to the dear mother:

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *May* 9, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Your letter of April 30 reached me after my return from Chancellorsville, where our army fought a long and bloody battle with the enemy. It began as early as Wednesday morning, April 29, and continued, extending along a distance of fifteen miles, with various interruptions of skirmishing, flank movements, advances, assaults, entrenching, etc., etc., till Wednesday, May 6. During this week of fighting we lost heavily, but the rebels more, and, on the whole, though we were compelled to fall back, it is generally considered that the advantage is on our side. The rebel loss is undoubtedly all of twelve thousand men, and some rate it as high as twenty thousand. Not one of these men can be replaced,

for the South has been searched to obtain *them*, while of the eight or ten thousand lost on our side, we can replace them by one hundred thousand if necessary. Our own regiment lost heavily, for the corps to which it belonged, containing only fifteen thousand men, received a charge of twenty-six thousand rebels, and drove them back. We number ninety-one less than we did before the battle, most of our men being wounded or captured, as they obstinately refused to give way before the rebel advance. I spent most of the time in and around our hospital, doing what I could for the wounded or dying, and burying the dead. Three times we were driven out of the hospital by rebel shells, and two wounded men were killed as they lay there. But God mercifully kept me from all harm, and I am to-day a monument of his fatherly goodness and preserving care. We shall advance again soon, I suppose, and the fighting will be more desperate than ever. Do not omit your prayers for us, at home, that we may obtain final and complete victory. You certainly take a sensible view of my coming home for a few days or even a week, especially while the regiment is passing through such terrible scenes as those of last week. I *want* to be with them, to share their joy or comfort, and soothe their sorrow. I am more than ever convinced that God is on our side, and fighting our battles for us, and though for a time he may seem to forsake, yet with great mercies will he gather us. The nation needs the discipline of temporary failure, and we must all take our share of this salutary punishment.

Your affectionate

WARREN.

Then he finds time amid constant changes to write a few lines to Brother Bradlee:

BIVOUAC NEAR GUM SPRING, *June* 22, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: — We have skirmishes or fights with the enemy nearly every day. As yet the Third Corps, to which we belong, is held in reserve, but should there be any great battle, we shall take part. Guerillas surround us in the woods now continually. Eight were captured yesterday. "In God is our trust."

Cordially yours,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

Truly did this faithful worker know in *whom* was his "trust," in going for the mail matter for the regiment, as he often did, with one companion, and without a weapon, for he would not use one in his place as chaplain. The same date as the last shows a letter to the dear mother:

BIVOUAC AT GUM SPRING, *June* 22, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We arrived here on Saturday night, leaving Falmouth a week ago last Thursday, and have marched over a hundred miles, sometimes all night, till, having overtaken the enemy, we are watching him, playing off and on, endeavoring to distract his attention, divide his forces, and, should we find a favorable opportunity, attack him at some weak point. It is impossible to foresee where we next may go, but in my opinion, neither Lee nor Hooker intend to risk a general engagement if it can be avoided, but will try by moving about

to out-general each other. Our regiment is encamped in a magnificent oak grove, and the weather being fine we enjoy our position very much. The men are recovering from their recent fatiguing marches, and all ready to start again. My health was never better. For several nights I have slept in the open air in a pouring rain; but in the morning, after shaking myself, have come out as good as new. I am sorry to know that ——'s old age has been so darkened by misfortune and poverty, and did I agree with you, that it would prove any consolation to her, I would write her a letter and enclose money; but I think it would prove otherwise, so as soon as I get where it can be safely done, I will send you twenty dollars, and you can forward it in your own name. Any time that you want money for yourself or any one else, write me and it shall be sent.

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

It will be recollected that the regiment was detached from the Army of the Potomac in August, 1863, and sent to Governor's Island, N. Y. Harbor, to aid, if necessary, in enforcing the Conscription Act.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y. HARBOR,
*August* 11, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We left Warrenton a week ago last Thursday night, and arriving in New York the next Sunday morning, were immediately ordered to occupy this Island. The regiment has come to New York to enforce

the draft, and *may* have some street fighting, when the men drafted are called for, but I do not fear anything like a great riot. Government is too strong, and with the majority of the people, the war is too much a war of principle. There are two strong forts on the Island, one of them mounting eighty-four large guns, and the other about thirty. Quite a number of people also reside here, and thus far they have been very pleasant and hospitable. We shall stay here until the draft troubles are over, which will be, I hope, about the middle of October. If the regiment is allowed to visit Boston, I shall, God willing, come with them; but if the men are compelled to stay here, I feel it my duty to remain with them. I am still very well, thanks be to God, and shall try to keep so.

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

The next letter is to Brother Bradlee:

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y. HARBOR,
*August* 12, 1863.

MY DEAR BRADLEE: — I was glad to hear that the Sunday-school Anniversary passed off so pleasantly, and greatly obliged for your generous bestowment. It was indeed singular that you should have been drafted. I agree with you, that all clergymen should be exempt; that the battle-field is no place for a minister of the Gospel, and that his only right there is to succor the distressed, pray with the dying, and assist in any way to save the precious lives endangered for their country's good. I have no sympathy whatever with fighting chaplains, and think that

they prostitute their office by so doing. So I hold that no clergyman should enter the service except as a chaplain, and then remain strictly a non-combatant. Our regiment will remain here until October, when, unless there is military reason for a longer stay, we shall proceed to the front again.

Cordially yours,
W. H. CUDWORTH.

While there he preached in September at the rooms of the New England Soldier's Relief Association.

RIKER'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 24, 1863.

REV. BROTHER BRADLEE: — I hope that the church has opened full after the vacation and that all parochial affairs will show unusual vitality and interest, and, above all, that an increasing gratitude to God for our Union success, and loyalty to the government which has done, and is doing so much, will distinguish both minister and people. It is rumored that we soon leave this place, perhaps by the first of October. We had a charming day here on Sunday, and I preached to quite a gathering of ladies. officers and soldiers on the green sward. My health was never better, and I hope you have quite recovered from your last indisposition.

May the Lord be with you. Amen.
W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP AT CEDAR RUN, NEAR CATLETT'S STA.
O. & A. R. R. *Oct.* 30, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER BRADLEE: — Your favor from Roxbury, of October 26, found me stationed as above, in good health

and comparative content. We still await the reconstruction of the railroad destroyed by our retiring foe, when we shall doubtless again take up our line of march towards Culpepper and Gordonsville. Our winter quarters will be much nearer Richmond than we are at present, I think, although the defenders of that city will resist strongly our advances, and sustain, perhaps, a severe and protracted siege. I am glad to know, from your regular Sunday report, "Good number out;" that the interest of my people in Sabbath worship is sustained as usual. May it continue unabated to the end. May God strengthen and comfort of them those whom he is now trying by ill health or bereavement. Should you see, remember me most kindly and warmly to them. The day of the Lord and the triumph of our God in the downfall of human chattelism have come like a thief in the night. Glory in the highest! Glory!! It would astonish the sleepy and conservative wiselings of old Boston, could they hear the talk of Washingtonian, Maryland and even Virginia loyalists, about bondmen holders. They must awake, arouse, be up and doing, or the car of progress will leave them far behind. — For God the Father everlasting, and man the brother universal.

Yours cordially,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

And now follows a letter to the dear mother:

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Nov.* 17, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Your letter of November 8 has arrived, and found me well, excepting that I have a severe

cold, and find it next to impossible to get anything to eat. We have been visited by a furious thunder storm since I wrote last, and the roads are in very bad condition. But as the rainy season has not yet set in, and will not before the middle or last of December, this will not prevent our moving forward, and trying to deal another blow at the enemy before going into winter quarters. The railroad has been repaired, and all the bridges rebuilt as far as Culpepper Court House, and the prospect is that we may move on the last of this week. The regiment has again been paid off and I have some thirteen thousand dollars in my tent to be carried to Washington as soon as I shall be allowed a pass. There is nothing to be bought here, and in consequence, we are losing the flesh we gained at New York, but God will care for us.

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

Then follows the proof that he *knew* in whom he trusted:

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Dec.* 30, 1863.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS: — The Lord willed it so that I received the two large boxes of good things to eat, drink, and wear contributed by the Union Circle, and forty-one of your number, on Christmas-day. They were a munificent and most acceptable Christmas present, for which I return my most sincere and heartfelt thanks. On Christmas eve, while thinking of the four hundred pairs of bright eyes that would sparkle and glow in our church, and the more than four hundred pairs of little stockings

that would be crammed to overflowing by loving hands before Christmas morn, I asked the surgeon, who is my tent chum, if we had not better hang up ours in our sod and barrel crowned fireplace? He thought it doubtful if Saint Nicholas would have time to visit the army, so we turned in as usual, with them on. When the morning came, bright and glorious, we found that he had indeed visited the army, bringing thousands of well-filled boxes to the various corps, and leaving at our tent the two whose unpacking, examination, and rearrangement in the tent, occupied the entire day. Nothing in either of the boxes was broken or injured; neither was there anything superfluous, or which cannot be made of use and benefit. Even the boards of the boxes have been carefully laid aside, to make the floor of our tent, the nails saved to enter into the composition of a couple of bunks, and the iron hooping appropriated to form the arch of a new fireplace of stone and Virginia mud about to be set up. Thus it has happened that your untiring generosity, kind remembrance and friendly interest in the welfare of your long-absent pastor, have accomplished more for his comfort and happiness than any of you had foreseen; even the boards, nails and hooping necessary to carry and secure your gifts, proving of value and account. So it is that our good and worthy deeds, our friendly words, our kind and generous feelings, reach farther, spread wider, and last longer in their power to aid and bless than we can imagine. All the blood shed, the pains endured, the sacrifices made, the tears dropped, the heroic words spoken, the patriotic efforts put forth during this war, have in view the salvation of this country. But they will achieve much more than

this. They will cheer the down-trodden and oppressed everywhere. They will lift heavy burdens from millions of aching hearts, which had almost forgotten to hope. They will trace upon the walls of proud and cruel despotisms the fiery prophecy of doom — "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." They will lead to the recognition and acknowledgment of the *Bible* revelation that "God has made of one blood all the nations that dwell upon the face of the earth" — that He, therefore, is the Father universal, and they are all brothers, free and equal. They will prepare the way for "His second coming, before whom every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess *Him* to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Gratefully and affectionately your pastor and friend,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The next is a letter to "Brother Bradlee:"

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Jan.* 8, 1864.

MY DEAR BRADLEE: — I was happy to know of the testimonial which my parish proposes to present you of their affection and good will. I heartily agree with your praise of them, and during my ministry, have found them just so serious, kind, forbearing, and good-natured. Other parishes may be equally so, but I would not exchange mine for *any* other. I see no reason to anticipate the discharge or return of the First Regiment before the expiration of its term of service. May the remaining time be full of pleasantness to you, and profit to the congregation who have so long enjoyed your ministrations. We are still unmoved, and I trust immovable at present, owing to warm weather

and rain — stuck in the mud — likely to stay till April or May; at least so they say — or to start any day.

Yours, faithfully,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

Then follows one to the dear mother:

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Jan.* 11, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Your last letter was duly received, and I quite agree with you that slavery is doomed. It cannot long survive this war. I think with you also that those men who have been lying back in forts and garrisons, ought now to come forward, do their share, and relieve the men who have borne the burden and heat of the war: — but Government does not seem to think so, and therefore we shall probably be in one or two more battles before our term of service expires. The regiment has already participated in seventeen battles. I can use all the papers you will send, as the men are constantly calling at my tent for something to read. Our weather continues bitterly cold, and the men who are out on picket suffer very much. Some of them freeze their limbs, and here and there one perishes. In camp they have shelter tents, which afford some protection, but when they go out, they have to stay three days and nights, leaving their tents behind. If it is very cold or wet, therefore, they suffer greatly. It is rumored that we are shortly to move again, but I hope not, for the men have but just completed their houses, and it would be hard to have to leave and build others.

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

And now "Brother Bradlee" is in order:

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Feb.* 18, 1864.

MY DEAR BRADLEE: — I hope to be able to administer the Communion on the first Sunday in June, to which you referred in your last; but if we should be in the midst of an active campaign, it is doubtful if the regiment would be allowed to leave. Nearly our entire army started yesterday on a gigantic raid or reconnaissance into the enemy's country. They will be gone three days, and hope to bring back valuable information, and some prisoners. We have had some bitterly cold weather this month, when everything was frozen stiff. The men did not engage in their usual drills, etc., but tried only to keep comfortable, and all succeeded but those on guard and picket duty. They suffered.

I read your tribute to Brother Starr King, as printed in the *Traveller*, and thought it timely, well written and appreciative. To me, the great charm in Mr. King's public life and private character was his active sympathy with all the reformatory movements of the day, and his uncompromising identification of himself with *man*, God's child, his brother, everywhere.

I am rejoiced to hear of your call to the Church of the Redeemer, and hope you may have a long and useful pastorate there, and that God will grant you health and strength sufficient to attain your long-cherished ideal of thoroughness in the ministerial office. We expect General Grant as our permanent commander. May God continue his successes as a military leader.

Cordially yours,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

The home letters, presaging as they now did the return of the loved pastor and brother, were received with redoubled interest.

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Feb.* 18, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Our army is passing through its usual winter's quiet. The chaplains and various delegates of the Christian Commission are unusually busy, and quite a strong religious interest has been aroused all through the army. There are prayer meetings every evening, and in some cases every day at ten o'clock, in various regiments, at which many backsliders profess their penitence and determination to reform, and many who have never found the Lord rise and ask for prayers. I preach every Sunday, not only in my own regiment, but also in the 16th, of which Rev. A. B. Fuller was the chaplain. I am having a large hospital tent fitted up as a chapel for our evening prayer meetings, in which we shall be almost as comfortable as in a vestry. We probably shall not leave here till the spring campaign opens, which will not be until April or May. The army is increased every day, and by that time must number over one hundred thousand men. With love to all.

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Mar.* 14, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We have been visited with drenching rains partaking more of the character of squalls than storms, which have covered the earth with water, removed the frost from the ground, and filled all the brooks to

overflowing. High March winds have come, however, drying the soil very rapidly, so that we shall have good roads in the course of another month at least. The religious interest which commenced in the army some months ago still continues, and has already brought forth good fruits. In our own regiment we have meetings of some sort every evening in the week, and they are all well attended. I preached four times yesterday, twice at home, once for the 16th Massachusetts and once at Division Headquarters. My sermons are never written, always short, and just as practical as I can make them. There was a time, when, on account of my anti-slavery sentiments, some did not like to hear me speak. But that has ceased now, for they see I was right. God has done, and will do, by his Providence, what the wisdom and power of man utterly failed even to commence. About all *we* can do is to stand still and see the wonders of His salvation.

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

BRANDY STATION, *Mar.* 31, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — God is continuing in the army the good work that he began early in the winter, and which likewise seems to be going on at home. In my own regiment we continue to have meetings every evening, and three on Sunday. A week ago last Sunday the Rev. A. P. Putnam from Roxbury was with us, and as he had just returned from travels abroad, during which he visited Egypt, Jerusalem, and the Holy Land, his remarks were very interesting and instructive. Last evening, at one of our prayer meetings, we had two delegates from the "Boston

Young Men's Christian Association" present, and they spoke very acceptably to a good-sized audience.

There is no immediate prospect that we shall leave here under three or four weeks, and that will give us opportunity to hold quite a number of religious meetings, at which I hope much good may be done. The term of service of our regiment expires in little more than seven weeks, yet we may be again called to pass through very trying scenes ere that time has elapsed. The rebels are making great preparations on their side, as we are on ours. General Grant has already commenced his reforms in the town of Culpepper, where he has his headquarters. He has removed the soldiers and set laborers to work cleaning the streets, mending houses, fences, etc., and repairing things generally. He makes no show, and goes about the army almost unattended. I hope and pray that God will prosper him.

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

Then occurs a letter in the *Boston Journal*, from a visitor to the regiment:

I started for a tour through the mud from regiment to regiment wherever I could find the Bay State boys. The nearest in order is the first numerically — the Massachusetts First. This excellent body of men lies comfortably encamped about a mile from Brandy Station, in rough but tolerable quarters. Like all our other regiments, it has never yet had orders to enter winter quarters. Some weeks since orders came to fall in for an onward movement, but

directly they were countermanded. That was the last order; but in the absence of orders the boys have puttied up the cracks with Virginia mud, and they are in pretty good shape, clean and warm. The effect of their mode of living can be seen in the condition of the officers and men. Some two hundred are absent on detached duty, or wounded or sick in hospitals, as the result of former engagements and hardships, but of the four hundred present in camp there are literally no sick. It has excellent officers, and the men are tried and proved soldiers. The regiment enjoys — what too many Massachusetts regiments are destitute of — a good chaplain. Rev. W. H. Cudworth has been with the regiment since it entered the service, now almost three years, during which time he has constantly devoted himself to the good of his charge. He has not even been home since the first Bull Run. Such an example on the part of an officer who can go home on leave occasionally, has an excellent effect on the men, who cannot go. A hardier set of fellows can scarcely be found. Their history is too well known to the readers of the *Journal* to require mention from me. There is no Massachusetts regiment — and when you say that, you may say no other regiment — with a better reputation, either at home or in the army, than the Massachusetts First.

And then more home letters:

BRANDY STATION, *Apr.* 2, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER: — I received your letter and *Harper's Weekly* for to-day, containing the picture of "The Great Organ." It certainly must be a noble instrument, and I hope to enjoy it with you ere long. I am very glad to

know that you have so true an idea of "gossip." The words we retain are our servants, while the words we utter are our masters. Whoever has complete control of his tongue, we are assured, is "perfect and entire, wanting nothing." God gave us two ears and two eyes, that we should hear and see four times as much as we speak. What a pity that so many should speak four times as much as they see or hear.

We are having to-day a driving northeast snowstorm. The snow melts as fast as it falls, but it is filling all the streams, flooding the fields, and rendering the roads almost impassable, so that it must be at least three or four weeks before we can undertake any forward movement. The five corps 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, and 6th have been reorganized into the 2d, 5th, and 6th, to which nearly fifty thousand troops are to be added, and then with Hooker, Burnside, and Butler to coöperate, each having fifty thousand men or thereabout, I think the army of General Lee, in the coming campaign, will be in the tightest place it has found yet. We *may* be doomed to another failure, and if we are it is a good thing that we know how to bear failure; but I cannot but hope that the Fourth of July will see our glorious banner floating over all the soil of the Old Dominion, and borne onward by victorious hosts to the Carolinas and Gulf States.

Your affectionate brother,

WARREN.

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Apr.* 19, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER: — Report asserts that our regiment is to be ordered back this week or next, and will rendezvous

at Fort Warren. Many of the officers, and most of the men, believe it, but their desires are father to their faith, I think. If we should come, I should try to come up Sunday mornings long enough to preach. Everything here looks like a move as soon as the weather and roads will allow. I received the programme of Mr. Bradlee's installation services, and wish him every success. He has done well and faithfully by my society during my absence. I have read O. W. Holmes' description of "The Great Instrument," and enjoyed it much. For a week past I have been quite sick with my throat and lungs, and was obliged to give up all work, even reading the Psalm at dress parade. One night I was in a high fever and found it so difficult to breathe that I thought my time had surely come. But through the mercy and goodness of God, I am slowly recovering my former health and strength. You can imagine what sort of a place a ten-foot square tent is to be sick in, during a cold rainstorm. I do not wonder so many men die in the army. Indeed, I wonder so many live to return. Our spring is very backward. The buds have hardly begun to swell, and no flowers have yet appeared. The mountains too are covered with snow. But *God* reigns.

Your affectionate brother,

WARREN.

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Apr.* 28, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER: — Thanks to good habits, a sound constitution, and above all, to the kind Father above, I am now rapidly recovering my former health and spirits. I have resumed all my duties, and the meetings in our regimental chapel every evening are interesting and instructive.

We expect soon to change base, after which no letters will be transmitted except official ones, until we come to a halt. I am glad to hear that a reception awaits me in East Boston, should I return, on account of the momentous principle of which in the army I have been the most prominent representative from East Boston. *The* principle which is the life of our nation, and the hope of the world, and upon whose defence and vindication depends the liberties of mankind, the enemies of which, if they succeed, will retard human progress at least another century, and cloud three generations with another age of darkness and despotism. For the sake of this principle I would have a hearty and enthusiastic reception, hoping that all who greet me with individual affection, may be willing that their act shall receive the significance of a public endorsement of the *cause* I have served for three years. There is now no prospect of our coming home before the expiration of our term of service, the twenty-fifth of May, and if in the midst of an active campaign, we may not be able to come then. If *God* will, however, I hope to see you all soon.

Your affectionate brother,

WARREN.

This hope was realized, and the following appeared in an evening paper shortly before their arrival.

THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

If any regiment in the public service has earned an honorable discharge, and a title to the pride and gratitude

of its State, that regiment is the First Massachusetts, now on its way home, having fully completed its three years' term. This was the first three years' regiment that left the State, and the first in the service of the United States. In its original composition it was chiefly made up of the First Regiment M. V. M., of which Colonel Cowdin was the commander, who went out in command. The regiment left camp for the seat of war on the fifteenth of June, 1861. It marched through Baltimore on the seventeenth of June, being the first regiment that had passed through that city since the attack made on the 6th Massachusetts, on the nineteenth of April previous. We know not how many of the one thousand stalwart men who formed the regiment when it left the State are now living. Over two thousand men have been connected with the regiment since its organization, and we are told that but three hundred return with the regiment. These war-worn veterans are the representatives of that long line of untried men whose glittering muskets, and tidy uniforms, and soldierly appearance, excited the admiration of our citizens when drawn up on Boston Common three years ago. Upon them and their comrades who have been honorably discharged for disability, rests the honors of the regiment. And what a roll of honor it is! The first to open the serious fighting of the war on the day before Bull Run, it has participated in nearly or quite every battle of the Army of the Potomac. It was at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Glendale and Malvern Hill on the peninsula, Kettle Run, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, and Fredericksburg in the year 1862, and at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg in 1863. In every battle the Massachusetts First has acquitted itself

creditably, and its colors have never been touched by a rebel hand. It has suffered severely in killed and wounded in almost every battle. The following is a list of the Field Staff and Line Officers at present:

Colonel, N. B. McLaughlin; major, Gardner Walker; surgeon, Edward L. Wheston; adjutant, Charles E. Mudge, (wounded); quartermaster, Miles Farwell; assistant surgeon, Isaiah L. Pickard; chaplain, Warren H. Cudworth; captains, Ebenezer W. Stone, Charles M. Jordan, Frank W. Carruth, John McDonough, John S. Clark; first lieutenants, George Myrick, John S. Willey (wounded), Frederick E. Dolbeare, William E. Hayward, George L. Lawrence, William H. Fletcher, William P. Drury; second lieutenant, Nathaniel Averill. The regiment went out one thousand and forty-six strong, and has received nearly twelve hundred recruits. There are now present for duty twenty-one commissioned officers and four hundred and forty-four enlisted men; present and absent, thirty officers and five hundred and sixty-five men, showing a loss of over sixteen hundred men killed, wounded, missing and discharged for disability since the twenty-third of May, 1861.

The early morning of May 25 saw the streets of Boston thronged, and the approaches to the depot by which the regiment was to arrive, lined with the friends and relatives of the returning soldiers. With difficulty could the masses be restrained in their outbursts of joyous greetings as the cars rolled in, and could officers and men

have been borne through the city by their willing hands, it would have been done. The line was formed as soon as possible, and the heroes marched to Faneuil Hall, where the following "Address of Welcome" was feelingly delivered by that stanch friend of the soldier and his country, Governor Andrew.

We address this scarred and war-worn remnant of two thousand men who to-day stand in Faneuil Hall again, and who have received the plaudits in our streets of an hundred thousand patriotic hearts. These welcomes, the sobs of those dear ones who took their heroes' joy fully in their arms, speak with more than human voice. We do not forget these three years of immortal history, written with your bayonets, carved with your swords, and sanctified with your blood, nor can we help wondering whether we are addressing the classic heroes of other years, or the real heroes of to-day. Many have fallen in the fore front of battle, face to the foe; many sleep in unknown graves who will answer at the grand roll call hereafter, to receive the reward that men nor nations never can bestow. The simple thanks of honest hearts are due to all, living and dead. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, addressing not only the present officers and men of the First Regiment, but General Cowdin, and all those among the living who have participated in your trials, to the veterans in line and the veterans before discharged, gives her heartiest thanks, and during all the years remaining on earth, may

the honest substantial gratitude of patriotic hearts make their paths happy. Let thanks to God be raised, and prayers, that in his own good time He will crown our arms with victory.

After other speeches, the eager band of patriots separated for the homes which would be so glorified and cheered by their presence. An evening paper told us what those knew who were privileged to be there, of "A Glorious Welcome Home."

Last evening the Unitarian Church of East Boston was filled by the friends of Rev. W. H. Cudworth, who gave him such a welcome home as must have thrilled his soul with inexpressible pleasure. After three years of war and privation as chaplain of the Massachusetts First Regiment, in the defence of civil and religious liberty, his friends felt that they could not do too much to show how well they appreciated his services. And he was grateful almost to tears. A happier reunion it was never our pleasure to witness. The interior of the church was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers; young ladies representing the States of the Union were arranged in front of the altar; an original hymn composed for the occasion was sung, all breathing gratitude to God for the safe return of their beloved pastor. After the exercises in the church were closed the members of the parish adjourned to the vestry, and as Mr. Cudworth entered, they all sang *Sweet Home* in glorious harmony. Patriotic speeches fol-

lowed, after which the company partook of a collation, provided by the ladies, while every face was wreathed with smiles and every eye was bright with pleasure. Toward Mr. Cudworth, all the patriotic present felt that the hero "returning from successful war was not more entitled to the homage of admiration" than he who had voluntarily left home and all the endearments of devoted friends, to bind up the warrior's wounds, or soothe his soul in its passage from time to eternity. This was his self-imposed mission, and most nobly has he performed it. But he has his reward, not only in the approbation of his own conscience, but in the warm devotion of his friends, who during three years have never ceased to remember him in their prayers. May their mutual sympathy endure through life and be renewed in heaven.

Then followed "The Soldiers' Reception in East Boston."

The demonstration in honor of the returned veterans of the First and Twenty-ninth Regiments belonging in East Boston took place yesterday afternoon. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the gathering of citizens to show them honor was very large. Flags were profusely displayed from all the prominent buildings, various salutes were fired, and the congratulations and welcomes of the people were hearty and numerous. The procession was formed on Webster Street, and commenced moving at about half-past one in command of Lieutenant Dalton, marshal of the day. It was headed by a detachment of police, followed in succession by the Brigade Band, the

Bowker Light Guard, in command of Captain George H. Smith, and then came the veterans, consisting of Company B. of the First Regiment, in command of Captain Henry, and Company K. of the Twenty-ninth, in command of Sergeant Daggett, the rear of the procession being followed by a great number of citizens, many of whom were former military associates of the returned veterans. After the procession had marched through the principal streets, a generous banquet, provided at the Sturtevant House, was partaken of. The spacious dining-hall had been elegantly decorated for the occasion, and besides the abundance of flags and bunting displayed, there were also numerous mottoes, some of them bearing the words " Harrison's Landing, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg," and the names of other memorable battle-fields on which the veterans had honorably distinguished themselves. After appetites had been satisfied, order was called by Mr. Albert Bowker, who presided on the occasion, after which prayer was offered by Chaplain Cudworth of the First Regiment. Mr. Bowker then extended a hearty welcome to the veterans, after which there were short and appropriate remarks by General Cowdin (formerly Colonel of the First), Adjutant-General Schouler, Chaplain Cudworth, Captain Henry of the First Regiment, and others. In the evening there was a promenade concert in honor of the veterans at Sumner Hall, which lasted until ten o'clock, and then there was a grand levee and social reunion at Sturtevant Hall. The occasion altogether was one of rare interest, eminently deserved by the returned veterans and highly creditable to the appreciation and liberality of the citizens of East Boston.

The first Sabbath "at home" of the beloved pastor and chaplain was also the occasion of renewed joy, and well narrated in one of the local papers.

MR. CUDWORTH'S RECEPTION YESTERDAY.

The East Boston Unitarians turned out in force yesterday forenoon and filled their church to its utmost capacity by way of continued welcome to their pastor, W. H. Cudworth, chaplain of the Massachusetts First Regiment. After the invocation, "God Speed the Right" was sung by the whole congregation, with glorious enthusiasm, showing that their hearts responded to its beautiful sentiments. Mr. Cudworth preached an excellent sermon, urging the cultivation of hope and patience, illustrated by some of the leading incidents of the war. He regarded our operations favorably, expressed unbounded confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God to bring us safely through our troubles; but at the same time urged us to labor with all our might to realize our hopes. With such a cause and such a country, we had everything to encourage us. He paid a merited tribute to the President, and to those who had coöperated with him in their efforts to suppress the rebellion. The gallant dead and their bereaved friends had his warmest sympathy. He alluded to those of his own parish who had fought and fallen under his own observation, and whose remains he had personally aided to inter. His discourse was listened to with marked attention. In the afternoon his reception by the Sunday-school was all

that his heart could desire. The church was again densely filled, aisles and all, in fact, there was no standing-room left unoccupied. As he entered, the whole audience rose, the children and their parents waved their handkerchiefs, and gave other demonstrations of love. A song of welcome, composed for the occasion, was sung with heartfelt rapture by the children, after which Mr. Halsey J. Boardman, superintendent of the school, in a very happy address welcomed Mr. Cudworth back to his "Lambs." The Sunday-school is the largest of the denomination in New England, and has been made so by the labors of Mr. Cudworth, who may be said to have given Unitarianism its present organization in East Boston. Both school and society were so thoroughly organized before his departure that their ranks have been kept well filled during his long absence. The exercises by the children upon this occasion were mostly expressions of welcome, tastefully arranged and successfully carried out. Short addresses were made by Messrs. Pond, Metcalf, Manson and others, which were well received by the audience. One of the speakers remarked that Mr. Cudworth was amply repaid for all his toil and privation, by the cordiality of his welcome. Altering Scott to suit the occasion, he might have said, "It were worth three years of tented life, one glance at their array." He concluded, however, with the wish that all present might live to see the day when they could stand everywhere —

> With freedom's soil beneath their feet
> And freedom's banner streaming o'er them.

Mr. Cudworth, a short time after his return, preached

a sermon in behalf of the New England Soldiers' Relief Association, which has its headquarters in New York, from the text, "And what shall *we* do?" and showed his hearers what they ought to do in behalf of those who are now fighting the battles of our country. He is soul and body a practical Christian, and seems determined to look for the souls of his congregation in the right place — their pockets. They responded with nearly a hundred dollars. He also took occasion to speak in high terms of the Sanitary Commission and Christian Commission. Though of different organizations, yet they all labor for the relief of our suffering heroes.

In June he, with General Cowdin, were again the recipients of complimentary notice.

### Levee and Presentations.

The members of the Massachusetts First Regiment gave a levee and promenade concert at Andrew's Hall Saturday evening, in honor of General Robert Cowdin, formerly colonel of the First, and Rev. W. H. Cudworth, chaplain of the same regiment. The Germania Band officiated, and the attendance was quite large. An interesting incident of the evening was the presentation to General Cowdin of a gold badge, and to Chaplain Cudworth of a dressing-case. The badge was first presented to General Cowdin by Mr. J. H. Wilson, a member of the regiment, to which the general very feelingly responded. George H. Tyler made the presentation to Mr. Cudworth, expressing the strong attachment of the men to him for his uniform

kindness and good offices for them while in service. Mr. Cudworth responded, stating that he considered it the greatest privilege of his life that he had been connected with the regiment. A proposition made during the evening by Mr. Cudworth to form a regimental association to look up all the disabled in the ranks and the relatives of those lost, was favorably entertained.

The first Sunday-school concert after his return proved very interesting. "The church was crowded to its utmost capacity with the pupils and their friends. Rev. W. H. Cudworth, the pastor of the Unitarian Society, is also superintendent of the Sunday-school, and as he is an accomplished musician and devotedly attached to the instruction of children, the mass of his scholars are unrivaled in their singing attainments. These were delightfully manifested to the great gratification of those who listened to the concert. The singing was interspersed with Scriptural exercises, recitations and introductory remarks. Honorable Henry H. Washburn made some excellent remarks, peculiarly well adapted to the comprehension of children, in that graceful, easy, and interesting style for which he is so much ad-

mired by all who have had the pleasure of hearing him. Very few of our public speakers have the art of addressing the young with effect. In this respect, we consider Mr. Washburn as standing side by side with Mr. Cudworth. The entire exercises of the evening were very pleasing."

The picnic of the Sunday-school was held at Beverly Grove, on the twenty-ninth of June, at which their loved superintendent was again the life and inspiration. The National Thanksgiving recommended by President Lincoln, in September — "for the successes which have lately attended our army and navy" — was observed.

At the Unitarian church, Rev. W. H. Cudworth pastor, there were services specially adapted to the occasion. Over the pulpit was the motto, "Laus Deo," and the pulpit was handsomely decorated with flowers. Mr. Cudworth preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon from the text: "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

October 19 the Sunday-school held a sale of useful and ornamental articles in their vestry in the afternoon, and gave an entertainment at

Sumner Hall, in the evening, for the "National Sailors' Fair," held in Boston, by which they realized a good sum for that noble cause.

October 30 a memorial service was held in the church in honor of Deacon F. A. James, who entered the service of his country in 1863, on board the gunboat *Housatonic.*

"A very interesting service was held in the Unitarian Church, East Boston, yesterday morning, in memory of the late Mr. Frederick A. James, carpenter in the United States Navy, who was taken prisoner at Fort Sumpter, and died at Andersonville, after a year's imprisonment. The pulpit was decked with American flags draped in mourning, and was ornamented with floral crosses and rich bouquets of flowers. Rev. Mr. Cudworth preached an interesting sermon from Psalm xxxvii. 37: 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.'"

Sunday, December 18, memorial services were held in the church by Rev. Mr. Cudworth, commemorative of Captain William D. Crane,

second son of Dr. P. M. Crane, who was killed at the battle of Honey Hill, Grahamsville, S. C., 55th Massachusetts Colored Vols:

February 14, 1865, the society gave an "Old Folks' Concert" in Sumner Hall, which was both unique in costume and enjoyable in song. In March the "New Church" project, which had been held in abeyance during the war, was revived, and a series of five literary, patriotic and musical entertainments given in the church for procuring funds to prepare for a large fair in Boston. The New Year had opened with renewed confidence in our noble President and army, and joyful hopes of the near close of the war, when the dark pall of assassination overspread the people like a blast from heaven itself, and strong men groped about in tears, palsied with the intensity of the common woe. The Nation was in mourning; and from all the churches came the wail of sorrow. On the day commemorative of this sad event, "the Unitarian Church was decorated with flowers for Easter Sunday, and to these were added the emblems

of mourning over the Nation's loss. The church presented a very fine appearance, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Cudworth, preached an eloquent and able discourse."

The usual May-day festival levee and sale was held at Maverick Hall. On May 8 our patriotic chaplain delivered in Sumner Hall, East Boston, by invitation of Council No. 33, Union League of America, a eulogy on the "Life, Character, and public Services of President Lincoln," which was well spoken of, and printed for circulation. He also gave the "Reading of the Scriptures" at the "Memorial Services" held at Music Hall, Boston, June 1.

The Sunday-school picnic was held June 28, at Stanley's Grove, Beverly.

In October a "public meeting of the citizens of East Boston was held for the purpose of considering the matter of erecting a monument commemorative of the soldiers who have represented the Ward in the army, and have given their lives in the service of the country." A committee of fifteen was appointed to make

arrangements, collect funds, etc., all eager, like Mr. Cudworth, to do justice to the soldiers; but the project was abandoned when it was learned that the city would raise a suitable one on Boston Common.

Mr. Cudworth wrote and published, during the year 1865, a "History of the First Massachusetts Regiment," which had quite a sale.

The great religious wave which commenced early in 1864 its onward progress, seemed not yet to have wasted itself, but was still productive of good. In an evening paper it was noted that the "Unitarians have been holding protracted meetings for five weeks in succession, every afternoon between half-past four and half-past five o'clock, and will continue them during the week. Besides these they have had meetings for members of the Sunday-school, for young men, and the regular meeting every Friday evening. At the last communion, seven members were added to the church."

A large number of young people were immersed and admitted to the Baptist church, and,

"in this connection it is pleasing to state that the Rev. W. H. Cudworth brought this subject before the Unitarian Sunday-school, and expressed his heartfelt gratification that so many children had made public profession of their faith in the Redeemer; and while he rejoiced in their joy, he hoped that his own pupils would follow this beautiful example. That they might appreciate it, he gave permission to all the teachers and scholars who wished to witness the ceremony, to go and learn to do likewise; he was not particularly wedded to any mode of baptism; he desired to have all come to Christ in the way best suited to their convictions — but in any way to *come*. More than half the school went, but many of them had to return, as they were unable to obtain admission."

The National Thanksgiving to the God of victory who had crowned our cause with success, was observed December 7. "Rev. W. H. Cudworth, who served three years as chaplain of the Massachusetts First Regiment, who preached, and practised what he preached on the tented field,

called his people together, and in the absence of the organist, opened the exercises upon the organ himself, as he is an excellent musician. He made the organ thunder forth the emotions of his patriotic heart in tones that thrilled every soul with enthusiasm. Descending from the organ to the altar, he poured out his soul in praise and thanksgiving to the God of the universe, who had given us the victory.

"He then called upon several of his congregation, who spoke with becoming spirit. Singing interspersed with speaking was the order of the evening. Mr. H. H. Lincoln, principal of the Lyman School, read a spirited poem, on the 'Fall and Recapture of Fort Sumpter,' which called forth tokens of admiration, after which all present sung 'Old Hundred,' standing; and the exercises were closed with prayer. The exercises in the other places of worship were also conducted with becoming gratitude and patriotic devotion, giving to God, and to *Him* alone, the praise for thus far conducting us toward the goal of peace. The labors and sufferings of our

gallant soldiers, and the memories of the heroic slain, were alluded to in terms of heartfelt appreciation. East Boston from the first has been firm for the Union in all her votes, and now rejoices 'with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'"

The year 1866 found both pastor and people zealous for the accomplishment of their deferred, but great need — a new church. The May-day sale and festival was held at Maverick Hall as usual. The Young Men's Association, with their pastor as president, proved fruitful of good. The Sunday-school anniversary was observed June 17, with its usual interest.

June 28 the pastor and superintendent delivered the annual address "Before the Plymouth County Sunday-school Association at Bridgewater," which was printed at the request of the association.

Earnest in all the great reforms of the day, the Temperance cause, which had early engaged his support, could now receive more of his attention. In 1866–67 he was on the executive com-

mittee of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance.

In 1871 the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society was formed, and he soon became one of their lecturers, and in 1875–76, was engaged by the year. He never lectured for the money he received, but threw his whole soul into the subject he believed in. The Newport Temperance Reform Club thus speaks of him: "After prayer the president introduced Rev. Warren H. Cudworth of Boston, who was witty, humorous and pathetic. Mr. Cudworth is an able and excellent speaker, and gave one of the best temperance lectures that has been listened to in this city. At the close of the meeting, several persons signed the pledge and joined the club."

The following was nearer home — Winchester Temperance Meeting. "This prosperous and attractive town was the scene of an earnest meeting in the cause of temperance, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, on Sunday evening, in the Orthodox

Church. Congregational singing of a high order was enjoyed, and a forcible address of an hour's duration was made by Rev. W. H. Cudworth of East Boston. His argument was, that following the abolition of slavery in this country, the next great evil requiring the coöperation and prayers of thrifty, intelligent and Christian people for its removal, was intemperance; showing in conclusion what everybody could do, and ought to do, who had the good of the country at heart, and, moreover, *how* it could be done."

The fair which his society had been industriously furthering during the year took place at Horticultural Hall, the week before Christmas; and the following portrays another principle of his well-balanced Christian character. The *Boston Review* (Trinitarian) for January, 1866, commends the East Boston Society, in the following emphatic manner, for excluding from their last year's fair all raffles, etc.:

We have read the advertisement with profound satisfaction, and take this method of tendering to the Unitarians

of East Boston our most heartfelt thanks for the valuable service they have thus rendered to good morals. How greatly such an example is needed in this particular direction, it cannot be necessary to remind our readers. We take leave to commend this action of the East Boston Unitarians to the attention of those professing a stricter creed.

The fair was eminently successful, thanks to Boston friends, who observed well the recommendation of one of the papers of the day, which concluded a long article with the following:

Those among the Unitarians who love their faith, and desire to see it spread, and who have the means, ought to aid such a man as Mr. Cudworth in his present enterprise. Although this article is longer than we designed, when we commenced writing, it embraces only a brief outline of the labors of this worthy servant of Jesus Christ. As a preacher, he is bold, earnest and impressive, as a comforter to those in trouble he is the soul of sympathy, and in his social intercourse with all classes, few men appear to better advantage. He is beloved by his people who have nobly sustained him thus far to the extent of their means, and who now appeal to the public for that material aid, which will enable them to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness. Build him the largest church on the Island, and he will labor not only to fill it, but to make those who fill it Christians.

In 1867, the friends of the Unitarian movement in Washington, D. C., were making strong efforts to establish a church of their faith in that important centre, and fixed their thoughts upon Mr. Cudworth as the proper man for their leader. They brought much pressure to bear upon him, and he preached for them during the month of April; but then returned to the church that was equally dependent upon him, and to which his vows had been first given. Meantime the work for the new church went bravely on. The members worked and gave generously, and their devoted pastor received many liberal subscriptions from friends in Boston. Another series of five miscellaneous entertainments was held to further the good object, and on May 23 "the leading members of the East Boston Unitarian Society met in the small vestry of their church, to hear the report of the building committee upon the plans and estimates for their new church. The estimates for the church, exclusive of carpets, cushions for the pews, furnaces, and a few other articles, amounted to forty-two thou-

sand five hundred dollars, and Messrs. Manson and Peterson undertook the work for this sum; the church to be ready, so far as they were concerned, about Christmas. The work will therefore be commenced immediately. The church will be of brick, with a granite foundation, and capable of seating nearly one thousand persons."

"While the men were arranging business in the small vestry, the ladies were laying tables, with good things thereon, in the large one; and when all was ready, the folding doors, which separate the two vestries, were thrown open, and the Rev. W. H. Cudworth was called upon to report himself to the ladies. It was a complete surprise. Robert C. Metcalf, Esq., in behalf of the society, presented Mr. Cudworth with a beautiful gold chronometer watch, as a birthday token — he is forty-two years of age — from his friends, and made a few complimentary remarks, to which Mr. Cudworth feelingly replied. A small sum of money, the surplus of the subscription, and a bouquet of flowers, were also presented to him, after which he invoked the

divine blessing, and all did justice to the feast. One of the ladies of the society composed a spirited poem for the occasion, which was read in fine style by a handsome young lady. Everything passed off very pleasantly, and to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

"Now if the society wish to give Mr. Cudworth a crowning surprise, one that would thrill his soul with pleasure, and add a whole story to his spiritual stature, they can easily do so by attending constantly the prayer and conference meetings and *all* taking an active part. It is for this he has labored for sixteen years, and proposes to labor while he lives. It is not theirs, but them, he seeks with his whole soul."

The Sabbath-school anniversary was observed June 16, with ever increasing interest.

On July 3 (the Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg) Rev. Mr. Cudworth offered prayer at the "Exercises for the Dedication of the Army and Navy Monument, erected by the city of Boston, at Mount Hope Cemetery."

July 17, the hoped-for day arrived for the

laying of the corner stone of the new church. "The exercises commenced with an invocation by the pastor, followed by the singing of a hymn; responsive service and chanting of the Lord's Prayer by the members of the Sunday-school; reading of the Scriptures by Rev. S. H. Winkley; singing of a hymn; prayer by Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D.; statement of the plan of the church, and the action of the society, by the moderator, Mr. H. H. Lincoln; acceptance of the contract by Mr. T. L. Manson in behalf of the builders; address by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Cudworth; at the close of which the corner stone was laid: *In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* Amen. Then followed the singing of another hymn; addresses; the doxology and benediction."

The way now seemed clear for the completion of a church large enough to meet the needs of the society, and all felt hopeful and happy.

November 12 our "Good Chaplain" gave his lecture on "Army Life," at the town hall in Cohasset, the proceeds of this and other lectures

all going to the new church — his family, as he was fond of calling it. The Sunday-school held its annual convention at Salem this year, at which Mr. Cudworth presided.

January 19, 1868, he preached for the Suffolk Conference, at the Boston Theatre, on the subject, "The Trials of Men are the Angels of God."

March 10 the Improvement Club gave an excellent musical entertainment for the benefit of the new church. The following Circular of Worship, Meetings and Social Occasions, every week, for 1868–69, will indicate the faithful care of his "large family," by our true pastor and friend.

SUNDAY: Morning Worship of God punctually at half-past ten o'clock. Sunday-school Senior and Junior Departments, in the large and small vestries, at two o'clock P. M. Bible class for Adults, in the Church Audience Room, at half-past two. Young People's Prayer Meeting in the Parish Parlor at half-past six. Evening Worship at half-past seven.

MONDAY: Female prayer and conference meeting every week at half-past three, P. M., in the Parish Parlor. First Monday evening of every month a pastoral reception in

the Parish Parlor, commencing at half-past seven. Third Monday evening Our Mutual Improvement Club, at the same time and place.

TUESDAY: Regular Sunday-school Teachers' Meeting and Bible Class at half-past seven, P. M., in the Parish Parlor.

WEDNESDAY: Regular Meetings of the Union and Young Ladies' Sewing Circles on the second evening and fourth afternoon and evening of every month, the latter being a picnic meeting, with supper, in the Parish Parlor.

THURSDAY: A series of Lectures, Concerts, Readings, Scientific and Literary Entertainments will be given in the Large Vestry for the benefit of the Sunday-school, commencing Thanksgiving evening, November 26, and continuing every Thursday evening until the first or middle of April; and Entertainments by members and friends of the Society and Sunday-school, the particulars of which will be duly announced in the usual way.

FRIDAY: On Friday evenings preceding the first Sunday of every month, is the Church meeting. Every other Friday evening, Prayer and Conference meetings are held in the Parish Parlor.

SATURDAY: Juvenile Singing-school at two o'clock P. M. Adult Singing-school at half-past seven o'clock P. M. Rehearsal for the Musical Worship of the Sanctuary at half-past eight o'clock.

*And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*

With such a plan of work was our true Christian pastor prepared for the dedication of his beautiful new church, which was arranged for April 15. Previously he issued another circular.

All the members and friends of the East Boston Unitarian Society rejoice and praise God together for the success attending their efforts in behalf of the new church.

There will be one week of prayer, God willing, in the small vestry of the old church, preceding Dedication, on the general subject, "Old Things Are Passed Away." The special subjects for each afternoon are as follows:

Wednesday, Unbelief; Thursday, Uncharitableness; Friday, Self-Consideration; Saturday, Worldliness; Monday, Neglect of Gospel Privileges; Tuesday, All Unrighteousness.

The general subject for the week of prayer in the new church immediately after the dedication, will be, "Behold, All Things Have Become New." The special subjects for each afternoon, are as follows:

Thursday, April 16, Faith; Friday, Charity; Saturday, Consecration; Monday, Godliness; Tuesday, Attention to the Means of Grace; Wednesday, Personal Holiness.

All persons too busy, or unable from any cause to attend these meetings, are affectionately desired to remember the subjects assigned to each day, in their private devotions, at home or elsewhere.

During the first two Sundays after Dedication, to enable members of the society to try seats in different parts of the house, the sittings will be free, and on Monday even-

ing, the twenty-seventh of April, at seven and one half o'clock, all the pews will be put up at public auction, with an opportunity to bid for the right of choice; and after the sale of pews, an opportunity will be afforded to those who wish to bid for the right of choice to hire.

The following appeared in an evening paper un- under the heading, "The East Boston Unitarians and their Old Church."

Yesterday afternoon a few members of this society, with their pastor, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, met for the last time in the vestry of the old church. The subject considered was, "All Unrighteousness," which they earnestly prayed should be left behind, and that their future course should be toward a new life in Christ Jesus. The last speech made was a model, but requires a little explanation. Mr. Bridget, well known as one of Father Taylor's tars, stated that he was present at a Methodist prayer meeting many years since where a poor Portuguese sailor, whose knowledge of English was very limited, but whose soul was aglow with divine enthusiasm, made the best speech he ever heard. After floundering about for words to rightly express his view of religion, he clapped his hands in ecstasy and shouted "There is nothing like it!" and resumed his seat. This was the last speech made in the vestry of the old Unitarian Church in East Boston, and will probably be among the first made in the vestry of the new one. After the delivery of this glorious speech, the company shook hands with one another for the last time in their

old church, and then proceeded to the new, where preparations were making for its dedication.

The city purchased the old church of the Unitarian Society at a liberal price, and converted it into an armory, which is used now, I think, by the "Sheridan Guards."

The wished-for day at length arrived for the "Dedication of the East Boston Christian Unitarian Church." "Yesterday afternoon the dedication services of this new church were carried out (agreeably to the programme published in our paper of the 14th inst). The church was crowded to excess, aisles and all. About three o'clock the services commenced with a voluntary on the organ by Mrs. Hattie Sampson, after which Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D., offered a prayer of invocation, followed by the congregation chanting the Lord's Prayer. The ceremony of possession was then gone through with by Mr. O. L. Shaw, chairman of the building committee, transferring the keys of the church to Mr. H. H. Lincoln, chairman of the society. Rev. Rufus Ellis and the congregation then read alternately passages

from Psalm cxxii: 1 Kings viii., and Revelations xxi., xxii. At the close of this the act of dedication took place as follows: the minister said: 'To the glory of God our Father, to the gospel and fellowship of His Son, to the presence and communion of His Spirit, and to the highest welfare of His earthly children.' The congregation responded: 'We devote and dedicate this church.' After the congregation had sung another hymn Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D. D., offered the prayer of dedication, the organ responding, followed by singing, at the close of which the pastor of the society, Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, delivered an able and interesting discourse from Luke ii. 14: *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.* The remaining exercises comprised singing by the congregation, the Salutation of the Churches, by Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, D. D.; prayer by Rev. Edward E. Hale; singing, benediction, and organ voluntary. In the evening there was a free dedication and organ opening concert, and again the church was filled. The programme consisted of fine se-

lections of classical music, vocal and instrumental, for the organ. These were performed in splendid style, and the artists were frequently applauded. These were Mrs. Fowle, soprano; Mr. Winch, tenor; Mrs. Shattuck, alto; Mr. Upham, basso; Mr. Whiting playing the organ. After the concert there was a levee in the vestry, which was very numerously attended, and at which short and pleasant speeches were made by Rev. Edward E. Hale, Rev. Mr. Livermore and others. About midnight the services of the day were closed to the satisfaction of all who participated in them. Mr. Cudworth proposes to have preaching in the church every Sunday evening until further notice. The opening sermon will be delivered next Sunday evening by Rev. Edward E. Hale. This afternoon, and every afternoon for six days, there will be prayer and conference meetings in the vestry, also the usual Friday evening prayer meeting. The church, with the land and other expenses, will cost about sixty thousand dollars, but it is a beautiful building, and has been fitted up with consummate taste."

The last week in April, including May day, was held as a Festival Week by the society. On Monday evening was the sale of the pews. Tuesday afternoon and evening a sale, by the Union and Young Ladies' Circles, of useful and ornamental articles for ladies, gentlemen and children, with flowers and refreshments. "Prices satisfactory, and nothing sold by lottery." Wednesday evening a fine concert by Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hall, Mr. Rudolph Hall, and the Boston Brass Band. Thursday evening was devoted to tableaux, sacred and secular, interspersed with songs and readings by Miss M. S. Percival and Professor Lewis B. Munroe. Friday evening an attractive entertainment was furnished by the Young Ladies' Circle, with an instructive allegory called the "Voyage of Life;" music composed and arranged by J. B. Sharland, Esq., who presided at one of Chickering's Grand Pianos. The funds received were used in paying for the furniture of the new church.

May 18 a cantata of "The Legend of Saint Cecilia" was performed in the vestry of the new

church, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Sharland, with fine effect.

June 6 the Suffolk Temperance Union held an anniversary meeting at Tremont Temple, which was crowded to excess. Deacon Ezra Farnsworth presided. The opening prayer was by Professor E. A. Park of Andover, and Doctor Chickering presented the annual report.

"Rev. Warren H. Cudworth of the East Boston Unitarian Church made an address. He considered the temperance question an unsolved problem, and considered at length the elements which entered into its solution. His address was very interesting. He thought intemperance would one day be looked at in its true light, and disappear as slavery had. This discussion, he said, in conclusion, should be carried on in a spirit friendly to the rumseller and to the drinker; not friendly to their practises, which must be resisted and restrained, but to themselves and their consciences; for even the rumseller has a conscience, he had found. We might coax people, but could not drive them. Warm applause attended Mr.

Cudworth's remarks, and he was followed by Warden Haynes, Mr. Deering, a reformed man who said a few words that moved all, and Rev. Mr. Fulton."

June 17 the Improvement Club had its annual harbor excursion.

June 21 the Sunday-school Anniversary was observed, and one of its pleasantest features was the christening of about twenty of the lambs of the spiritual fold.

June 24 the entertainments of the season were concluded by a strawberry festival and sale of "remaining articles," refreshments, flowers, etc; and July 1 the annual picnic of the society and Sunday-school was held at Stanley's Grove, Beverly.

In September the new rooms of the Young Men's Christian Union were opened, at 300 Washington Street, and the "dedicatory exercises were opened, with prayer, and the reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. W. H. Cudworth of East Boston."

In December a course of seventeen lectures,

concerts, readings, and other entertainments was instituted for the pleasure and profit of his people, in their nice large vestry, by their devoted leader; and tickets were only one dollar and a half.

"The usual Christmas fair and sale was opened December 15, and continued four days, for the benefit of the society, and in behalf of the Boston School for the Ministry."

January 3, 1869, Mr. Cudworth preached in the Boston Theatre, under the auspices of the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches, on the subject of Immortality; or, the Spiritual Body.

March 18 another fine concert, The Cantata of the Ancient Mariner, was given in the lecture room of the new church, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Sharland.

March 30 our large-hearted, public-spirited brother delivered the address at the twentieth anniversary of Mount Tabor Lodge, East Boston, of which he was chaplain. At his death he was a member of twelve or more societies,

lodges, temples, missions and unions, and was interested and helpful, if necessary, in them all.

The services of Memorial Day, which at first were held on May 29, were ever very grateful to him, and he took a public part, somewhere, at every recurrence of the day. This year he gave the address at Woodlawn, where *he* now lies, at the grave of Mrs. Helen Gilson Osgood, who was a devoted hospital nurse during the war.

The Circular of Worship, etc., planned for last year, was this year increased by Missionary Tuesday, a faithful missionary, Miss Susan C. Damon, having been engaged, who is still with us, and paid by the ladies of the society. "The missionary will be in the Parish Parlor from ten A. M. to six P. M., on Tuesday of every week, to receive donations of clothing, etc., or impart information about missionary work."

"The Thursday evening course of lectures, etc., were also changed to Tuesday, and a meeting for instruction in vocal music, and the practice of

hymn tunes, anthems, cantatas, etc., is held during the cool weather, in the Parish Parlor, commencing at half-past seven."

Over twenty cantatas were given in excellent style, in the pleasant Lecture Room, for the benefit of the church and Sunday-school, during his pastorate, of which he was the only instructor. O, faithful servant! Why did God take you from us?

June 23 the supporters of Free Preaching at Cooper Union, New York, sent him, through Dr. Bellows, an urgent request to become the leader of this movement, feeling that he had the requisite consecration and energy to insure success; but both pastor and people were agreed that the means of usefulness were large in Boston, and that their mutual attachment should not be severed.

"At the Sunday-school Anniversary which was held June 20, Rev. Charles J. Bowen, of Mount Pleasant Church, after a short address, closed his remarks by deprecating the separation of Mr. Cudworth from his church, and brought all

the children upon their feet in response to the question of how many wished to have him stay. Twenty-seven children were christened, and after distributing a large number of Bibles and other valuable books to the scholars having a perfect record, Mr. Cudworth was very agreeably surprised by the bringing forward of a fine chromo, which was presented to *him* by his class; and also by a richly bound volume, from the library committee, both of which were very pleasantly accepted by him."

The Mutual Improvement Club attended its usual aquatic excursion on the seventeenth. The Annual Summer Festival, under the auspices of the Union and Young Ladies' Circle, and the Sunday-school Committee, commenced on the twenty-second, and continued three days, with the usual sale of useful articles and refreshments, and four entertainments. Tuesday evening the Cantata of Esther in costume. Wednesday afternoon a preformance of legerdemain by Professor Harrington. In the evening Dramatic Representations and Music, and Thursday evening the

Young People's Exhibition of Dialogues, Recitations, Songs, etc.

June 30 the picnic of the society and Sunday-school took place at Maolis Garden, Nahant.

"August 29 the Free National Church of Christ was organized at the Council Chamber of the City Hall, Washington, D. C.," is a minute I find in his Church Records.

The fall meeting of the Suffolk Unitarian Conference was held in the Hollis Street Church, and Mr. Cudworth was chosen first director. In November he performed a pleasant marriage ceremony at Washington, D. C.

November 10 the Independent Boston Fusileers held a reunion parade, and closed with a banquet, at which "the Divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth. Among the toasts was one to 'The First Regiment — officered by veterans, abounding with soldiers who have faced death in the field. We are proud to belong to the corps that was the first in the Union to volunteer for three years or the war.' Responded to by Colonel George Johnston.

The next in order was 'The Model Chaplain — the soldier of Christ, who feared neither man nor devil; in the hour of danger a devoted brother; in the hour of peace our best counsellor and noblest friend.' Received with cheers, Mr. Cudworth having departed."

December 2 he was elected chaplain of Mt. Tabor Lodge, at the public installation of officers.

December 19 he preached again at the Boston Theatre on "Religion, what it is, and how to get it."

The course of lectures and other entertainments for the winter had been inquired about as early as October and a brilliant success predicted. The "First Unitarian Concert December 7. Those who visited the lecture-room of the Unitarian church on Tuesday evening, to the number of eight hundred, were highly entertained by the fine music discoursed by the Mt. Washington Brass Band, composed of blind performers. Considering the laborious and tedious task it must be for such persons to acquire a musical education, and the absence of any leader or

guide, the performance was truly wonderful, the time in most cases being remarkable. During the intermission the audience were enlightened as to the manner in which the blind acquire their education; some of the younger performers reading from the Bible printed in raised letters, and passing through an examination in arithmetic. The concert was highly satisfactory, and was a very auspicious opening for the new course of entertainments.

January 4, 1870. "The lecture announced to be delivered by Rev. Mr. Manning, in the Unitarian course, on Tuesday evening, was not given, Mr. Manning being unavoidably detained, and Mr. Cudworth gave his interesting lecture on Army Life, which proved very acceptable to the audience."

The customary New Year's party was held on the evening of the third, and among the invited guests were the field and staff officers of the First Regiment, M. V. M., who appeared in full uniform, and contributed greatly towards the brilliancy of the occasion. Friendly and social

intercourse and greeting were indulged in, a tempting repast partaken of, and the company separated at an early hour, much pleased with the second New Year's party held in the pleasant Parish Parlor of the New Church."

January 9. "The closing lecture of the course in Clinton, Mass., was delivered last Monday evening by Rev. W. H. Cudworth of East Boston, Chaplain of the First Massachusetts Regiment during the war. The speaker's happy method of discussing his subject rendered the lecture very interesting, and, to many, the most acceptable of the series."

January 12 he delivered his lecture entitled The Law of Progress and the Secret of Success in Human Life, at the Hall of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, 300 Washington Street.

February 2 he was called to the melancholy privilege of conducting the funeral solemnities of his friend William Cumston, Esq., which were held at the Church of the Unity. . . . . "Tribulation is profitable. Disappointment is a benefit."

"It is good to be afflicted." "Blessed are they that mourn." "Challenge these sayings as we may at first, the will and the affections finally agree with the understanding, and bow to them as the teachings of reason, and the revelation of God. Man unrenewed by the grace of God, is a vain and imperfect creature; impatient of control and unconscious of anything or anybody superior to himself. Left to follow out his own devices, his spiritual faculties become dwarfed or benumbed, and his moral powers perverted. Self-seeking, self-confidence, self-absorption, self-will, lead him away from God, and into sin. The wages of sin is death. God would not have man die, and therefore he makes sin odious and unendurable by invariably associating it with suffering. Sin and suffering always have been associated, always will be. 'Before I was afflicted,' said the Psalmist, 'I went astray, but now have I kept thy word. It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes. I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast

afflicted me.' . . . If we saw our children, for whom we had prepared articles of silver and gold, clinging to others of iron and brass, or with hands full of common pebbles, which we could exchange for diamonds, pearls and rubies, we should not hesitate to take away the baser metals and the common stones, despite the tears and protestations of short-sighted youthfulness. So the All-wise and All-loving Father does not hesitate to remove from us the common ministries and loved things of earth, notwithstanding the tenacity with which we cling to them, and the sorrow we indulge at their withdrawal, knowing that in their places we shall ere long receive all Heaven's wealth of happiness and peace forever. 'For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth, not for his own pleasure, but for our profit, that we may become partakers of his holiness. And although no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them who are exercised there-

by, and our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Such has ever been the result of God's providential dealing with his earthly offspring, when patient and believing.

He wounds to heal,
He smites to bless.

"When the War of the Rebellion broke out, he consecrated himself and all that he possessed to the Union cause, and among hundreds of patriotic Bostonians, scarcely any one can be found who was more liberal in contribution, or more assiduous in endeavor. When the First Massachusetts Infantry was encamped at Budd's Ferry in 1861 and 1862, having no place where religious and social meetings could be held, he at his own expense sent on a chapel tent from Boston for their accommodation, and it was the only tent of the kind in General Hooker's division. . . During his last illness it was my privilege to see him several times, and he invariably greeted my entrance with a smile, and declared himself

perfectly resigned to the will of God, whatever might be the issue of his disorder. At his request I read portions of the Divine Word and knelt by his bedside in prayer, and his perfect self-possession, his unruffled calmness, were to all present in his chamber full assurance that he had received the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and been made partaker of a hope full of immortality. On the evening before he departed hence the choir of this church, which he had sent for, came, and sang a favorite hymn, which he seemed to drink in with delight, exclaiming, as it closed, 'How sweet! how beautiful!' Who can doubt that his happy and blessed spirit has ere this been permitted to listen to those heavenly strains which are sweeter than the choicest harmonies of earth, and which celestial choirs warble above to the assemblies of the just made perfect?"

February 22 "A large audience assembled in the Unitarian Lecture Room to listen to a very interesting lecture by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, upon 'Egypt, Past and Present,'. illus-

trated by nearly one hundred pictures magnified and illuminated by the magnesium light. The lecture contained a great amount of information upon the architecture, customs, and people of Egypt, and the illustrations proved very successful."

In March "the beneficial influence and urgent necessity of the proper amount of sleep, was shown in a graphic and logical manner by Rev. E. E. Hale in a lecture upon this subject at the Unitarian Lecture Room, Tuesday evening last. The subject was well handled, and received from the appreciative audience the attention which its importance demanded. It is sufficient to say that those who did not hear it missed a great treat."

"A Supplementary Course of Three Entertainments, complimentary to the Standing Committee of the East Boston Unitarian Society followed the present series, the first of which was a fine concert."

The monthly meeting of the Improvement Club was very interesting. "The usual amount of curiosities were shown, and the president, Rev. W. H.

Cudworth, exhibited and explained the magnesium light to the pleasure and edification of all present."

April 12 the Unitarian Lecture Room was again well filled to hear the "mirth-provoking Barnabee, with Mr. H. M. Dow as pianist, in the last of the three supplementary entertainments, and also those of the season. We understand the proceeds from the regular course have completely cleared the Sunday-school from debt, and placed about five hundred dollars in the treasury. They have certainly given a great deal of satisfaction to the audiences who have attended, and contributed much toward elevating the moral tone of the community."

"The Bible in our Public Schools. Has it any *Right* there?" This was the subject of "a Sermon preached in the Church of Our Father, East Boston, Sunday, April 10, 1870, by the pastor, Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, and printed by request."

PRESENTATION.

A very pleasant meeting was held at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Union, of East

Boston, on Wednesday evening last. This evening has been set apart for prayer and conference, and just before the commencement of the exercises, the young men were much surprised at the appearance of about thirty-five of their lady friends, accompanied by Rev. W. H. Cudworth, who, in behalf of the ladies, presented to the Union, through the president, an elegant Bible, with the name of the Union beautifully inscribed upon the covers; a fine picture representing Christ as the light of the world, knocking at a door overgrown with weeds, and also fifty service books, containing hymns and tunes for such like gatherings. The whole gift was most opportune, and the precise articles of which the Union stood most in need. The meeting was very full and pleasant, and the speakers all impressed with the necessity of renewed activity in the cause. Tuesday and Thursday evenings a free writing class is taught at the Rooms, and on Wednesday evening a prayer and conference meeting is held.

All are invited to join.

At the meeting of the Suffolk Sunday-school Union, held in April, Mr. Cudworth gave an address on "Schools," and also an address for "Easter," at the Arlington Street Sunday-school. He also gave the opening address at the fifty-first "Anniversary of American Odd Fellowship," by Eastern Star Lodge, East Boston.

The past year was considered a prosperous one by the Unitarian Society and its friends. "Through the active exertions of the pastor, Sunday-school, and the ladies, the debt of the society has been reduced three thousand dollars, and the whole debt of the church now amounts to but little over nineteen thousand dollars. The society owns, however, pew property, which, if sold, would realize about twenty-two thousand dollars."

Festival week this year was celebrated in May, with the usual sale and refreshment tables. Tuesday evening, May 17, the Cantata of the Pilgrim Fathers was given. Wednesday evening a dramatic and musical entertainment, and Thursday evening an exhibition of tableaux, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. "After each

evening's entertainment there will be a social levee in the Parlor and Lecture Room, to which all are cordially invited."

May 23 the usual birthday party to their pastor was held. "Affection beamed from every countenance, and 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' was the watchword of the occasion, as well as the legend of the church. Tables were spread in the lecture room and loaded with all the delicacies of the season, which speedily disappeared after the company had been called to order by H. H. Lincoln, Esq., the moderator of the society, and the Divine blessing invoked by the pastor. This being over, Mr. Cudworth was made the surprised recipient, from the parish, of a generous sum of money, for his personal use, and from his singing-class, which he has instructed without remuneration, a massive and valuable pair of gold sleeve buttons, to which he very feelingly responded."

May 25 the anniversary of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society took place at the Church of Our Father. The occasion was of the nature of

a social gathering, combined with a discussion of topics relating to Sunday-school instruction, and an exhibition of the Sunday-school connected with the society. The services as usually gone through with by the children, were the first in order on the programme. "The peculiar features of these exercises, or the results of his system, were explained by Mr. Cudworth, and apparently afforded much pleasure to the audience, the fine singing of the children being the subject of general remark. John Kneeland, Esq., of Boston Highlands, then delivered an address upon 'Religious Instruction.' After discussion of the topics of the address by a number of the clergy and laity, and singing by the children, the visitors and Boston friends were invited to the lecture room below, where the use of this, and of the stage, was illustrated by a short entertainment, after which all partook of a most bountiful collation. The tables were spread in the Parish Parlor, and were most tempting in appearance, being profusely loaded with edibles and flowers. The company did ample justice to the

viands before them, and all appeared delighted with the good cheer afforded."

On Memorial Day he assisted in the services at East Boston and Woodlawn cemeteries. The Sabbath-school Anniversary was observed June 19, and among other reports it was learned that the amount received from the entertainments during the winter was $1415.14, the expenses of which were $584.89, leaving a profit of $830.25. The most of this money was spent in purchasing pews for the use of the scholars, settees, books, etc., leaving a balance of ninety-two dollars. The picnic this year was held at "Litchfield's Grove," Hingham. The Improvement Club visited Fort Warren, Hull, and other points of interest in Boston Harbor.

July 4 the opening prayer, at the Anniversary Exercises in Music Hall, was offered by our patriotic chaplain.

The serious fire which occurred in East Boston on the twenty-fifth was made the subject of a sermon in which much useful advice was given, and its conclusion, "Though usually con-

flagrations are the result of human crime or carelessness, they are overruled by Providence for the good of his children. While the rich have only in a dreamy kind of way, fixed their affections on heavenly things, they are led by seeing their *all* go down, to see also their folly, and look higher for something that 'fadeth not away.' To the man so secured, loss is not so severe, because he has unspeakable gain."

The society this year sustained the loss by death of their senior deacon, Deacon Benjamin Lamson. His wife had died three years previously, and their united epitaph might read, "*True and Faithful to their Church and Pastor.*" Their funeral sermons were printed this year for distribution.

At the "Annual Conference of the Norfolk County Sunday-school Association," Mr. Cudworth delivered the address on the "Religious Education of the Young."

October 6 the singing-school commenced its sessions, free to all, as usual. The series of entertainments commenced October 18, with a concert by the Mendlessohn Quintette Club.

November 24 a celebration of the Band of Hope was held in the lecture room, including songs, recitations, duets, dialogues, quartettes, etc., calculated to interest all classes, the young especially in the temperance cause.

November 27 the following appeared in New York papers: "The Church of the Messiah was well filled yesterday morning, and after the preliminary exercises were concluded, the Reverend Warren Cudworth of Boston preached an eloquent and instructive sermon from the two words, Ripe Fruit, from Micah vii: 1."

Another fair was held by his society in Horticultural Hall, commencing December 20, and continuing for four days, which was quite successful.

The Young Men's Christian Union gave a dramatic and musical entertainment December 26, for their own benefit.

The following letter is one among many similar, found among the papers of our departed brother, and, in the words of another, indicate his "Magnetism of manner and common sense of matter."

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 10, 1870.

REV. MR. CUDWORTH—DEAR SIR:—In your sermon yesterday, delivered at Dr. Bellows' Church, you expressed a fear lest what you had to give might prove unacceptable to those sitting constantly under what you were pleased to term "such good preaching;" but joined with this fear was the hope that your words might prove at least "suggestive"—and it is to the fact that your hope was not entirely without realization, that this letter owes its existence. A member of that church being deeply impressed with the forcibility and honesty which were the distinguishing characteristics of your sermon, wishes to express the sincerest appreciation of all that you said, and the heartiest thanks for your many and happy "suggestions." This is not flattery; it is, if you will deign to receive it as such, encouragement, being the only return which it is in the power of the writer to make you for the ample encouragement *you* gave in those inspiriting words—"Go on"—and in the cheering promise of that Crown of Life awaiting all who shall be faithful unto the end. When that end shall come, may we both meet to praise the day when we *encouraged* each other.

AN UNKNOWN LISTENER.

January 15, 1871, he preached for the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, in the "Course of Sermons to the Young," at Hollis Street Church, on "The Blessedness of Living for the Good of Others."

At the Sabbath-school concert in April, in the words of an evening paper, "was given one of the prettiest and most enjoyable entertainments to which it has been our pleasure to listen for a long time. This was a cantata called 'The Christian Graces,' and was sung by about forty children of the Sunday-school between the ages of five and thirteen. The three solo parts representing Faith, Hope, and Charity were sustained in a manner at once very creditable to themselves and delightful to the audience, by three young misses, one of whom quite astonished the assembly by her fine voice and clear enunciation. This and the other solos would have done honor to much older and more experienced performers. Choruses, semi-choruses, duets and trios in equally fine performance made out the evening's entertainment. The scenic effect, as the beautiful little singers, clothed in white, with crowns of gold, and the badges denoting the name of the virtue represented, marched to and fro from the parish parlor and stage, and in their several move-

ments upon the stage, was beautiful in the extreme. Every one was delighted and hopes for an early repetition, which it certainly deserves."

The great interest which Mr. Cudworth ever evinced in children and schools was much gratified at the completion and "Dedication of the Girls' High and Normal School in Newton Street," in which he took part by "Reading of the Scriptures and an eloquent prayer."

April 9 he delivered in his own church, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, an address on "Massachusetts and Rum," which the society had printed for distribution.

In May occurred the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of Unitarianism in East Boston, the commemoration of which he made arrangements for with his usual liberality.

Monday evening, May 1, "Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-President of Harvard University, lectured upon his trip overland to San Francisco, illustrated by a map of the route, showing the

railroad grades, character of the country, and relative distances. The whole was replete with instruction and interest, giving pleasing incidents of travel in a familiar and conversational style, to the manifest delight of the intelligent audience gathered."

Tuesday the semi-annual fair and sale of the Union and Young Ladies' Circles opened for three days, and in the evening the "Cantata of Daniel; or, The Captivity and Restoration of Israel," was given with a chorus of over fifty voices, Mr. Cudworth playing the organ.

Wednesday afternoon was the Children's Jubilee, at which they had a public rehearsal of an acting charade, and the beautiful cantata of "The Christian Graces" was repeated. In the evening it was again given, and the entertainment concluded by one of George M. Baker's amusing "comediettas."

Thursday evening the charade representing "Miss Atherton's Select Boarding-school," was given by the young people, and the evening's pleasure was closed by "A Needless Stratagem."

Friday evening "public religious services were held in the church, consisting of prayer, singing, and short addresses by Unitarian clergymen of Boston who were settled over their respective parishes during or previous to the year 1846. The pouring rain of the evening prevented Dr. Lothrop, and Mr. Livermore, the former pastor, from taking part, as had been anticipated; but Mr. Cudworth, Mr. Winkley and Mr. Bush made remarks appropriate to the occasion, when three silver vases for the altar, purchased by subscription, were presented to Mr. Hosea Lincoln, the moderator for the society, by Benjamin Pond, Esq., on behalf of the donors. Rev. Dr. Gannett then closed the exercises of our pleasant Silver Festival, with some very interesting remarks made with all his old-time eloquence and vigor."

"The Mutual Improvement Club held a very interesting meeting this month. Besides the numerous objects of interest exhibited, and the musical treat furnished by members of the Club, there was an interesting geological lecture given by Professor Stoddard and Mr. Frank L. Dow.

It was rendered in a very fluent and spirited manner by the gentlemen, who received very particular attention from the entire club. In addition to the above talent, a full orchestra from Gilmore's Band was present, and gave the added pleasure of some charming music. The Club did not adjourn till a late hour, and then with reluctance."

On the twenty-third *ultimo* the Vestry and Parish Parlor of the Church of Our Father was again a scene of rare pleasure and attractiveness on the birthday celebration of their beloved pastor. Some of the remarks bore rather hard upon the single blessedness of Mr. Cudworth, and the apparent neglect of duty, in this regard, among the ladies of the society, upon which reflections he ably retaliated, and defended his position. The company were then invited to partake of a bountiful and elegant collation, the evident relish of which, with the other pleasures of the evening, kept the company till a late hour.

Memorial Day was again observed by "prayer by Rev. Comrade W. H. Cudworth" at the East

Boston Cemetery; the oration by Rev. James Richards, D. D.; and at Woodlawn by prayer by Rev. J. B. Green, and oration by Mr. Cudworth.

June 4 he preached a "discourse to the soldiers of the First Regiment, past and present, and Comrades of the Chelsea and East Boston Posts, G. A. R., Subject, 'Elements of National Security and Greatness.'"

Among his warm friends were the Cheney Brothers, of Manchester, Conn., and the following note indicates the pleasant relations existing between them:

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN., *July* 13, 1871.

REV. MR. CUDWORTH — DEAR SIR: — You have taken the hearts of our people — I think you have been connected with the army — by storm — and, like "Oliver," they ask for "more." Can you preach for us again — one of the Sabbaths in September, either but the twenty-fourth? Mr. Cheney may not have returned from Europe, but your coming will give us great pleasure, and if he is here, I am sure it will be mutual. Please send me an early answer addressed care of "Cheney Bros.," and oblige,

Yours truly,

MRS. E. D. L.

The meeting of the Improvement Club for this

month was interesting, as usual. In addition to the usual curiosities, Mr. H. H. Lincoln of the Lyman Grammar School, introduced four of his young lady pupils, who gave the company some very fine readings and music. Mr. Davy, another friend of the Club, gave a very excellent rendering of that difficult piece entitled "The Bells." Mr. Lincoln then read a humorous parody on "Excelsior," which created much amusement, after which the usual social converse was held. Their annual excursion was among the Islands of Boston Harbor, landing at Rainsford Island for chowder, and other refreshments.

The anniversary of the Sunday-school was observed on the eighteenth with the usual amount of beautiful flowers, and keen interest in the occasion. After the usual exercises and reports were given, some very interesting remarks were listened to from Mr. William H. Baldwin, Mr. R. C. Metcalf, Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, who also offered a beautiful bouquet he held in his hand, to the scholar or teacher who should correctly repeat the first three verses of the first Psalm.

A teacher in the senior department repeated them with but one error, and received the reward. Mr. William T. Adams made the closing remarks, after which was the distribution of presents to the faithful ones.

The picnic was held at Quincy Point, and the last entertainment for the season was the popular "Fairy Operetta of Laila," on Tuesday evening, Wednesday afternoon, and Thursday evening — June 20, 21, 22 — for the benefit of the school. "The young voices of our Island Ward are very promising. The time and harmony were remarkably good, and reflected great credit on their instructor, Rev. W. H. Cudworth. The scenic effect when the host of fairies came skipping in, transformed in wonderful manner from ragged beggars, is very fine; and the gorgeous red and green lights so successfully thrown on the scene, makes a dazzling and beautiful tableau."

August 27 found our unwearied worker still at his post, and preaching at the Church of the Messiah, New York, on "New York's Great Danger, and How to Avert it."

October 8 he delivered an address to the firemen of the city, to which all were cordially invited.

October 22, in harmony with his strongly expressed convictions of "equal rights to all," he invited Mrs. Mary A. Livermore to officiate in his pulpit, and however some might question the propriety of woman's occupying that position, none, after hearing the able discourse, could doubt the *equality* of the sexes, when *equally* educated.

At the imposing ceremonies for "Laying the Corner Stone of the United States Post-office and Sub-Treasury Building at Boston," October 16, Mr. Cudworth was chosen Acting Grand Chaplain for the interesting occasion.

The free singing classes were again opened in October — Thursday evening for adults, and Saturday afternoon for children.

The fourth series of sixteen entertainments commenced October 17, with a concert by Gilmore's Band. Mr. Cudworth's lecture in November, "In the Dark," "was a dissertation on the numerous

things about which we are 'in the dark,' and of the evils and blessings of darkness, and was agreeably spiced with interesting and laughable anecdotes which he so well knows how to tell, and the audience expressed great satisfaction. In the course of the lecture he defended the connection of religion with innocent amusement, saying, 'all improvements have been opposed by persons in the dark, and who persist in remaining so.' He proved, by statistics, that the average longevity is increasing, rather than decreasing, as some croakers would have us believe. He urged charity to those in the darkness of error, and characterized the custom of shunning those under the ban of society as worse than heathenish, and in closing repeated some beautiful lines of Phœbe Cary's."

At the meeting of the Mutual Improvement Club this month "one of the attractions was the exhibition of a miniature steam engine, in operation. This, and its explanation, and a brief and comprehensive lecture on steam, by Mr. Cudworth, and the exhibition of numerous and interesting

relics from the Chicago Fire, curiosities from various parts of the world, and vocal and instrumental music, filled up the first part of the evening, while the latter was devoted to social converse. "This and similar associations, in the various churches, have done and are now doing more to fit young men for an honorable place in society, and for the cultivation of a spirit of Christianity, than the most eloquent sermons by the most gifted of preachers. Solid, substantial, practical Christianity and Christian interest in the welfare of our fellows binds them in the bonds of friendship, to be ripened and perfected into love for Him whose life was one of love and sacrifice for his fellows. To this club mainly are we indebted for many of our best friends, and we are proud to be able to say so."

The Christmas Fair and Festival opened December 19, and continued four days. The entertainment for Tuesday evening was J. W. Black's stereopticon exhibition of a "Famous Trip around the World."

Wednesday evening a dramatic entertainment.

Thursday evening an attractive tableaux exhibition, which was followed on Friday evening by a dramatic performance.

"Rev. W. H. Cudworth had a lively rush of business on Thursday. In the afternoon at two o'clock he preached the ordination sermon of a lady preacher in Mansfield. At half-past seven o'clock he commenced a lecture at the Presbyterian Church, and when half through gave the audience a recess, allowing the organist to entertain them while he went to his own church to perform a marriage ceremony, after which he returned and finished his lecture."

January 4, 1872, Mr. Cudworth was elected chaplain of the Massachusetts Legislature. In March he very much shocked the sensitive portion of it by "invoking, with undue fervor, the wisdom of Heaven upon the deliberations of the 'House,' and even went so far as to intimate that a little light on the subject of 'Woman Suffrage' would be acceptable."

The following afterwards appeared in one of the city papers:

Rev. Mr. Cudworth, the popular Chaplain of the House, prays as pithily as ever, and never fails to secure the undivided attention of the members. The great railroad debate of the past two days has given a coloring to the opening devotional exercises, the prayer this morning being as follows: All thy works praise thee, Architect Divine, in all places of thy dominion. We rejoice before thee to-day, that although fire and water mingled produce antagonism, from that antagonism we derive power and progress most promotive of human welfare; and we pray, amid the fire and water of opposing convictions touching a great common interest under consideration, that the throttle valve of circumstances may start a power among us which shall force the driving wheel of opportunity along the broad highway of human good until that grand democratic terminus is reached, the greatest good of the greatest number. Amen.

In August he received the following from a member of the House:

Rev. Mr. Cudworth — Dear Sir: — I was never particularly fond of clergymen, and am undoubtedly possessed of an undue amount of prejudice against them as a class, but I can truly acknowledge in your case that I find and admit a noble exception. . . . . God bless you; your work is not yet done. I see good reports of your manly words in the papers, and although I am not classed with the most zealous believers, I cannot forbear my word of just tribute to one who amid this general, heedless drift of

individuality into the common current of popular opinion, is possessed of the requisite integrity and manhood to withstand the beguiling influences of hypocritical cant. . . . . If ever you are in our city please give me a call. I may not kill the "fatted calf," but I will extend to you the fulness of sincere friendship and respect.

Yours truly,

C. C. M.

January 17 he lectured at the Town Hall, in Revere, on the subject "Up Hill and Down."

February 26 he delivered the address at the temperance meeting held at the Seamen's Bethel, on Hanover Street. "It was very effective, and deeply interested those who attended. These meetings are widely different from those usually held in such places as Tremont Temple, for at the Temple that class of persons for whom the lectures are especially intended, never come out, while at the Bethel the audiences are composed very largely of those who actually need to have the evils of intemperance held up before them, in the way in which it was done last evening."

On May day an apron sale and children's

jubilee was held in the lecture room of the Church of our Father, both of which proved very successful.

May 23 the birthday party of the beloved pastor was observed. No speeches were in order, but Mrs. W. A. Holmes, in behalf of the society, presented him with a very elegant bouquet, the holder consisting of one hundred and twenty-nine dollars in good substantial greenbacks; accompanying the gift with a few appropriate remarks. Mrs. E. H. Cobb, widow of Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, then followed with a short original poem, expressing the attachment of the people to the pastor, which was well received. Mr. Cudworth made a feeling and hearty response, and after a short blessing, the company partook of a bounteous repast, provided by the ladies of the society, which brought to a close this very happy meeting of pastor and people.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society was held in the Church of the Unity, on May 29, at which Mr. Cudworth opened the discussion of the topic, "Religious

Training the distinctive Purpose of the Sunday-school." In the evening the anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Union was held at the Music Hall, and he spoke on "The Importance of Recreation to the Body, Mind, and Soul," and in a "pleasant and eloquent address, took strong grounds for popular amusements, showing that in themselves they do no evil; the accessories do harm."

Memorial Day he delivered the oration at Attleboro, Mass., and in the evening, the Unitarian Festival being held at Music Hall, he again made a short speech.

June 4, 5, and 6, the Summer Fair and Festival took place in the Parish Parlor and Lecture Room. The cantata of the "Haymakers" was performed on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and the operetta of "Genevieve" on Thursday. "They were rendered by talent belonging to the society, and have been some time in preparation by Mr. Cudworth, who directed the singing. During an intermission on Thursday evening, Mr. Baldwin, president of the Boston Young Men's

Christian Union, presented the Young Ladies' Circle with one hundred dollars in behalf of the Church of the Unity, as a testimonial of the esteem in which they are held by that society."

Being still chaplain of the First Regiment, he accompanied them in August to Camp Wells, Strawberry Hill, in their week's "tenting out, where they enjoyed much the beautiful evening service it was his custom to hold each evening, having them formed in hollow square for the purpose."

At the Firemen's Parade and Banquet in Music Hall, in September, he again showed his whole-souled public spirit in the prayer and remarks he made.

At the Sunday-school Convention held in October the session was opened on Thursday by a discussion of "Exercises for Infant Classes." "Rev. Mr. Cudworth illustrated his method in his genial way, causing much amusement, and imparting much instruction."

In a sermon preached in November, on "True Riches," he said: "No man can tell whether he

is rich or poor by counting over his greenbacks, or rolling out his gold. He must look into himself. His character, his relations to himself, his God, and his fellow-men make him rich or poor, and not the condition of his coffers. In harmony with this was another of his utterances. It is of no use to patch the rents of worldliness with the cloth of religion, nor have a warp different from the woof. Christianity must be the raw material, must be carded, spun and woven without intermixture, or the garment will become dilapidated and wear out."

December 2 the subject of his lecture at the Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association was "In the Dark." "The audience numbered about three hundred and manifested great interest throughout the lecture."

December 19 "he gave his popular lecture of 'Up Hill and Down,' to a large audience at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Union. He instanced many cases where the *vis inertiæ* was all that prevented needed reforms, arguing humorously and powerfully in favor of congrega-

tional singing. His remarks were frequently interrupted by applause and laughter. Mr. Cudworth is a deservedly popular lecturer."

The Christmas Fair and Festival took place December 23 and 24. Proceeds devoted to the good of the Society.

In January, 1873, he accepted an urgent invitation to preach at Chicago, and his appearance in church after his return was the signal for the manifestation of considerable feeling. The singing of a "Hymn of Welcome," was a surprise to him, and very affecting. The display of flowers was very fine. It was soon known that the "Third Unitarian Church and Parish of Chicago had extended a very unanimous and earnest call to him to become their pastor at a salary of three thousand dollars. His church was much agitated over this, and hoped that he would see it to be his duty to decline the call, for they would regard his removal as a serious disaster." "There are a very large number outside of his church and parish who freely share this feeling. Mr. Cudworth's labors have been by no means

confined to his own parish. He has been for years a most efficient and faithful member of the School Committee, and has rendered the city valuable service in this capacity; and in the work of the Christian Union he has been very active, as well as in other work where large-heartedness and earnest, practical work is needed. We hope that he will not go to Chicago, but continue his labors in our city."

Thus said the *Boston Journal*. But he at first decided to go, and at the close of the services on the next Sabbath, addressed his congregation, stating the circumstances connected with his call to Chicago, read the letter from the Chicago church to him, and his reply thereto, after which he announced that he had placed his letter of resignation in the hands of the Standing Committee, and called upon the chairman to preside during the remainder of the meeting. He did so and gave notice of a meeting of the society the next evening to take action upon the resignation.

"At the meeting, resolutions were passed ex-

pressing the love and respect of his people for him, and urging him to withdraw his resignation. This he finally did, and remained to labor still with the people he had served so long."

His circular for the work of the society this year was as follows:

DEPARTMENTS OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

A — RELIGIOUS WORK. — "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." — *Hebrews* x. 25.

B — BENEVOLENT WORK. — "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." — *Psalms* xii. 1.

C — REFORMATORY WORK. — "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." — 1 *Cor.* xii. 26.

D — DEVOTIONAL WORK. — "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." — *Luke* xviii. 1.

E — SOCIAL WORK. — "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Love as brethren. Be courteous." — *Phil.* ii. 4, and 1 *Peter* iii. 8.

F — UNION WORK. — "Diversities of gifts. Differences of administrations. — Diversities of operations. But the same God which worketh all in all." — 1 *Cor.* xii. 4–6.

G — INDUSTRIAL WORK. — "And all the widows stood by Peter weeping and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made." — *Acts* ix. 39.

M — MISCELLANEOUS WORK. — "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." — *John* vi. 12.

All these different heads were elaborated, suggesting the different duties appertaining to each, and nobly and faithfully did he perform his part.

"What's What."

This was the subject of the lecture by Rev. W. H. Cudworth, in the Unitarian Course, February 15, which was one of the best and most entertaining of the season. In considering the different classes of men he divided them into the "I will's," the "I wont's," and the "I cant's." The former knew "what's what." The second one always "pooh-poohed" everything that was proposed, or threw cold water on it, and the latter didn't amount to much, anyway.

These ideas he elaborated, and presented to his hearers in a very entertaining and edifying manner, and were much enjoyed by a full house.

February 28 the Boylston Club, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Sharland, gave a very fine miscellaneous concert in the winter's course.

"On Fast night an entertainment was given

in the lecture room, consisting of tableaux, vocal and instrumental music. The tableaux were the finest we have ever seen in East Boston or elsewhere, and reflect great credit upon the taste and arduous labors of those who arranged them. The 'Wreath of Beauty' was decidedly the handsomest thing of the kind we ever saw; the 'Guardian Angel' was also a most beautiful representation. The unavoidable waits were agreeably filled with fine musical performances by home talent. Altogether, the entertainment was of a very high order of merit, and was greeted by well-deserved applause."

"The Semi-annual Fair and Festival of the Union and Young Ladies' Circles took place May 13, 14, 15. Tuesday evening military tableaux were given by U. S. Grant Encampment, Post 4, G. A. R. of Melrose, assisted by members of the Melrose Musical Association, and gave great satisfaction."

Wednesday afternoon a Juvenile Symphony Concert was given for the amusement and benefit of the children.

Wednesday and Thursday evenings the fine cantata of "The Haymaker" was again presented, to the satisfaction of all.

On Memorial Day Mr. Cudworth gave the address at East Bridgewater, Mass.

June 15 the anniversary of the Sabbath-school occurred, and instead of the usual speeches, the "Oratorio of our Saviour" was "most beautifully rendered by about twenty scholars, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Cudworth."

The Improvement Club enjoyed its excursion to Minot's Ledge Lighthouse on June 17.

June 24 the Young People's Christian Union gave a splendid entertainment of music and dialogues.

The Anniversary of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society was held in King's Chapel. The debate on the "'Strength and Weakness of the Sunday-school Cause' was opened by the Rev. W. H. Cudworth in a pithy speech."

July 4 a large temperance celebration was held at Lake Walden, which Mr. Cudworth addressed both morning and afternoon. In August

he lectured at the Harvard Street Church, Cambridgeport.

"The lecture was held under the auspices of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, and like all of Mr. Cudworth's efforts in the temperance reform, was of the most satisfactory character to the many friends of the cause who were present."

November 9 he lectured for the "Channing Fraternity, at Huntington Hall, Lowell, on Unitarianism," which he did not believe to be Christianity, but simply its interpretation. "Christianity is the possession of the spirit of Christ," in whatever denomination.

The course of lectures and entertainments commenced December 10, with a concert by the Germanians — thirteen entertainments for one dollar. He commenced them later in the season, that they might not interfere with other courses started in the Island Ward. "Live, and let live," being his motto.

The Christmas Fair, Festival, and Sale, opened December 16, the principal feature of which was

an antiquarian kitchen, complete in all its appointments, from the spinning-wheel and carder to the live baby rocked in the cradle of half a century ago, and eating from the pewter and crockery ware in use from fifty to one hundred years before.

"Tuesday evening a patriotic address was made by Rev. W. H. Cudworth, having reference to the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor one hundred years ago, and several appropriate pieces of music sung by a choir of young ladies and gentlemen connected with the society.

Wednesday evening a fine entertainment was presented comprising music, tableaux, and an amusing pantomime called 'Jennie and Jamie.'"

Thursday evening there was an Old Folks' concert, given in costumes, many of which were actually worn two and three generations since, accompanied by a fine orchestra of amateur players on various instruments.

During this year Mr. Cudworth attended ninety-one funerals, only nine of which were connected with his society.

The New Year's party of 1874 was large and enjoyable as usual, and separated shortly after ten o'clock, "full of good will to each other and the cause common and dear to them all."

The following was the pleasant estimate of the *Webster Times* of Mr. Cudworth's lecture, "Up Hill and Down."

"The lecture was an eminent success, and by far the best of any of the season, and better than all of this winter's course put together. It was happy, appropriate, effective, and came home to every-day life. It was a success simply as a humorous lecture, while its moral effect was great and good. Let us have Mr. Cudworth again. Such lectures are good for the blues, good for the panic, good for husbands, wives, parents, children, good for narrow-minded people, good for the sick, good for everybody. And every inhabitant of Webster ought to have heard that lecture. We wish Mr. Cudworth might repeat it here this winter. He did not give it all — it was cut short. Won't you come, Mr. C., and give us the whole of it?"

An Old Folks' Concert was given for the worthy poor of East Boston, in the Baptist Church, at which Mr. Cudworth played the piano. He alluded the next Sabbath, in church, to the pleasure it gave him to lend his aid, and also to the union prayer meeting which had been held regardless of evangelical boundary lines. "When denominational barriers are thus broken down, and Christians of every name are permitted by their leaders to unite in religious service, indications of the millennium's approach are nearer and brighter."

The entertainment in the lecture course February 10 was the beautiful operetta of the Flower Queen, which was finely rendered by seventy-five young girls connected with his Sabbath-school. The last entertainment for the season was a concert by Baldwin's Band, and was, as announced, a "grand concert" which was heartily enjoyed by the large company present. "This course has been highly successful throughout, in the character of the entertainments presented, and the pastor is entitled to the thanks of the community

for placing within the reach of our citizens so much rare talent at such a trifling cost to those attending."

The decided convictions of Mr. Cudworth on the *uplifting rights* of woman, were much gratified in the organization, March 4, of the East Boston Ladies' Home Club, and he was ever its warm friend and helper by lecturing, or in any way using his influence.

The winter of his death he was instrumental in obtaining the free use of his church for a course of lectures. It is but justice to the club to say that the variety and intelligence of its lectures and entertainments, and the unanimity of its action, have justified his predilection, and been a credit to East Boston. An "Industrial School for Women and Girls" was established by the club November 17, 1875 which has accomplished much good.

At a Masonic entertainment in East Boston, given March 24, Mr. Cudworth gave his lecture on "The Art of Doing our Best," "which was very highly appreciated and enjoyed."

April 12 he preached at the Church of the Messiah, New York, on the "Aspiration of Humanity Towards God."

May 4 and 5 "Rev. W. H. Cudworth addressed large and enthusiastic audiences on the subject of Temperance, in Brookline and Peabody."

May 12, 13 and 14 the sale and festival of the Union and Young Ladies' Circle was held in the Parish Parlor and Lecture Room of the church; Wednesday afternoon the cantata of the "Flower Queen" was given; in the evening the "Haymakers," and Thursday evening the drama of "Bread on the Waters."

At the Unitarian festival held in Music Hall, May 28, Mr. Cudworth made a short address on carrying Religion into our every-day work.

Memorial Day the dedication services of the Soldiers' Monument at Georgetown, Mass., were held, and Mr. Cudworth made the address.

On May 31 he held a memorial service in his own church, in honor of the brave soldiers and sailors who died for their country. The Grand Army Posts of East Boston and Chelsea were

present, with members of the Burrill Light Guard and the Zouaves and Cadets of East Boston. Mr. Cudworth, in his address, said, "It was vain to think that the debt we owed these noble men could be paid by praise, by marble monuments and statues of bronze, for had it not been for them, we to-day should have been without a country; but four things we could do. We could supply surviving comrades with the means of helping the widows and orphans and other dependent relatives of those who had laid down their lives for us; we could see to it that the interests of education, which had so important a part in securing for us the victory, were guarded and promoted more zealously than ever; we could procure for returned soldiers and sailors, crippled in body or broken down in health, the best places Government could confer; we could maintain the integrity and defend the purity of the ballot box, and secure everywhere genuine elections. These things done, the republic was prepared for whatever dangers might menace her in the future.

June 6 Mr. Cudworth delivered a temperance address in Townsend, Mass., and on the eighth, one at Grafton.

June 21 the anniversary of the Sabbath-school was celebrated, with reports of continued and increasing interest. One teacher saying, "no scholar absent from her class for the year."

July 12 he participated in the funeral obsequies of General Cowdin, with whom he had first been associated as colonel of the old Massachusetts First Regiment.

The August vacation he spent with those of his people who could not get away from home, preaching for them every Sabbath but the twenty-third, on which he preached at Saratoga Springs.

An evening paper of September 10, reported the following: "Rev. W. H. Cudworth addressed audiences of two thousand, both forenoon and afternoon, on Thursday, at Old Orchard Beach, where is being held the first temperance camp meeting ever held in the world."

On the sixteenth he lectured on temperance at Quincy.

On the twenty-first at Oxford; twenty-second at Everett; twenty-third at East Bridgewater, and on the twenty-fourth at Arlington.

September 27 he preached at the First Unitarian Church in Lowell. "His subject was 'Fruit,' and the altar was very appropriately decked with a large and beautiful display of flowers and fruit. The text was Galatians v. 22: 'But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.'"

The patient, and in some cases, loving care by which the fruit-grower strives to improve the fruit in size, flavor, fragrance, etc., was used by the preacher as a type of the care which God bestows upon all his children. The several "fruits of the Spirit" mentioned in the text were then taken up, one by one, and the folly or madness of any one who should choose their opposites was vividly set forth. All present were exhorted to so live as to rejoice the eye of God by their fruits as their own senses had been pleased by the fruit placed before them.

In the evening, at "Huntington Hall, after pleasantly alluding to the city as his birthplace, he delivered, without notes, a discourse on temperance. It occupied about an hour, and nothing could have been lost of his eloquent lecture through lack of attention. Even those boys who, at Sunday evening meetings in this hall, cause so much disturbance by going out before the service is over, were quiet last evening. There has been no more satisfactory presentation in this city of the claims of temperance for years, and at the close of the lecture the speaker was loudly applauded."

In June he had received a unanimous call from the Church of the Messiah, in New York, to become its pastor, which he had kept under consideration and was now prepared to answer.

EAST BOSTON, *Sept.* 18, 1874.

*Professor Samuel D. Tillman, Chairman, and others, Members of the Committee, from the Church of the Messiah, New York:*

GENTLEMEN: — After long and prayerful consideration of your call, dated June 15, to become pastor of the Church of the Messiah, at a salary of six thousand dollars a

year, I have concluded that my opportunities for Christian usefulness are more abundant and promising in Boston and vicinity than they would be in New York; and hereby most respectfully decline the invitation, hoping that God will graciously lead you to the choice of another pastor, who, by the blessing of His Providence, may prove instrumental in the promotion of your material and spiritual prosperity.

Most cordially yours,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

On the thirtieth *inst.* he lectured on temperance at South Natick, and on Thursday afternoon, October 1, before the Middlesex County Temperance Convention, at Waltham.

October 12 he lectured at East Weymouth; on the thirteenth at East Bridgewater, and on the fourteenth at Francestown, N. H.; on the eighteenth he preached in the Brookline Town Hall. "The attendance was very large, and the exercises of a most hearty and earnest character. The preacher's remarks were addressed mainly to the encouragement of his hearers in their purpose of forming a new church."

October 26 he again lectured on temperance at South Weymouth, and in literary courses, on

the twenty-eighth at Arlington; on the twenty-ninth at Georgetown, Mass.

November 9 at South Boston, and the tenth at Portsmouth; and on temperance, at Manchester, on the twelfth, and on the thirteenth at Stoneham; on the sixteenth at Grantville, seventeenth at Marlboro, eighteenth at North Dighton, nineteenth at South Boston, and twentieth at Newburyport.

December 1 the Improvement Club gave a concert in the lecture room of the church, with the Alpine Quartette; on the eighth the usual winter course of entertainments commenced, with a concert by the Ladies' Erminia Quartette; on the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth was held the usual Christmas fair, which proved pecuniarily very successful; on the twenty-third Mr. Cudworth lectured in the hall of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, on the "The Art of doing our Best;" and on the twenty-ninth a fine concert in the Unitarian course was given in the lecture room, by the Germanians.

The New Year's party for 1875 was large and

enjoyable as usual, and the lapse of time since their beloved pastor had been theirs was observable only in the blooming young faces which had appeared and matured under their care.

He was this year elected chaplain of the G. A. R. of the Department of Massachusetts.

January 5 was performed, in the course of entertainments, a patriotic drama entitled "Enlisted for the War; or, the Home Guard," which was much enjoyed.

Our dear mother who, since the death of our step-father, had resided with her daughter, was the recipient of a pleasant surprise, January 28, in the shape of an elegant parlor-chair, easy-chair and rocking-chair combined, which having been acknowledged and admired, the party adjourned to investigate certain mysterious packages and baskets which had also appeared; and after the blessing of God had been invoked by the dear son and pastor, a most ample and appetizing repast was partaken of, and all present at length reached their homes happier for that evening's experience.

February 1 the "dear pastor" lectured at South Hingham; on the third at Haverhill; on the fourth at Hyannis, and on the tenth at Mendon.

February 2 the celebrated Temple Quartette gave one of its enjoyable concerts.

February 16 the "Juvenile Cantata of New Year's Eve" was given, in the course of entertainments, by sixty young misses connected with the Sunday-school, and was so much enjoyed that it was repeated the next evening.

March 2 a grand concert was given by Brown's Brigade Band, to close the course, and two supplementary entertainments were also given of readings and music.

March 29 Mr. Cudworth lectured in a lyceum course at Rye, N. H., and on the thirty-first in the Dorchester District, Mass.

The Ladies' Home Club held a meeting April 15, at which Mr. Cudworth spoke on the establishment of a high school in East Boston.

The patriotic blood of our "War Chaplain" was again exercised on the centennial of the

first blood shed in the country's war for independence, April 19, 1775, and he held appropriate services in his church on the eve of the great day, 1875. On the platform were seated thirteen young ladies, representing the thirteen original States. The military organizations present were Company D. Fourth Battalion, Captain Henry Parkinson, Jr.; the East Boston Cadets, Major Whitten; Joe Hooker Post 23, G. A. R., J. C. Littlefield Commander; the Independent Boston Fusileers, Captain Henry A. Snow, and the East Boston Cornet Band. The services were opened by a voluntary on the organ, after which Keller's American Hymn was most acceptably played by the band.

The entire audience then sang a patriotic hymn to "America," which was followed by a Scriptural service, the pastor and the thirteen young ladies alternating in the responses. The following hymn was then sung, accompanied by the organ and the cornet of Mr. E. T. Bates, the excellent leader of the East Boston Cornet Band:

Gone are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

An impressive prayer was then offered, to which the band responded, and "Rev. W. H. Cudworth delivered a discourse from Galatians v. 13: 'Called unto liberty,' and he commenced by saying 'that our Revolutionary sires were called unto liberty, as surely as they were called into being,' which principle he followed through its varying fortunes, till Liberty untrammelled was the rule of the land. The address was followed by the hymn commencing,

Who, when darkness gathered o'er us,
Foes and death on every side,
Clothed in glory walked before us,
Leading on, like Israel's guide?
'Twas Jehovah! He, appearing,
Showed his banner far and wide."

At the conclusion of the singing, "Paul Revere's Ride" was recited by H. H. Lincoln,

Esq., principal of the Lyman School, to the apparent gratification of the assembly. Another patriotic piece was performed by the band, and after the entire congregation had joined in singing —"From all that Dwell below the Skies," accompanied by the band and full organ with thrilling effect, a stirring benediction closed the services and the audience dispersed. The scene within the house during the exercises, was one of the finest ever witnessed in East Boston. Not only was every available seat taken, but hundreds were standing; the white dresses and red, white and blue sashes worn by the young ladies, the flags, bunting and other decorations with which the church had been adorned by the members of the G. A. R., the brilliancy of the uniforms, the novelty of martial music in a church, the countenances of the spectators and listeners, fired with enthusiasm, all conspired to make the occasion one long to be remembered.

April 20 Mr. Cudworth delivered his lecture "Up Hill and Down," before Phœnix Temple of Honor. The *Salem Gazette*, in April, said: "Rev.

W. H. Cudworth filled the pulpit some months since for the Rev. T. R. Beecher, in the old South Church, and it is probably the only instance in which a minister of that persuasion ever filled that desk. His discourse seemed to meet with the highest approbation from the people of the society. The past year seemed to have been one of the most prosperous for his society, financially. The total receipts were $6,016.58, the expenditures $5,471.16, leaving in the treasury $545.42."

In May the following appeared in the local paper: "Rev. W. H. Cudworth has the honor of taking the first share of Centennial stock sold in East Boston."

May 4, 5 and 6 the Semi-Annual Festival and Sale was held in the Parish Parlor and Lecture Room, and proved quite profitable. Tuesday evening a spelling match was held; Wednesday afternoon an exhibition of ventriloquism was given; in the evening the juvenile cantata of New Year's Eve was again rendered, and Thursday evening there was a dramatic exhibition. On the

sixteenth Mr. Cudworth delivered a temperance address in the Seamen's Bethel, on Hanover street.

His fiftieth birthday was celebrated on the twenty-third, in the most happy manner. A superb turkey morocco copy of Gustave Doré's costly illustrated Bible, in two large quarto volumes, was presented him from his parishioners, by Judge Pond, after which two young misses brought forward two beautiful floral gifts; one, a basket of fragrant white pinks fringed with roses and smilax, and crested with the figures fifty, in blue violets, and the other a large bouquet of fifty half-opened roses of different colors and varieties. Mr. Cudworth responded very warmly and gratefully to the donors, and after invoking God's blessing, invited all present to partake of the choice and bountiful collation which had been furnished by the ladies, after which the happy company separated for their homes.

On the twenty-fifth he spoke on temperance, with ex-Governor Talbot, at North Billerica; addressed the Sunday-school society in Bulfinch Street

Church on the twenty-sixth, in aid of the Children's Mission on the twenty-seventh, and on the twenty-eighth gave an address at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, at Tremont Temple, on the topic "The Church, the Sunday-school, and the Common School." On Memorial Day he delivered the oration at Danvers.

The following still further illustrates the strength of his patriotism:

EAST BOSTON, *May* 17, 1875.

*To the Officers and Members of the East Boston Trade Association:*

GENTLEMEN: — Pardon me if this communication seems intrusive, but I cannot help feeling extremely desirous that some public notice should be taken of Thursday, May 27, when, in this very place, one hundred years ago, a prolonged and sanguinary engagement occurred between the Provincials under command of General Putnam, and the British forces then in possession of Boston. It would be a credit to your body, and grateful to many of our citizens, if commemorative services of some sort might be held under your official supervision, in honor of this important event in East Boston history.

Very respectfully your fellow citizen,

WARREN H. CUDWORTH.

This was favorably received, and a committee appointed, consisting of Messrs. Hill, Bowker,

Barnes, Foss, and Walsh, to make all arrangements. Had more time been given for preparation, the celebration would have been more demonstrative. As it was, the evening only was celebrated. Lyceum Hall was secured, with music by the East Boston Cornet Band; singing by select pupils of the four Grammar Schools of the Island Ward; oration by Rev. W. H. Cudworth; Rev. A. McKeown, D. D., pastor of the Saratoga Street Church, was chaplain of the evening, H. H. Lincoln, Esq., poet and reader. "About eight o'clock the Burrill Light Guard, Captain Warner, of the First Regiment, the Maverick Rifles (formerly City Guards), Company D., Fourth Battalion, Captain Henry Parkinson, Jr., and Post 23 G. A. R., J. Littlefield Commander, took their seats in the hall. The exercises commenced by the East Boston Cornet Band playing 'Rally Round the Flag.' Then followed the 'Song of the Fatherland,' by a choir of eighty young ladies from the Grammar Schools, F. F. Preble, leader. Next in order were battle songs by the band, arranged by E. T. Bates, leader. H. H. Lincoln,

Esq., then read, in excellent taste, Oliver Wendell Holmes' 'Centennial Ode.' The choir sang the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and the chaplain followed by an eloquent prayer. The audience then rose and joined with the choir in singing the 'East Boston Centennial Ode,' by the poet of the evening. The band then gave finely, 'Keller's American Hymn,' which was followed by the excellent address of Mr. Cudworth, in which the history of the day was embodied." The exercises were closed by the choir singing "Our Native Land," and by the benediction, the band closing with "Hail Columbia, Happy Land." "During the day many decorations were observed about the Island, and much interest manifested. In the evening fireworks were liberally displayed, and the day closed upon a most creditable celebration. The balance of money in the hands of the committee — eleven dollars and seventy-five cents — it was unanimously voted on motion of Mr. Bowker, should be put in some savings bank on compound interest. This will be a great relief to the committee on celebration in 1975.

The committee concluded their arduous labors by expressing the great obligations they felt to Rev. W. H. Cudworth, H. H. Lincoln, Esq., Dr. Campbell, F. F. Preble, Esq., Rev. Andrew McKeown, the pupils of the Grammar Schools, and the East Boston Cornet Band.

"A large and very interesting temperance meeting was held in the Unitarian Church last Sunday evening, Rev. W. H. Cudworth presiding. The meeting was held under the auspices of the East Boston Branch of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society. Addresses were made by Rev. G. R. W. Scott of Chambers Street Church, and Rev. A. J. Patterson of Boston Highlands. Mr. Holt, the secretary of the society, reported ninety-five members belonging, and that about three hundred have signed the pledge during the year of its existence."

The Sabbath-school Anniversary was observed with its usual interest on June 27.

July 3 Mr. Cudworth spoke on temperance at Montague; on the fourth at Bridgewater, and on the fifth at Lake Walden.

At the Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, held October 12, he spoke upon "The Place and Value of Object Teaching in Religious Culture."

The autumn meeting of the Barnstable County Conference was held in Sandwich, October 24. "The church was crowded, and the sermon by Rev. W. H. Cudworth, of East Boston, was received with enthusiastic admiration. He was listened to attentively for more than an hour, his subject furnishing the deepest experience of life."

November 8 he lectured in Boston, in Rev. Dr. Eddy's Tabernacle Course: on the ninth at Andover, on the tenth at North Reading, and on the eleventh at Lexington.

The Misses Aid Society, connected with his Sunday-school, gave a pleasant little fair and festival, for its benefit, on the seventeenth, with an entertainment of music, recitations, etc.

November 28 he presided at the first of a series of semi-monthly Sunday evening sermons, especially in the interest of "Phœnix Temple of Honor, and Mr. Walter Babb, Past Grand

Worthy Templar of Massachusetts, gave a brief address on the objects, merits and advantages of the Temple of Honor."

The Annual Holiday Fair and Festival opened December 7, and continued three days, with entertainments of music, recitations and tableaux.

The course of entertainments for the winter commenced December 14, with a concert by Brown's Brigade Band. During the year 1875 Mr. Cudworth attended one hundred and twelve funerals.

The Centennial New Year being ushered in with very fine weather, the attendance at the evening party was more numerous than ever before, and the most cordial feeling was manifested by all. Mr. Cudworth was personally congratulated by every one on the success which had crowned his labors as pastor of the society.

January 4 a fine concert was given in the winter's course by the Swedish Quartette.

January 10 Mr. Cudworth lectured in the Town Hall, Winthrop; on the twelfth at Allston, and on the twenty-first at Milford.

February 8 one of the enjoyable concerts of the Temple Quartette was given in the lecture room course; February 15 the drama of "Old Honesty" was given, and on the twenty-second the juvenile cantata of "An Hour in Fairy Land," and repeated on the twenty-third.

The semi-centennial celebration of the city of Lowell, the birthplace of the subject of our memorial, took place March 1, at which he delivered the morning address.

The last entertainment of the winter's course was a concert by the Germanians, March 7.

April 13 Mr. Cudworth delivered an exceedingly interesting "Centennial Fast Day Discourse," on the wonderful growth of our country, from the text 2 Chronicles xx. 20: "Believe in the Lord your God, *so* shall ye be established; believe his prophets, *so* shall ye prosper;" on the twenty-third and thirtieth he preached at the Unitarian Church in Washington, D. C.

The Centennial Spring Fair and Festival took place May 1, 2 and 3. The entertainments consisted of, May 1, a patriotic concert of national

airs, songs and choruses, where the various nations were welcomed to the Centennial hospitality of the flag, and were represented with song and chorus in costume, closing with the "Star Spangled Banner," with song, chorus and grand tableaux of the Goddess of Liberty. On the second there was a dramatic and musical entertainment, and Wednesday afternoon a joyous time of games, etc., was extemporized for the children. In the evening the pleasing operetta, "An Hour in Fairy Land," was performed. During this month a temperance meeting was held in Sumner Hall, in sympathy with Dr. Reynold's plan of action, "at which Mr. Cudworth spoke in his usual interesting and impressive manner."

His birthday party on this Centennial year was most happy. During the interchange of hearty congratulations, a handsome handkerchief box was presented, also a beautiful wrought motto, "The Rock of Ages," a bust of the late Governor Andrew, and a generous remembrance from Chicago. Judge Pond on being introduced

said: "As *hard work* had been the characteristic virtue of their pastor, *rest* was essential," and in behalf of the ladies of the society presented a luxurious easy chair. Before closing, a purse of money was presented. A quartette choir was introduced and sung an original Birthday Ode, "composed by J. W. Turner, Esq., and respectfully dedicated to Rev. W. H. Cudworth." During the singing of the third stanza, commencing,

Now bring the floral offering,

two young misses of the congregation advanced, bearing a beautiful floral tribute, composed of a large bank of roses, on which rested a harp of flowers. On either side of the harp, on the bank, in white pinks, were the initials "W. H. C." and the figures "51." At the conclusion of the ode, Rev. Mr. Cudworth, with the fragrant gift still in his hands, attempted, and finally succeeded, in expressing his gratitude to his people for their kind consideration, and the numerous expressions of their attachment. The good things upon the tables were then partaken of, and a most delightful occasion came to a close.

May 25 the following appeared in one of the papers of the day: "At the earnest request of ladies present at a lecture delivered last Thursday afternoon before the Physiological Institute, Rev. Mr. Cudworth has consented to repeat it in Wesleyan Hall, next Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock. This lecture, 'Mrs. Grundy with Her large Family,' is one of the most popular in the reverend gentleman's *repertoire*, and will undoubtedly attract a large audience."

The following also appeared: "Rev. W. H. Cudworth lectured in Medford on temperance, last Wednesday evening, to a crowded audience. He delivers the oration on Decoration Day before the Charles Sumner Post of Groveland, at ten-fifteen A. M., and also before Post Number 112 of South Scituate, at five P. M."

The East Boston Dare to do Right Temperance Club was organized this year, and Mr. Cudworth chosen president. It did much good before its final demise from many untoward circumstances.

The picnic of the Sunday-school and society

was held this year at Melville Garden, Downer Landing, June 13.

The Sabbath-school Anniversary was held on the twenty-fifth, opening with the christening of twenty-nine children. The reports indicated the school in its usual flourishing condition, and interesting addresses were made by B. F. Tweed, Esq., and Benjamin R. Jewell, Esq. In the evening the services were continued by singing, recitations and other exercises, in which the pupils took the principal part.

June 29 the Centennial production entitled "One Hundred Years Ago; or, Our Boys of 1776," was presented in the lecture room, in honor and commemoration of the Centennial Year, closing with military tableaux.

July 16 he preached to the Dare to do Right Club — having been invited to his church for the purpose — from the Parable of the Good Samaritan. In the evening he preached the first of his course of eight Sunday evening lectures in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Union, concluding September 10.

In July the Unitarian Church at Washington, D. C., urgently solicited Mr. Cudworth to preach for them for one year, but the standing committee of his church were unanimous in their conviction that the loss to this society could not be equalled by the *permanent* good accruing to theirs; July 30 he preached at Hingham. Two stirring temperance meetings were held in East Boston during the month of August, at which he demonstrated his untiring zeal in the good cause.

October 30 he lectured in Revere Town Hall on "Mrs. Grundy."

November 9 the hall provided for the Dare to do Right Club, by the Ladies' Christian Temperance Union, was dedicated, and a social time enjoyed, with addresses from Mr. Cudworth, Rev. Mr. Mansfield and others; on the sixth he lectured in Taunton; and on the twentieth at the Bennington Street Chapel, for the benefit of that society.

The Centennial Fall Fair and Festival was held December 5, 6, and 7, and on the evening

of the fifth there was a fine stereopticon exhibition of some of the best views at the great National Exposition; Wednesday afternoon a miscellaneous entertainment for the children; in the evening a dramatic and musical performance, and on Thursday evening an exhibition of tableaux.

The course of entertainments for the winter commenced December 12, with the drama of "Dot," performed by home talent, and much enjoyed.

A CARD: — The Dare to do Right Club return their thanks to the Rev. W. H. Cudworth for his donation of a copy of the Holy Bible.

January 9, 1877, another fine concert was given in the lecture room, and on the sixteenth Hon. George B. Loring lectured on "Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln."

The first Sunday in March — Communion Sunday — fifteen persons were welcomed to the church.

Services commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Mr. Cudworth in East Boston were held on the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth; on the seventeenth morn-

ing worship was held in the church, by the pastor, upon "Our Rations and Duties to God." An evening gathering took place in the parish parlor, of Sunday-school teachers and all interested in the church conference meetings, with singing, prayers, and "remarks on God's word and the power of prayer."

Sunday, March 18, he preached his twenty-fifth anniversary discourse, subject, "Association, Unity, Progress, Perfection," from the text Hebrews vi. 1:—Let us go on unto perfection." In concluding he said, "During the twenty-five years of my ministry, one thousand and thirty-three funerals have been attended, seven hundred and twenty-three children christened, one hundred and eighty-seven adults baptized, five hundred and eigty-seven marriages solemnized, and three hundred and fifty-one persons welcomed to the fellowship of the Church. With such fruits to show as the results of associated, united, and progressive labor in the Gospel cause, we certainly have every reason to exhort one another. 'Let us go on unto perfection.'"

In the afternoon he welcomed the teachers, officers, pupils, and past superintendents of the Sunday-school to their participation in the festival exercises of the day, and very interesting remarks were made by Judge S. B. Hahn, Judge Benjamin Pond, T. L. Manson, Esq., and the superintendent. Sunday evening a service was held in "Memory and Honor of the Dead formerly connected with the Society, the First Massachusetts Infantry Veteran Regiment, and Mount Tabor Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. Some very fine vocal music was rendered, and consolatory addresses made by Rev. Mr. Cudworth, Rev. S. H. Winkley, and Rev. W. P. Tilden of Boston." "The floral decorations of the church were in exceeding good taste, and delighted all beholders."

Monday forenoon Mr. Cudworth preached an interesting sermon in the church on "Our Relations and Duties to Mankind," from Galatians vi. 10: — "As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." The com-

memorative services concluded with a social gathering in the evening, "of all past and present members of the church and society, in the lecture room and parish parlor. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. H. A. Miles of Hingham, Rev. F. W. Holland of Cambridge, Rev. C. F. Barnard of Charlestown and Rev. L. J. Livermore, former pastor of the society, all of whom were present at the installation of Mr. Cudworth twenty-five years ago, and had much to say of the progress and prosperity of the society. Mr. Cudworth was then called upon and disclaimed the credit he had so liberally received, saying that without the assistance of his church and society, he could not have succeeded. The parish then, through Mr. Lincoln, presented their pastor with a silver salver filled to Scripture measure with silver coin to the amount of two hundred and fifty-three dollars. Miss J. W. Fettyplace of Chicago, formerly a parishioner of Mr. Cudworth, sent her pastor twenty-five silver dollars of the coinage of 1877. Then followed letters of remembrance, flowers, etc., and the

happy occasion was concluded with the excellent collation prepared; on the twentieth Mr. Cudworth addressed the East Boston Total Abstinence Society, at their hall, 152 Meridian street.

April 8 he discoursed to a large audience at the Opera House, in Hartford, Conn., on the subject, "Is Unitarianism Christianity?"

"At the annual church meeting held the last of April a request was received from the pastor that five hundred dollars be taken from his salary, and the pew rents lowered, on account of hard times, which was received and unanimously approved.'

May 13 he preached upon "Special Baptisms." "Jesus baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and the success of his early followers is incredible and unaccountable except upon Gospel grounds. Gospel baptism was meant to be a fire on earth to burn up and destroy all the cancerous iniquities of mankind. The churches ought to be thronged now with such consecrated, strong, determined natures as that of Bishop Latimer. Modern preaching will never overcome

the war spirit, the rum fiend, worldliness and lust until it receives a fresh unction from the Holy one, until it is baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

The spring fair and festival was held May 21, 22, and 23. On the twenty-first a musical drama was performed. On the twenty-second an extremely pretty operetta entitled "Maud Irving," was given by about fifty members of the Sunday-school, under the direction of Mr. Cudworth, who was pianist, and was received with so much favor that it was repeated Wednesday afternoon to the largest collection of young folks ever convened in the lecture room for an entertainment.

In the evening the society met in the lecture room to celebrate the fifty-second anniversary of their pastor's birthday. Among the invited guests were the Massachusetts First Infantry Veteran Association, the field and staff of the First Battalion M. V. M., who appeared in full uniform, Mount Tabor Lodge of F. and A. Masons, and Eastern Star Lodge of Odd Fellows. Hon. Henry

B. Hill, moderator of the society, called the meeting to order, and introduced Mr. Hiram H. Logan, who, in a neat speech, presented Mr. Cudworth with an elegant silver pitcher and salver, two goblets and bowl, lined with gold, a gift from the young men of the society. Mr. Cudworth replied, expressing his gratification not only at the gift, but for the motive which prompted it. He was also presented with other articles by individual members of his society. Mrs. Sylvanus Cobb read a poem which she had composed expressly for the occasion, and which was very happily expressed and warmly received. A feast of good things followed, and then another notable occasion was numbered with the past."

May 27 a Memorial service was held in the church, at which the usual military organizations were present, "and young ladies from the Sunday-school, attired to represent the States, sang sweetly."

The Sunday-school anniversary was held as usual and the superintendent reported an unusual

religious interest, eighteen of the scholars having joined the church.

June 3 the pastor preached upon "Union and Liberty among Christians of all Persuasions," rejoicing over the recent message of the Unitarian Congregationalists, sent from Music Hall to the Trinitarian Congregationalists in Faneuil Hall, and rejoicing still more over the hearty enthusiasm of their answer.

The following appeared in an evening paper of July 14: "Rev. W. H. Cudworth has been appointed City Chaplain on the occasion of the dedication of the Army and Navy Monument on the seventeenth of September."

July 16 he delivered a temperance address at the Seamen's Bethel, Hanover Street.

July 1 he commenced his Summer Course of Sunday evening Lectures, at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Union, 18 Boylston Street, concluding September 2.

September 13 "A temperance meeting, under the auspices of the Reynolds Club, was held in the lecture room of the Unitarian Church. The

president of the club, Mr. J. S. Hamblin, introduced Rev. Mr. Cudworth as the speaker of the evening, and it was one of that gentleman's happiest efforts."

The dedication of the Army and Navy Monument took place on the seventeenth with a most imposing display, East Boston having twelve distinct organizations in line.

The Christmas fair and festival was held December 12 and 13, with lecture and readings for the entertainments.

The winter's course of entertainments commenced December 18, with a concert by the Germanians; on the twenty-eighth Mr. Cudworth lectured in the Methodist Church at Mattapan.

Another of the dear "War Letters" has been found, which is inserted here.

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION, *Mar.* 15, 1864.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: — Besides sending between two and three hundred letters to society and Sunday-school since I took leave of you in June, 1861, I have received between eleven and twelve hundred from fifty-two different writers connected with our society, and my whole correspondence has amounted to at least two letters a day received and

answered, making nearly two thousand from about one hundred different correspondents. Moreover, having had charge of the mail, all the letters of the regiment coming and going, have passed through my hands, amounting to between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty thousand, besides books, magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers. All this intelligence, and its transmission, has required much patience, and this brings me to the thought for my present letter. There is an element of *impatience* about human nature amid the stir and excitements of an age rife with startling events and radical transformations — an age like ours, which needs if not rebuke, instruction. How long the world had to wait for common cotton cloth! Suppose I wished for a piece, and the mills were all destroyed. How long the time, how tedious the process before my wishes could be gratified. I should have first to plant the seed, cultivate, harvest, secure the crop, and separate the fibre of the raw material. Then I must resort to the maker of Turbine wheels, to the stone mason and bricklayer, to the draughtsman and machinist, setting them all busily to work, and waiting until their work was done. Then my carders, spinners, dressers and weavers engaged, I first force the unbaled cotton into swift revolving pickers, where it is torn and rent into light fleecy clouds, and deprived of the dust accumulated during its putting up, storing, or transportation. Introduced to the carding machine, it comes out upon the wiry comb, regular, even, clean, and ready for the first spinning. The second spinning produces a small, tense thread, the material of the dressing room. Here, how much caution must be observed,

and what closeness, what delicacy and accuracy of manipulation, before the starched and stiffened threads can be subjected to the noisy thump of the weaver's reel, or the nicely poised tension of his loom; and through all these intricate and complicated processes, how many and multiform the particulars, to which I can only advert, costing the world's most ingenious sons generations of study and experiment. At last I begin to see some cloth, but I have been compelled to wait long and patiently.

Shall we be patient for material things, and complain that the web of individual or national destiny moves too slowly through the loom of time? Shall we watch contentedly the weaver's shuttle, which, with fast-decreasing thread hies to and fro, yet chide the hours and days of life for slowness, or read their lesson disappointedly? Shall we commend the genius, the industry and skill of man who clothes our perishable bodies, and arraign or doubt the wisdom, power or goodness of God who oversees, overrules, and controls all the events concerning our immortal souls? Let us be patient — patient for ourselves, patient with our leaders and rulers, patient for our country. Patient if we fail and suffer as if we succeed and triumph; when we lose as when we win, when we retreat as when we advance, when we wait as when we start —

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Your affectionate pastor, and sincere friend,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

January, 1878, the large Christian heart of Mr. Cudworth, which had always made him the friend of the lowly or unfortunate, had prompted the wish that he might preach in a *free* church, where none need be debarred from coming by high rents. This year, the following item will show, he was enabled to carry out that wish: "The Rev. W. H. Cudworth has taken a mortgage for eighteen thousand dollars on the Unitarian Church, at a lower rate of interest than was paid before, and proposes, with the consent of the pew owners, to assume the entire obligation of conducting the society, provided the property holders will consent to making the church free."

On the twenty-fifth a vocal and instrumental concert was given in the winter's course of entertainments, by the Weber Quartette.

"February 12 his society met to consider the proposition of their pastor, and after some remarks it was unanimously accepted, to take effect from the first of May next, and to remain in force one year. Mr. Cudworth is not only the

pastor of this society, but is claimed by outsiders who never attend any place of worship. In sickness and death his services are sought, and to his everlasting credit be it stated, are never denied. More than once he has said good words over the bodies of men in death, who were his revilers in life. Like all other independent men, he has opinions on the great questions of the day, and has never been backward in giving them expression, which has made enemies as well as friends; but he is this day unquestionably as much beloved as any minister in East Boston. On the books of his Sunday-school there are about six hundred teachers and pupils, all devotedly attached to Mr. Cudworth, who is the superintendent of the school. It is here where his great work is most manifest. From the school the ranks of the church are filled, as the aged pass to their long home. His three years' service in the field during the war, his bold utterances in favor of freedom, his advocacy of temperance, education, woman suffrage, and other subjects are well known to the public. But the

most marvellous part of his ministry is the tact with which he keeps his society together, composed as it is of men of all creeds. There are very few, if any, radical Unitarians in it — those who have doubts of the divinity of our Lord; and though a wide range of thought is expressed at the prayer and conference meetings by those who take part in them, there is very little friction."

February 19 another enjoyable concert was listened to by the many frequenters of the Unitarian course, from the Boston Cadet Band.

The spring fair and festival was held May 7, 8, and 9. On the evening of the seventh "A Juvenile Oratorio of the Festival of the Rose" was performed by about fifty young misses connected with the Sunday-school; on the eighth, fine readings were listened to from George B. Ford, Esq., and on the ninth a dramatic performance was given; on the fifteenth the operetta of "Maud Irving" was again given, for the benefit of the Sunday-school, and the concert on Sunday evening was very interesting and effec-

tive. An address was given by Mr. Cudworth, after which two impressive floral pieces, the first "A Godly Life," and the last, "Cross and Crown," gave much satisfaction to the attentive congregation present.

On the twenty-fifth the Boston Fusileers opened their armory for the seventeenth anniversary of the First Massachusetts Regiment, and the hearty cheering given for "Holy Joe" — a *sobriquet* given their chaplain — as he entered, was very pleasing.

Memorial services were held in his church on the evening of the twenty-sixth, and on Decoration Day he was chaplain in the morning at the oration of Hon. George B. Loring in his own church; in the afternoon delivered the oration before the Wm. H. Shove Post No. 132 of Peabody, and at eight P. M. was orator for the Grand Army boys in West Newbury, Mass.

"His adaptation to the needs of the human nature with which we have to deal" was again verified by his success in his Summer Course of Sunday evening Sermons at the Union Hall,

Boylston street. The course commenced June 30, and closed September 1. In addition to this the following was on his programme for the summer: "Rev. W. H. Cudworth will (by request) preach every pleasant Sunday afternoon during the month of August, in the Clifton House Grove, Clifton, at three o'clock."

During the vacation he also attended to the painting and frescoing of his church, also having the means of ventilation improved, the church worshiping in the lecture room during the time.

"The Worcester Unitarian Sunday-school Society" held its session at Grafton, at which Mr. Cudworth delivered an essay upon "One of the Secrets of Sunday-school Success." "The essay was one of solid Christian thought and wise counsel to all engaged in the work of the Sunday-school, and listened to throughout with wrapt attention, and at the close of the meeting a vote of thanks was passed to Rev. W. H. Cudworth for his most excellent and interesting essay."

The Christmas fair and festival was held Dec-

ember 3, 4 and 5. On the third there was a dramatic and musical entertainment; on the fourth a vocal and instrumental concert, and on the fifth a lecture on the Thespian art, by Mr. William A. Lewis.

The course of entertainments for the winter commenced December 17 with a dramatic and musical entertainment; on the thirty-first Hon. Carroll D. Wright lectured in the course upon "Communism," and it was considered an extremely able effort.

January 1, 1879, the usual New Year's party was held in the lecture room. "Hon. Henry B. Hill, moderator of the parish, introduced the pastor, who said in substance, that a year ago he proposed to make the church free. Thus far he had been as well supported as he had reason to expect, considering the general depression of business. All bills had been promptly met, and the attendance had been more numerous than ever before. After wishing all a happy New Year! he invoked the Divine blessing, and the company partook of an excellent repast, provided

by the ladies of the society. Between ten and eleven o'clock the company separated. Mr. Cudworth has been pastor of this society over twenty-six years; has officiated at over eleven hundred funerals; and made some seven hundred addresses on temperance. He is still in the enjoyment of a vigorous manhood."

February 25 the Ladies' Union Quartette gave one of the most attractive concerts of the series of entertainments, and "During the evening Mr. Cudworth — who was ever on the alert to make his meetings interesting — announced that during the month of March, the ladies composing the Union Quartette, would sing at the regular Sunday evening service."

February 16 a most interesting vesper service was held in the church. It was Mr. Cudworth's pleasant habit to stand in the vestibule, and welcome all who came to his church with a cordial grasp of the hand, and a few kind words or wishes, which to many were very grateful. Sometimes he had a helper who passed to every one a beautiful poem.

March 25 a condensed statement, which was very gratifying, of the missionary work done during the past nine years, was presented by Miss Susan C. Damon, in her annual report. It is but justice to state here that the generosity of King's Chapel Society, through Miss Damon, has enabled her to do much more good than she otherwise could.

The sewing school connected with the Mission, and which met in the parish parlor every Saturday afternoon from October to July, was particularly pleasant to Mr. Cudworth, whose love for children was gratified by seeing them made so useful and happy.

April 9 another beautiful juvenile oratorio, called the "Indian Summer," was given by the sweet singers in his charge. "Easter morning the altar and platform of the Unitarian Church were tastefully arranged in a profusion of choice flowers, prominent among which were Easter lilies, adorning on the right a large cross, composed mostly of roses, smilax and evergreen, and on the left, a pyramid surmounted by the christen-

ing font; while in the centre, fronting the pulpit, and on either side as if springing from the base of the pillars, were thrifty and beautiful house plants in full bloom. In the evening all the flowers were arranged upon and around an immense cross, eight feet high, bearing in front the words 'Jesus,' and 'Resurrection,' in monogramic form, while the pediment where the young speakers laid their floral offerings was one mass of evergreen and moss, representing the 'Rock of Ages.'"

"The ladies of the Christian Temperance Union expressed their grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Cudworth for his kind invitation to them to use the parish parlor of the Unitarian Church for their meetings."

At the annual meeting of the society it was unanimously voted "that Rev. Mr. Cudworth, pastor of the Unitarian Church of East Boston, has managed its affairs to the unqualified satisfaction of the society."

The spring fair and festival was held on May 13, 14 and 15, and the cantata of the "Hay-

makers" having proved so popular, was performed each evening, with no diminution of interest. A pleasant little band from the Sabbath-school, called the "Dime Associates," gave a nice entertainment of music, recitations and tableaux, in the lecture room, on the evening of the twenty-first.

June 3 a strawberry and ice cream festival was given in aid of missionary work; on the eighth Mr. Cudworth preached on temperance at the Second Church, on Boylston street; on the fourteenth the Sunday-school picnic was held at Melville Garden, Downer Landing; on the twenty-second a beautiful musical service was given with his Sunday evening lecture, and on the twenty-ninth he commenced his Summer Course of Sunday evening Sermons at Union Hall, concluding August 31.

In July Mr. Cudworth extended an invitation to Central Square Universalist Society to worship with his church on Sunday forenoon during the vacation.

The following was a cheering appreciation of

his labors: "The members of the East Boston Unitarian Sunday-school, assembled to pass in review the work done in the school year just drawing to a close, are conscious of having too long delayed an imperative duty, which they now seek to discharge. They therefore hasten to express and place on record the deep sense of obligation felt by all who have been teachers, pupils, or friends of our school, to Warren H. Cudworth, our beloved superintendent, for his unwearied, constant devotion to the welfare of all connected with us, notwithstanding the many demands upon his time and energies made by the church and society of which for more than a quarter of a century he has been pastor, and by numerous struggling churches, to whose upbuilding he has gladly contributed his well-known zeal and energy; and also the incessant calls made in an active community like ours, upon so ready and cheerful a worker. Neither time nor distance has diminished the active interest of our beloved superintendent in our welfare; for during his necessary absence at the seat of war as

chaplain of the First Massachusetts Regiment, he sent a weekly letter from the camp which was read at the opening of each session. For all this faithful service, self-denying labor, and constant regard for our highest interest — the welfare of the soul — we offer in return and beg him to accept our warmest heartfelt gratitude which nothing can quench, and no lapse of years obliterate."

The following also was received from his Clifton friends:

CLIFTON, MASS., *Sept.* 1, 1879.

REV. WARREN H. CUDWORTH — DEAR SIR: — The undersigned, attendants at the Sunday services held under your charge at Clifton, — "down by the sea," — wish to express our high appreciation of them, and say to you that they have been a source of pleasure and profit to us. We shall ever hold them and you in grateful remembrance. Please accept our thanks for the words of warning, direction, cheer and comfort you have spoken. We have been instructed and profited by them. You have our best wishes for yourself personally, and for success in your work for the master.

Yours truly,
A. W. — J. C., etc.

Boston's tribute to the memory of the gallant

General Hooker, was fitly rendered on Sunday, November 16, by a semi-military demonstration, and the added pomp of many civic dignitaries. Rev. Mr. Cudworth, as the honored war chaplain, delivered the eulogy at Music Hall, and received many appreciative testimonials.

The Christmas fair and festival was held December 16, 17 and 18, and the entertainment was again the cantata of the "Haymakers."

The lecture room was opened during the autumn to Doctor Abbie E. Cutter, who gave a course of lectures which were much appreciated by many ladies; on the thirtieth the year was fitly closed by a fine classical concert in the winter's course of entertainments.

In January, 1880, Mr. Cudworth gave the last entertainment in the Grand Army Lecture Course in East Boston.

"January 25 he preached an elaborate sermon on man's relation to God, as child and parent. The text says we are heirs of God, but a qualifying *if* precedes it. *If* children. *If* not children, we are not heirs. Now the whole scope

of the Gospel is to make us children. And this is the doctrine of Unitarianism. The preacher saw many strangers present, and thus availed himself of their presence to state emphatically that for twenty-eight years as a minister, and three years as a student, this had been the central truth of his preaching and of his previous study. He had always endeavored to keep Christ in the foreground, and to preach his Gospel for the instruction and edification of his hearers. Here he illustrated his theme eloquently and earnestly, and showed them that they could make no mistake about their being children of God. If they loved him, they would feel dependent upon him; if dependent, they would feel grateful, and if grateful, would be obedient. None of these qualities can be separated. They must be combined in the lives of all who wished to become heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. His closing appeal was full of tender entreaty for his hearers to satisfy themselves by the tests he had given that they were indeed children of God. In no other way would they

enjoy peace of mind here or the hope of happiness hereafter."

In harmony with the declarations of this sermon was the tender poem that follows, and which was written some years previously. "The following lines were written and read by the late Rev. Mr. Cudworth of East Boston, during a sermon which he preached at the North Church in Salem, and which were furnished the *Gazette* of that city by a member of the church, in whose possession the autograph copy now is:"

REVELATIONS iii., 20.—*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*

Speechless sorrow sat with me.
I was sighing wearily!
Lamp and fire were out, the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane!
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly:
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;

Light the fire and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And, again, I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock.
"Enter! I have turned the key!
Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me!"

Opening wide the door, he came;
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place;
But I could not see his face!
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three—
Lo! my Master
Was the guest that supped with me!

And he cometh even now,
Lovingly to all below;
Through our darkness, doubt and woe,
Still he knocks, as long ago.
Waiting patiently as ever,
Meaning to desert us never;
Longing our dear Lord to be.
Lo! the Master
Seeks to-day for thee and me!

January 20 an attractive musical entertainment was given of the "Great National Airs," with

costumes and decorations, concluding with a grand tableau of all the nations represented.

March 16 and 17 the charming juvenile operetta of "Golden-hair and the Three Bears" was given in the lecture course, and on the eighteenth an entertainment of the "Old Union Guard," under the auspices of the "Association of Company B. First Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry," to consist of a lecture on "Army Life," by "Chaplain Cudworth, which was given in parts, and interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, recitations, readings, etc."

April 13 a coffee party was given, with music and readings, in behalf of the Church Mission.

The beauties of nature, and the grace of youth, rendered the Easter service effective as usual in our lovely church home. On the nineteenth and twentieth the favorite juvenile operetta of "Little Red Riding-hood and the Wolf" was given for the benefit of the Sunday-school.

March 23 a fine entertainment of readings and music was given in the regular course.

May 4, 5 and 6, the spring fair and festival

was held, with "Golden-hair and the Three Bears" for the entertainment each evening.

"May 29, at two P. M., Rev. Mr. Cudworth sailed in the steamship *Parthia*, by invitation of and in company with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Barnard, of Everett, Mass., to be absent a year, during which they propose to make a tour 'around the world.' The week was full of demonstrations of good will toward their pastor of twenty-eight years, and the following was the programme:

"Sunday, the twenty-third, at the morning service, he left them in God's hands, who would protect them and provide for their spiritual and material wants, and he hoped would unite them and him once more to worship together. In the afternoon the Sunday-school anniversary was held, and after the usual reports, etc., an original poem, by Rev. W. P. Tilden, on the departure of their beloved superintendent, was very prettily read by one of the young misses. In the evening the Sunday-school concert was crowded, and after the cantata of the 'Christian Graces,'

with recitations and music, an original poem by Mr. J. W. Turner was very impressively recited. As the service was drawing to a close, Rev. Mr. Cudworth remarked that he expected while away to see some beautiful pictures in the Old World, and to visit sculptors' galleries where would be works of sublime art, but no sight he should witness would be so pleasant to him as the large church filled three times that day with earnest and sympathetic listeners. I hope that all may be spared, that I may return and labor for your good in the future."

On Monday evening his birthday was observed, and after the congratulations of the evening, Hon. Henry B. Hill called upon Mr. Wm. J. Ellis, who said: "On an interesting occasion like the present, when we review the many pleasant associations of the past, it is well to give form to our feelings as far as we can in words:

THEREFORE *Resolved*, That we congratulate our beloved pastor on the anniversary of his birth, and hope we may all have many opportunities in the future to repeat our congratulations. We wish him and his kind friends, who

are about to leave us for a season, all the enjoyment they can wish themselves, and a happy return to their native land.

The Rev. Mr. Bush, of Everett, made a sympathetic speech, and read an original poem by one of the members of the society. Mr. Barnard then said he now fully realized what a responsibility himself and wife had assumed, and that nothing on their part should be spared to return the loved pastor to them in health and strength. Mr. W. H. Baldwin said: "There is joy at the pleasant prospects of your pastor, and sorrow that we are to be separated from him so long. We shall all wish to hear him preach when he returns, and he may be sure he will be wanted over at the Union. Then there will be a grand reunion, to which I hope to be invited." Mr. Cudworth then made one of his earnest speeches, concluding with, "We shall remember this occasion when far away, and my final thought is 'Hope on; hope ever.'" The Divine blessing was then invoked, and the delicacies of the bountifully laden tables partaken of. On one of

them was several beautiful floral devices, prominent among which was a large horseshoe bearing the word "Luck."

On Tuesday evening the officers and teachers of the Sunday-school tendered their superintendent a farewell reception. "Upon the tables were several bouquets, and opposite the seat occupied by Mr. Cudworth was an immense floral heart with the word 'Love' inscribed in colored floral letters. Previous to partaking of the repast, Mr. Samuel C. Martin, Jr., addressed the superintendent in a feeling and sympathetic speech, closing as follows: 'Yes, dear pastor and superintendent, we will "stand by," and not only that, but we will stand *firmly* by the cause which we know is uppermost in your heart, and as a symbol of our pure Christian love we place before you this floral design, hoping that often in your travels you will remember this occasion and picture to yourself the "heart of love" which the teachers of your Sunday-school now give to you.'"

To this Mr. Cudworth most touchingly responded, and soon after the supper left the

church to be installed as Chaplain of Joseph Hooker Post 23, G. A. R.; and later was taken to Amory Hall to attend the "Nineteenth Anniversary of the old First Regiment" of which he is chaplain. Although the hour was late, the "boys" were expecting him and as he entered the hall he was received by three times three hearty cheers and a tiger, all rising to their feet meanwhile. To this Chaplain Cudworth responded: "I feel under great obligations for the hearty manner in which I have been received, and I want to thank you for the history you have written. You have made such a record that you have secured a place in the hearts of the people. For a while the public felt sick of the guise and uniform of soldiers, but now the position a soldier holds is established; as is shown in the estimate of the gallant men whose record you helped to make." Captain John McDonough then arose, and addressing the chaplain, said: "I speak for myself and my associates when I say that there is no man who took the commission of chaplain who worked harder for the in-

terests of his regiment than did you, sir. You labored night and day, not only in your legitimate capacity as spiritual guide, but in numberless other ways, such as writing letters for the men, sending home their money, etc. Your religious teachings were so popular that men of other regiments gladly visited our camp for the purpose of hearing you preach. I hope you will outlive us all, and be able to say a word, and offer prayer over the remains of each of us. In your travels I hope you will not see any whom you will like better than you do us. I beg leave to present to you, in behalf of the First Regiment Association, this pair of field glasses to enable you to see your way home clearly." To which Chaplain Cudworth responded: "If you are not all believers in Divine providence I can convince you in five minutes. I had just such a pair of glasses given me when I went to the front, by Mayor Lincoln. I loaned them to a lieutenant who was taken prisoner, and the glasses were confiscated. I said then that in the providence of God I should get them

back, and here they are. I thank you very much for this testimonial of your regard. These glasses shall be my costant companion on the sea and on land, and wherever I use them, or allow a friend to have them, I shall have something to say of the gallant soldiers whose gift they are. I thank you again for your valuable and highly appreciated gift."

On Wednesday evening the two sewing circles of the society gave a complimentary supper to their pastor and Mr. and Mrs. Barnard. There was no speech making, but occasion was taken to utter many a kind word, and to express hopes for an agreeable trip and a safe return for the party. On Friday a farewell prayer meeting was held, which was largely attended. Arrangements were made to tender Mr. Cudworth a complimentary escort to the steamer. It was under command of Captain Henry Parkinson, Jr., and consisted of the Maverick Rifles (Company L. First Regiment), Sheridan Guards (Company H. Ninth Regiment), High School Battalion, Captain George French, veterans of the old Massachusetts

Regiment of Infantry, and of the Massachusetts Association. They formed in Maverick Square, where a carriage containing Rev. Mr. Cudworth and Hon. Henry B. Hill was standing. The route of procession was then taken up, to the Cunard Wharf, where Mr. Cudworth was conducted to the steamer in true military style. A large number of well-known and influential friends in carriages and on foot followed, and the wharves and housetops near were covered with spectators. By invitation of Mr. Elliott Ritchie, and owners of the steamer *Charles Lawrence*, many friends accompanied the *Parthia* down the harbor as far as Boston Light, where a parting salute was fired, cheers were given, and the party wished *bon voyage* — the band playing meantime — after which the *Lawrence* returned to East Boston.

June 26 the following pleasant notice was sent by the favorite "Mrs. Partington," to the *Hartford Post:* "Your readers all must have heard of him — priest, pastor, poet, pundit almost potentate in the little realms, his church. He has been the good pastor for many years, he being

now over fifty, and the relation between him and his people is one that is exceptional in its attraction. In the first place he is his own proprietor. He owns the church and is a bachelor. The church was in debt, and the people were borrowing from Peter to pay Paul his interest, or *vice versa*, and he cut down his own pay and reduced the church expenses to favor them, and when he found this would not do, he compounded with P. and P. and became proprietor. He has freed his church from compulsory taxation and assumed the mortgage himself. He has opened parlors in his church, and music and refreshments lend their attractions to the young, he being as young as any of them; while to the old he is the grave and loving adviser and friend. Entertainments are frequent in his parlors, which he often conducts himself — being his own orchestra and master of ceremonies. All the receipts for these is toward meeting expenses. His assumption of the mortgage lessens and mitigates, but does not, of course, obviate church expenses. He was chaplain of the Mas-

sachusetts First for three years of the war, and I think is such at present. On the occasion of his leaving for his 'trip round the world,' crowds went down to bid him good-by, thus attesting their devotion to him. He is a fat, pleasant-looking man, 'with twenty shillings in the pound in his face,' as Sydney Smith said of Edward Everett, and a general outline that reminds one, who know who is meant, of Father Phil in 'Handy Andy,' barring the father's rosy beak, which is lacking in the East Boston minister. Mr. Cudworth is one of the most influential temperance men in the State, is indefatigable in his industry while engaged in all that is good, and makes such a mark on the general society that his going abroad is considered a half calamity by his neighbors and friends who, without regard to sect, wish him a happy return to them."

Before he went abroad he secured the services of Prof. E. J. Young of Harvard College, to supply his pulpit during his absence. He did so to very general acceptation until he received a

call to Waltham, after which it devolved on the chairman of the standing committee to secure a supply.

The following is one of the cheerful letters which he wrote, while absent, to our dear mother, who mourned his absence very much:

PARIS, FRANCE, *Sept.* 16, 1880.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — As you took the trouble when I was a little chap to have me taught to read and write, it is no more than fair that you should now enjoy a little of the result of my reading and writing while far away from the home of my boyhood. You impressed it upon me to be fair, and I can assure you it is a good thing to be fair with everybody, whether they are fair with you or not. Well, one of the places about which I had read was Paris, the capital of France. It is very old and famous and is crowded full of things old and new, which people come from all parts of the world to see, and stay here months to enjoy. To show you what they are I need only refer to one of them, and that is a Catholic cathedral called Notre Dame, or the Church of Our Lady, which was commenced in 1163, and after passing through wars and fires, revolutions and neglect, was finally restored and completed in 1845. For more than seven hundred years people have worshiped God, and sung the praises of Christ upon this spot. I stood before the front centre door and counted six hundred and twenty-five statues and other images, carved from stone, over that entrance alone.

There are three entrances, and they are all similarly adorned. The inside of the church is full of columns, statues, paintings, and little side chapels, dedicated to different saints, and will seat twenty thousand persons. I went all over the church, and then up into the tower, which is ascended by three hundred and ninety-seven steps, and contains a bell which weighs sixteen tons, with a clapper which weighs one thousand pounds. From the top of the tower a perfect bird's eye view of Paris can be obtained, with its two millions of inhabitants, its hundreds of fine public buildings, its miles of streets and avenues, its parks and pleasure grounds, its vast squares filled with monuments, statues, fountains, etc., its vehicles and people flying to and fro, and its famous river Seine dividing the city into two parts, covered with steamboats and other water craft, and spanned by about thirty of the finest stone and iron bridges the world ever beheld. If I had time, I should like to linger hours in and around such a famous old building as this, which is as perfect and beautiful as it is huge and massive; where kings and queens, emperors and empresses have bowed head and knee with their poorest subjects; where the great Napoleon with his beloved Josephine used to be seen; which has been used for a stable and a storehouse, when revolutionary mobs held Paris; which has been doomed to destruction more than once; and yet, saved, restored, still arrests the eye by the exquisite symmetry of its proportions, and both rests and elevates the moral nature by the calm repose of its sublime masses, story on story, arch above arch, buttress and pillar, pedestal and spire, springing up and rising higher, until the very heavens seem reached. But, dear mother, I

think this is about enough of Notre Dame, so I'll just turn into a grasshopper, and jump over into St. Cloud and Versailles where the kings and emperors of France used to keep house and entertain their royal and titled guests, as many as five hundred of whom would sometimes visit at a time. Why, here in the carriage house is a coach all covered with carvings and gold, which cost with its gold embroidered upholstery two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and is only large enough for four. Many a baby carriage contains daily more happiness undoubtedly, than that expensive vehicle ever carried. There are half a dozen similar coaches, all gilding and satin, either one of which cost what would be a fortune to a family; and the simple endurance of an over-worked people made such wasteful extravagance possible. Who wonders at mobs after seeing such royal robbers! Ah, this is the palace! Here is the room where Marie Antoinette was found and seized by the mob, and there is the great sparkling saloon, all mirrors and enamel, where William of Germany was made emperor. See, this was Napoleon's bath; and this his bed. Here is his chair, and there the table where he wrote or signed State documents. What glorious pictures! There are miles of canvas on the walls all rich and mellow with such tints as could only come from the easel of Horace Vernet, and other famous painters. Oh, it does seem as if some of those stalwart men and beautiful women would step right down from the wall; they are all so lifelike! But they don't. They stay where they're put, and are far more useful where they now are, than when they were up to legalized stealing, and other political mischief. We left Ver-

sailles with a sigh. It cost, and is costing, immense sums of money — sixteen thousand francs to play the fountains one day is an item. I have only time and space to say that I am well, and if God wills, we start for Italy on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Barnard send steamships of regard, and I send a whole freight train of love to you and Angeline and others who may wish it.

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

October 31 he wrote from Baalbec, Syria, "To the Worshipful Master, Officers and Members of Baalbec Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons of East Boston," a most interesting letter concerning the wonderful ruins he had seen.

Most faithfully did the society he had left labor to keep all the wheels of progress in motion during his absence, and on December 7, 8 and 9 held their customary fair, which was quite successful, with pleasant entertainments each evening.

A course of twelve entertainments was also commenced December 14, which proved both pleasing and remunerative.

January 6, 1881, a fine concert was given by the Rossini Quartette, and February 15 the

juvenile operetta of "Little Red Riding-hood and the Wolf" was repeated to a full house.

February 20 the absent pastor sent an interesting letter to the *Christian Register*, concerning the Calcutta Mission, which is supported by the Unitarian denomination, Rev. C. H. A. Dall missionary, and of which, from personal observation, he could speak only in the highest terms.

May 3, 4 and 5 the spring festival and sale was held with all its old-time energy and success, with the added inspiration of the near return of the loved pastor and friend.

The lecture course was closed March 8, with a concert and literary entertainment, at which the Kinder Sinfonie was introduced, and the labors of the faithful workers in their pastor's absence crowned with success.

Saturday, May 28, the welcome day arrived that brought the son, brother and pastor back to the people of his choice. A party of church friends, with a delegation of Joseph Hooker Post 23, G. A. R., received, and escorted home from the Boston and Albany Railroad, their pastor

and chaplain, whose first visit was to his aged mother, whose eighty years had been extended to have — not see, for she was blind — her only son safely returned from all the dangers of such a trip. He had passed through Europe, the Holy Land, Africa, Asia, China and Japan, and visited over five hundred different points of interest.

On Sunday forenoon the Unitarian Church was crowded with friends to listen to the loved voice. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers, and at each end hung the motto, "WELCOME HOME." Mr. Cudworth offered a heartfelt invocation, after which all united in an original "Hymn of Welcome," and, after other devotional exercises, preached a discourse on "The Religious Advantages of a Tour around the World."

"The hold which Rev. Mr. Cudworth has on the affections of his people was amply shown Tuesday evening by the numbers which gathered at the reception tendered him to congratulate him on his safe return. The company began to assemble before eight o'clock, and the spacious vestry of the church was completely filled, the

pastor moving about among his friends with a smile and a good word for every one. At nine o'clock Edward Brigham, Esq., called the company to order, and introduced H. H. Lincoln, Esq., who welcomed Mr. Cudworth back to his people, and wished him the same success and affection in the future as he has had in the past. Congratulatory remarks were made by Rev. Messrs. Young and Bush, Mr. W. H. Baldwin and Mr. Barnard, to which Mr. Cudworth responded, and the festivities closed with a nice collation."

The old Massachusetts First Regiment held its annual reunion June 1, and the entrance of their chaplain was the signal for the heartiest applause, after which he contrasted the soldiers of other lands with those he saw about him, very much to the credit of our own country. June 2 the Young Men's Social Union tendered him a reception and supper, which was heartily enjoyed by all. His Sabbath-school greeted with enthusiastic love their long absent superintendent, singing —

Our motto we did not forget,
And tried to "Stand By" and be true;
And now we welcome you with song,
A grateful song of love to you.

June 26 the Sabbath-school anniversary was held with renewed cheer in the return of their truest friend and head.

In September came the end to the long suspense — the sad waiting of the nation on its honored chief magistrate, whose life had been taken by foul hands; and on the twenty-fifth Mr. Cudworth preached a "Discourse in Memory of Hon. James A. Garfield, the lamented President of the United States." An invitation was extended to Governor Long and staff to be present, with the First Regiment, to be escorted by the "Sheridan Guards," Company H. Ninth Regiment.

The Summer Course of Sunday Evening Services at Union Hall, Boylston street, by Mr. Cudworth, was commenced July 3, and concluded September 4.

In October, the following appeared in a local paper: "Mr. Cudworth is everybody's friend. He

fosters, we verily believe, no ill feeling towards any person on earth. Who could look into his face, which so serenely beams, so positively glows with the very quintessence of good nature and kindly feeling, and not see that such a man could cherish no harm towards any, but rather an affection for all? In the best, and noblest, and very complete sense he is a Christian; and to be such a Christian is to be as much more than a sectarian than the peak of Mount Washington is higher than the tiniest pebble at its base. East Boston proudly knows his endless acts of good will, charity and love performed in season and out for so many years. Among the most unselfish of men that ever lived, he remains here in our community doing daily and quietly, a measureless amount of good, some of which no human eye ever sees other than his own and the needy recipient. The temptations of higher salary, of wider fields of labor, of so-called superior social position, and a deal else, have no more influence on this devoted, Christian, noble man than has the lazy summer southwest zephyr

on yonder Bunker Hill shaft. May he long remain among us, and may his days reach into those of the revered centenarian."

### Union Religious Services on Thanksgiving Day.

A Union Thanksgiving Service was held in the Presbyterian Church at eleven A. M. on Thanksgiving Day, the pastor, Rev. F. E. Marsten, presiding. Rev. Messrs. Marsten, Cudworth, Gracey and Munroe took part, Mr. Cudworth making the principal address. It was an interesting service.

A friend said: "Mr. Cudworth preaches to my mind. He must be a good man, for he puts his heart into every word."

The Christmas fair and festival was held December 20, 21 and 22, with entertainments each evening, furnished by the Young Men's Social Union, which proved very attractive.

The following appeared in an evening paper: "The selection of Rev. W. H. Cudworth to take part in the exercises of inaugurating the new city government, on Monday next, is excellent. A body which is to be blessed by one of Mr. Cudworth's benedictions ought to go straight and

be good. This honor is equally due East Boston and Mr. Cudworth, who is one of the popular clergymen of Boston, and who leads many in unselfish labors outside the pulpit."

"Great pressure has been brought to bear upon Rev. W. H. Cudworth, both in and out of his society, to induce him to give a series of lectures to the people of East Boston upon his travels round the world. In his church, last Sunday, he announced his intention of commencing such a series, illustrated with stereopticon pictures, on January 10, 1882, to continue for ten successive weeks."

They were held in the church, and proved very successful, the stormiest evenings of the season causing no diminution of attendance.

The annual New Year's festival was the occasion of renewed pleasure, not only on account of the absence of their pastor the year before, but from its similarity to a family gathering, which made happy every one who attended. Hon. Henry B. Hill, the chairman, read letters and poems from members, calling upon gentlemen to respond. Deacon George O. Parker, and Messrs.

R. M. Barnard, W. J. Ellis and T. C. Powers, with the pastor, did so in a very entertaining vein; and the happy time came to an end with a fine collation. "The reception was in every sense enjoyable, and those who were not present were indeed unfortunate."

The following explains itself:

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 15, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EAST BOSTON ARGUS: — A good friend in East Boston has sent me eight copies of the *Argus*, containing eight sermons and lectures by Rev. W. H. Cudworth. These I have read with very great interest. The discourses on "The Unity of God," and "Jesus Christ," are remarkably fine. The truth is presented in a clear light and with such persuasive eloquence as to carry conviction to every hearer. Mr. Cudworth attacks no one's opinions, and there is such a spirit of candor and fairness in all his statements as to command respect from all who may differ with him. Every argument is surcharged with proof and Bible authority, and without the least grain of sophistry. There is a reverent and Christ-like spirit pervading all his doctrinal discourses that is remarkably winning. One remarkable feature of Mr. Cudworth's sermons is that his audience never get ahead of him and anticipate the climax of his sentences. One thought follows another in rapid succession, and there is no repetition. He is Unitarian, yet he presents his views in such an evangelical form as to receive the endorsement of large

members of orthodox people. Not the least attractive part of his preaching is the intellectual treat he affords. If I cared nothing for religion, I would walk a mile any time for "the feast of reason" which is afforded by one of his sermons. Some years since we tried very hard to get him to come to New York and take charge of the Church of the Messiah, but his congregation, by an almost unanimous vote, decided not to part with him.

Yours,

G. Q. Colton.

Our dear mother — the only parent we had ever known — had been growing weaker in mind and body during the winter, and on March 8 the heavenly summons came, and she passed on to the home where sight and sense would be unobscured. The breaking of our little family circle was hard, but *his* strong arm was left on which to lean.

The following lines were written when his strong arm was quick to serve:

Fond memories of bygone years,
Of childhood's hopes and childhood's fears,
Of smiles and sunshine, clouds and tears,
Are stirred while thinking dear of thee,
My Mother.

Youth's happy, happy hours have fled,
Its joys, its pleasures all are dead;
And now to manhood gently led
I feel how much I owe to thee,
My Mother.

Thy watchful care and tender love
First taught my lisping lips to move
In infant prayer to God above—
O, what a blessing proved to be
My Mother.

Now the seraph choir has met thee,
Ne'er to wander, ne'er to roam;
God, and Christ, and angels greet thee
With a loving welcome home.

In March he commenced a course of his illustrated lectures in the Town Hall, Milford, of which one of the local papers thus spoke: "Mr. Cudworth is among the most pleasing and interesting of public lecturers, and always discourses to the enjoyment and instruction of his hearers, no matter what may be his subject. But we judge him to be especially happy in telling of his experiences and reminiscences in his belting of the world as a tourist, besides which the stereoscopic views he presents are of the finest."

He had also received highly commendatory notices from the *Post*, *Advertiser*, *Globe*, *Herald*, *Argus*, *Transcript*, *Traveller* and *Journal* of Boston.

On the seventeenth he lectured in Lowell, on "China and the Chinese," the closing lecture of his course there, which was much enjoyed.

"On the twenty-first and twenty-second the lecture room of the church was crowded by a fine audience who had gathered to hear the cantata of 'The Rolling Year,' by a corps of little boys and girls who, by their splendid rendition of the same, are justly entitled to be called a Juvenile Handel and Haydn Society."

March 29 the Young Men's Social Union enjoyed a fine reunion and supper, with speeches, recitations and music.

April 2 "Services in honor of the Poet Longfellow were held in the church. Rev. W. H. Cudworth offered a fervent and eloquent prayer, after which, in a graceful introduction, he presented as the first speaker, His Excellency Governor Long," who gave an address "tender and true," which was followed by readings from the

poet, by Joseph Proctor, Esq. After the singing of a hymn the Rev. N. H. Chamberlain was introduced, who also dwelt on the sweetness of the poet's life. Mr. Cudworth then requested the audience to join with him in the alternate reading of "The Psalm of Life," followed by the singing of the same. Rev. S. L. Gracey was then introduced, who expressed his sense of the loss we have sustained; Mr. Cudworth followed with his memory of the great poet, as the patient teacher even with the slowest intellect. Mr. Proctor then read "Resignation," and, by request, "The Wreck of the Hesperus." "The Sweet Bye and Bye" was then sung, and with a fervent benediction from Mr. Cudworth, the services were brought to a close.

April 6 a Union Fast Day Service was held in the church. The following was the Order of Exercises: Invocation, Rev. L. B. Bates; reading of 786th hymn, Rev. N. B. Jones, Jr.; prayer, Rev. S. L. Gracey; Scripture reading, Rev. F. E. Marsten; reading of 808th hymn, Rev. W. F. Potter; sermon, Rev. W. H. Cudworth; prayer,

Rev. N. B. Jones, Jr.; reading of 785th hymn, Rev. S. L. Gracey; benediction, Rev. L. B. Bates. The sermon was from Isaiah lviii. 6: *The fast that I have chosen.*

"With emphatic earnestness he condemned the follies and vices of the times. From the text and context he drew the rightful interpretation of the observance of fasting, humiliation and prayer. His comparisons were striking, and the discourse one of studied thought, and was listened to with marked attention."

The Easter services were of an earnest and impressive character, showing his positive faith in the risen Saviour. After an opening voluntary, six children were christened. Easter hymns were sung, prayer was offered, with readings from St. Matthew's account of the resurrection, and a discourse founded upon Matthew xxviii. 6: *Come, see the place where the Lord lay.*

Mr. Cudworth gave a minute description of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as it is at the present day, with its forty-three costly silver lamps kept constantly burning over the spot where the

body of our Lord was laid; and drew practical lessons from the text appropriate to the day. In the afternoon the primary and senior departments of the Sabbath-school met together; an Easter service was read, Easter carols sung, and Luke's account of the resurrection of Jesus was read. Then addresses, full of earnest feeling and excellent advice, from Hon. Henry B. Hill, and Deacon George O. Parker, concluded the session. In the evening an Easter Sunday-school concert was given by more than one hundred pupils, in a manner most creditable to them and most enjoyable to their friends.

The spring fair and festival was held May 9, 10 and 11, and the sacred cantata of "Ruth the Moabitess," in costume, was given at the entertainment each evening, Mr. Cudworth being the organist.

The Summer Course of Sunday Evening Sermons in Union Hall commenced this year on June 18, and concluded September 3. No vacation for the willing worker who was slowly but surely expending his useful life.

The Sunday-school picnic was held June 24, at Melville Garden, Downer Landing, and the anniversary on the twenty-fifth. The reports showed a membership of nine officers, eighty-four teachers and six hundred and forty-five pupils. The contributions during the year were five hundred and ninety-six dollars and twenty cents; expenses five hundred and forty-seven dollars. Mr. R. M. Barnard made a brief but telling address, and the following preamble and resolutions were then introduced by Mr. S. C. Martin, Jr., and unanimously passed.

WHEREAS, For twenty-four years it has been the pleasure of our Heavenly Father that Rev. Warren H. Cudworth should be the executive officer of the East Boston Unitarian Sunday-school, and,

WHEREAS, We, members of the school, realizing that our superintendent has been, and is, at all times, and in all places, with his whole heart, mind, body and soul, working for the advancement of those great truths taught and lived by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, be it

*Resolved*, That we, with hearts overflowing with thankful praise to God, for his gracious guidance of our lives, and an ever rising petition for the continuance of the same, do herein express to our beloved superintendent our deep love for him personally, our heartfelt appreciation of his

labors among us, our sincere gratitude for his fearless impartiality as executive officer of our school, and our realization of the disinterested way he has always worked for the welfare of the school at large. And,

*Resolved*, that we hereby express our heartfelt sympathy with him in his Christian labors, and, not only our willingness, but our earnest desire, to continue with an ever-increasing energy, our hearty coöperation with him in spreading the glorious tidings of the gospel among all God's children, that, "Every knee may bend, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

The rewards to the meritorious were then distributed, and with singing, and one of the fervent benedictions of their superintendent, the exercises closed.

July 4 the one hundredth anniversary of the oration on that day in our city, was observed at the Boston Theatre, His Excellency Governor Long being the orator, and Rev. W. H. Cudworth chaplain of the day.

October 25 he gave an illustrated lecture in the Newton Star Course, on China.

November 22 he had the pleasure of taking part in the services at the installation of one of his

own Sabbath-school, Rev. Edward B. Maglathlin.

The Christmas fair and festival was held December 5, 6 and 7, the cantata of "Ruth the Moabitess" being again presented to the gratification of all.

Through the generosity of the friends of Mr. Cudworth and his society, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, he was enabled to secure Mr. A. O. Van Lennep for his course of four lectures, with exhibitions of Oriental Life, which proved exceedingly interesting and instructive. They were delivered December 11, 12, 13 and 14. The same generous friends also gave the church some beautiful stained glass windows, which were acknowledged by its pastor in an appropriate service in the church which was his love and pride.

January 3, 1883, he commenced a course of ten illustrated lectures in the Trinity Methodist Church, Charlestown, which were received with so much favor that at its conclusion he was engaged to deliver another course the succeeding winter, but he was then doing his Master's work in a higher sphere.

January 9 he began his course of twelve lectures in his own church, which were also received with much favor. On the eighteenth he conducted the religious services at the Boston Theatre, the subject of his discourse being, "How every One can find and keep the Path in Life which God appoints."

March 3 he gave "A Summer in Switzerland," illustrated by the stereopticon, at the Union Hall, Boylston street, and later also, for the Home Club in East Boston.

Union Fast Day services were held in the Universalist Church, and Mr. Cudworth offered the invocation and announced the first hymn. The sermon was by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Potter. In the afternoon a union prayer meeting was held in the church, led by Dr. Twitchell of the Orthodox Church. In the evening a similar one was held in the Central Square Baptist Church.

April 3 he gave in Everett his illustrated lecture upon the Passion Play, "which was rendered very impressively, and with much religious appreciation."

Fast Day evening, April 5, an entertainment was given in the lecture room by the Willing Workers, and on the seventeenth and eighteenth the Juvenile Singing Class, still under Mr. Cudworth's charge, gave the operetta of the "Flower Queen."

May 1 a May day festival was given, with readings, music and tableaux, "The Hanging of Crane" being finely rendered; on the twenty-second, twenty-third and twenty-fourth, the spring fair and festival was held, and the cantata of "The Haymakers" given each evening.

The Sunday-school held its picnic at Highland Lake Grove, Norfolk, on June 9, and a strawberry festival, the closing Sabbath-school festival of the season, was held on the evening of the eighteenth. The Sunday-school anniversary was held on the twenty-fourth.

His summer course of Sunday evening lectures at Union Hall was commenced on June 3, and a supplementary course, by request, continued, which did not close till September 30. Besides this he gave some Sunday afternoon

"talks" at the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea, which were highly appreciated. He preached in his own church every Sunday morning, and conducted his prayer meeting Friday evening. His willing soul was outrunning the body, but he could not have done differently and remained himself.

The following letter tells its own story:

LEEDS, ENG., *Aug.* 1, 1883.

REV. MR. CUDWORTH — DEAR SIR: — Although a perfect stranger to you, I take the liberty of asking the favor of your autograph in the little birthday text book which you will receive by post from a friend of mine in Brooklyn, N. Y. My excuse for so doing is that I arrived in East Boston about ten months since, a confirmed atheist, and that, owing largely to the influence of your earnest preaching, I left that place after a residence of six months, very much shaken in my opinions. I then proceeded to New York, where, following up the instinct you awakened, I attended several meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association, and am happy to say that life has a new, bright meaning for me, and if not quite a Christian, I am at least a believer in a Supreme Power which makes for righteousness, and governs all things well. You will now not be surprised that I desire your autograph. Indeed, if I might be so bold as to beg a portrait of you — as probably I shall never meet you again — my wife, who also

heard you, and I, would esteem it a great kindness. I remain, sir, with sincere respectful regards,

Yours very truly,

F. H. D.

October 3 a musical and literary entertainment was held in the lecture room for the benefit of the primary department of the Sunday-school. The Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society had sought his services during the year, but he had become so much engaged in his illustrated lectures that he had neither time nor strength for others; but he was planning, at the time of his death, soon to be present at one of the Sunday afternoon temperance meetings. The programmes for the Christmas fair and festival, to be held December 11, 12 and 13, were already printed under his supervision, and even those for a third course of illustrated lectures in his own church, to commence January 8, 1884, were both in the house when his body, without the great soul, was brought in for the last time. And I, when my lone heart cries out in its bereavement, think,

Up above in his grand repose
One sees it all, and *He* knows.

A Sorrowful Thanksgiving Day in E. Boston.

Shortly before twelve o'clock yesterday forenoon the community of East Boston was startled by a report that Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Our Father, the best known and oldest clergyman in continual service in East Boston, had dropped dead while assisting in the observance of Thanksgiving services in the Maverick Congregational Church. The news spread like wild-fire from house to house, and in hundreds of families, preparations for Thanksgiving dinners were suspended, while the heads thereof, and even the children, discussed the calamity, and on every hand, in street and in house, the deepest regrets were expressed at the sudden death of one who was so universally beloved and respected. Mr. Cudworth, at a quarter before eleven, in the minister's room at the church, was never in more cheerful spirits. It appears that for several years it has been the custom of the Protestant churches of

East Boston to unite in a union service on Thanksgiving Day, and in accordance with that custom, the services of yesterday were held with the Maverick Congregational Society. A large assemblage was present. Rev. Mr. Scott, of the Presbyterian Church, made the invocation and announced the hymn,

> My faith looks up to thee,
> Thou lamb of Calvary.

Mr. Cudworth at once entered into the singing with his whole soul. The Rev. Mr. Bates then read the 147th Psalm, and when he closed with the words, "Praise ye the Lord," Mr. Cudworth caught up their spirit in opening his prayer and said: "Let us pray and render our praises to the Lord.

We thank Thee our Heavenly Father, that we have met to worship Thee on this Thanksgiving Day. We thank Thee that from the eastern coast of Maine to the western shores of California the people are worshiping Thee. Our fathers worshiped Thee. Whenever they had seasons of joy and thanksgiving they met to thank Thee; whenever they suffered disaster and defeat they implored Thy aid. We, Thy children, would thank Thee to-day for the pro-

fusion of Thy blessings. We thank Thee for such a glorious ancestry. We would remember before Thee the many blessings and mercies which we have received, for we realize that they all come from Thee. [A moment's pause.] I feel — [A shorter pause.] I — must — stop.

With this he tottered and fell. Messrs. Bates and Scott both sprang to him, physicians were summoned, but the faithful soul had gone to God on the wings of prayer. The congregation were awed into silence, and rising with bowed heads, seemed reverently to wait, until told there would be no service, when they slowly departed for their homes. The body was taken to the house of his sister, No. 3 Wesley street, where it remained until Saturday noon, when after a touching prayer by Rev. Mr. Bates, it was taken to his church under guard of his loving friends of the G. A. R., where it was seen by the public from one P. M. till after ten. It is estimated that not less than twelve thousand persons passed before the mortal remains of the sainted dead, each pausing an instant to drop a tear or breathe a farewell over one whose life in East Boston during the past thirty-two

years has been one of self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of religion and charity.

At half-past two the Sabbath-school held a memorial service in the lecture room. The platform was draped in black and white, and the organ at which their superintendent had so often presided, leading the singing for his Sunday-school, was heavily draped in black, a picture of Mr. Cudworth occupying a prominent position in front, and below it a sheaf of wheat. An oil portrait of Mr. Cudworth, hanging on the wall, was also draped. Hon. Henry B. Hill, assistant superintendent, addressing the school, remarked: "You have met to look upon the dead form whose living face has always been a benediction. I now introduce one whom you all know, who will direct the services of the afternoon, Rev. S. H. Winkley."

The Service of Death, commencing, "I am the resurection and the life," was read by Mr. Winkley, after which the hymn commencing

How sweet to be allowed to pray,

was sung. The clergyman and school then read a responsive exercise, followed by the Lord's Prayer in unison, and another hymn was sung, after which Mr. Winkley made the following address:

The first word which is generally heard on the departure of a loved one is discouraging, for it is a word of loss. When there came to you and to me the announcement that our dear one was gone, we were told that he was dead. Of course with our habit of looking through "the gates ajar," and seeing the beyond, the word has become very limited in its meaning; to many persons nevertheless, death is still the "king of terrors." If I can succeed in making you feel that your loved one is not dead, it would be what he would like if he were here, and I strongly suspect that he may be. As for the body, it was intended it should die; but this is an every-day affair with all of us. The body which any one of us had when we were born, is not the one in which we dwell to-day. We are told that we have a new body once in seven years, and as this change is imperceptible, it must be gradual and constant. You and I have not the same bodies that we had a week ago. If death means dissolution, those former bodies have died; in fact the bodies we now have are dying daily; but "while the outward perishes, the inward is renewed day by day." This being so, when I look into your faces I do not see you, I only see your garment; or to use a Scriptural phrase, I only

see the tabernacle or tent in which you dwell. If you were looking through a telescope or a microscope, or were using a telephone, I should not confound you with these instruments. Some one might take them all away, and yet you would remain; so the eye or the ear may be taken away and yet the man is left. The house may be destroyed in which he dwells, and yet he remains. So generous is our Heavenly Father, that he leaves us not houseless when such an event occurs; "for if this earthly tabernacle be dissolved," a heavenly one is provided for us. Then "let the dust return to earth as it was," while we continue to love him whom the Father has given immortal life. And even as to the earthly body, let us remember that as mothers take the clothes which the older children have outgrown and make them over for the younger, so our Heavenly Father changes into new forms of beauty and use all the materials that have composed these fleshly garments. But where is the loved one? He would reply in the words of his Teacher and of ours, "In my Father's house are many mansions"; and as there was a place prepared for me, certainly in the heart of my mother, when I was brought into this world, so no less was there a place prepared for me there, and as surely was I looked for. But there is to be a funeral? Yes, and no. When Socrates was about to suffer death, a friend asked him how he would be buried. Socrates replied, "Just as you please, if you can but catch me." Turning to other friends he said, "He confounds me with my body; *that* you may inter as you please; I shall not stay with you, but go to enjoy the felicity of the blessed." So would our friend say to us. He might add, as your fathers and

mothers waited for you here, I will wait for you there; for if he has cared so much for you here, he will care much more for you where he now is. The very atmosphere of that region is caring for others — that is, loving. Therefore do not pain his angelic heart by any weeping that implies a doubt of that. The funeral will only be to treat sacredly what *he* has left — his body. Through the whole of that service our hearts should say, While we will give up what he has left, we will with a strong affection hold on to our friend. This church was his home, and nobody can question his love for you or your love for him; doubtless you intend to continue in that love. How shall it be manifested? You might put your pennies together and erect a beautiful monument — that would be transient. There is a better way; do not be dilatory in his work. Come with more interest than ever. By study and practice learn to be more efficient teachers and more diligent students. It is not enough, however, that you are faithful as teachers and pupils here only; he is expecting you to fight well life's battle, to gain the Christian's victory, and finally to hear the "Well done!" He therefore wants you to look up to the Everlasting Father and say, "Here, Lord, I give myself away;" and this not for yourselves alone; let him have increasing joy because through your intelligent love-labor, others shall have the same spirit of Christ, and be his. This is the only satisfactory monument you can erect to him. In this way we shall know he is not dead; we shall never think of him as dead; we shall indeed miss him, and that is right. I recently saw a mother grieving because her daughter was going a long way off to school. "O, I shall miss her so much," she

said. "Why, then, do you let her go?" was asked. "Because it will be better for her, and for all of us," she replied. So I say to you, that it will be better for him, and for all of us, that he should go. We shall miss him no less, but we will rejoice more in his joy than sorrow for our loss.

And now will you please unite with me in prayer?

Mr. Winkley then offered an impressive prayer, after which the hymn,

Life is not a fleeting shadow,

was sung, and the benediction pronounced. The members of the Sunday-school then repaired to the church and took a last look at their loved superintendent.

A second visit of the angel Death! Mr. Lewis G. Smith, assistant sexton of the church, and secretary of the Sabbath-school, had been for some time troubled with heart-disease. On the death of his pastor, whom he had previously told the writer he loved better than any one else in the world, he said he hardly dared look at him, fearing it would bring on a heart spasm; but on Saturday, when the Sabbath-school as-

sembled, he was found at his post, and soon after complained of feeling unwell and was advised to go home. He started from the Havre street entrance, and friends, who were watching him, saw him throw out his hands and fall. He was brought immediately into the lecture room, and a physician summoned, but the spirit had left its frail tenement, and was hastening after its loved friend gone before. His funeral took place Tuesday afternoon, from the church, Rev. R. P. Bush of Everett officiating. The same quartette which had sung so touchingly at the obsequies of the dear pastor also sang at his. He too was buried at Woodlawn, and the same *Grand Army*, of which he was a member, lent its sympathetic aid. There were beautiful flowers, and his broadcloth-covered casket was draped by the American flag he had fouget to uphold.

"Sad indeed was the concourse of people who on Sunday, December 2, took up its way to the Unitarian Church of Our Father, on Meridian street, where amid the fragrant flowers he loved so well, lay all that was mortal of him whom

to know was to love and admire. Even nature, that ofttimes stern disregarder, seemed to fully appreciate the sadness of the occasion, and in common with the multitude, gave vent to its tears. The sombre-tolling bells, the sadly half-masted flags and banners, dripping in the rain, faces wetter still with tears, thronging mourners from every class and organization, including the civic, military and ecclesiastical bodies, with every demonstration of loss, proclaimed the obsequies of that one man who could draw into his personality so many and varying affections. Volumes might be written concerning his life-work in this community where he had lived and labored, but the best testimonial to his work was the universal outpouring of the people who, despite the inclement weather, stood for hours upon the sidewalk and awaited in respectful silence the moving of the cortege. The waiting multitude was not composed of any particular sect, class or creed, but was made up of representatives from every walk of life. Little children who had learned of the good man, had heard

his pleasant words, felt his hand placed in tenderness upon their childish heads, as they looked up into his kindly face, young men and women for whom he entertained all the loving feeling of a father, who had listened to his words of counsel, and treasured them in their hearts as they began the battle of life, middle-aged men and women who had grown up under his preaching and whose counsel had proven an anchor to them as they encountered the storms of affliction and faced the rough winds of trouble, the aged to whom came from him the words of consolation and hope, all actuated by the same sentiment of affection, came spontaneously to pay their last tribute of respect to the Christian soldier and citizen. At the Church of Our Father might be found the detail of faithful comrades who with Commander Dalton had guarded the remains of their loved chaplain during the lonely vigils of the night.

"The appearance of the church indicated the presence of loving friends in the artistic display of numerous floral offerings. Festoons of black

alpaca hung from the wall back of the pulpit, over the pulpit, and about the front of the organ, and across the latter was a black velvet gold-figured banner, bearing the words in silver, 'Our Honored Dead.' This device was the contribution of Colonel William Beals. The floral tributes were arranged around the pulpit, directly in front of which was the casket — in which lay the body clad in the suit that he last wore in the pulpit, looking remarkably lifelike — and surmounted by a draped silken flag. A crayon portrait of the dead hung over the casket, and on the latter was placed an excellent photographic likeness.

"The following were floral tributes — probably the most beautiful ever seen in East Boston: Open Bible, prepared of the rarest and choicest exotics, with the word 'Brother' across the face. Very beautiful. From Miss A. M. Cudworth, sister of the deceased. Shield, with sword across face; word 'Victory;' beneath, an open book, with words, 'I must stop.' From the Young Men's Social Union. Pillow, words, 'Joseph

Hooker Post 23, G. A. R.' Corps badge, from First Regiment veterans, with figure one in purple. Corps badge, from Company B., Union Guards, East Boston, in white immortelles; letter 'B.' Pillow, Masonic emblems in the centre, from Mount Tabor Lodge F. and A. M. Crescent, with star above, from Eastern Star Lodge, I. O. O. F. Pillow, with letters 'W. W.', from the Willing Workers. Lyre, word 'Rest.' From the Union Circle. Floral basket and beautiful bouquet, from the Young Ladies' Circle. Cross and crown, resting over picture of deceased, and a cross and two large bouquets, from Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Barnard. Star, from Mr. and Mrs. William G. Ham. Sheaf of wheat, from Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Snow. Cross, from Mrs. Washington Snelling. Pillow, with word 'Prayer,' from Mrs. Maxwell Reed. Wreath of ivy leaves, made from leaves growing on the walls of the church, from Deacon and Mrs. George O. Parker. Cross and wreath of rosebuds, Young Men's Christian Union. Bunches of violets, rosebuds, and other personal tributes. These were arranged on the platform,

on and about the pulpit. The sister and immediate friends of the family occupied pews in the right centre, the remainder being occupied by military organizations. On the left centre front were the officers of the church, the officers of the Young Men's Social Union, the officers of the Union Sewing Circle, the officers of the Young Ladies' Sewing Circle, and the officers of the Willing Workers, the remainder of the section being occupied by representatives of Governor Butler's staff and officers of military organizations. On the right side sat representatives of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, and Phœnix Temple of Honor; and the teachers in the Sabbath-school occupied the wing pews on either side of the pulpit. Representatives of the press, members of the Jeffries Club, officers of Mount Tabor Lodge F. and A. M., and of Eastern Star Lodge I. O. O. F., were also on the right. The members of Joseph Hooker Post 23 were the first of the Grand Army men to assemble. Soon after a delegation of Dahlgreen Post 2 of South Boston arrived, followed by Theodore Win-

throp Post 35, of Chelsea, Commander Charles O. Fellows, accompanied by their drum corps, numbering in all one hundred and twenty-five, and a little later by John A. Hawes Post 159 of East Boston; then a delegation from John A. Andrew Post 15 of Boston, came in a body. At eleven-thirty Department Commander Evans of the G. A. R. arrived with his staff, of whom there were present Senior Vice-Commander Billings, Inspector Sawyer, Comrade Tobin of the Council of Administration, and Aids-de-Camp Cushing, Beck, O'Brien, Leutz and Simonds. Brigadier General Wales and staff of the First Brigade, and Colonel Wellington of the First Regiment, and staff, came over just before noon and went directly to the church. Adjutant-General Dalton and Assistant Inspector-General Stephenson, representing His Excellency the Governor, reached the armory at eleven-thirty, and were conducted by Past-Commander J. H. Barnes, to their seats in the church. The First Massachusetts Regiment Veteran Association, carrying their old colors draped in black, commanded by Major Thomas

R. Matthews, president of the association, marched into the square just before noon, two hundred strong. This was Chaplain Cudworth's old command, and the large turnout denoted the respect they felt for their old chaplain. At noon Post 23 marched out of the hall, and with the other posts and delegations of the Grand Army in rear, escorted the Veteran Association to the church. Such as could obtained seats in the church, while the others marched into the spacious vestry below. Colonel James F. Farrell representing the Union Veteran army, George H. Patch, Past Department Commander of the Massachusetts G. A. R., and Col. W. N. Olin and Maj. G. W. Sanger, of the First Regiment and staff, were also present. On the platform were the following clergymen: Rev. S. H. Winkley of the Bulfinch Place Unitarian Church; Rev. L. B. Bates of Meridian Street M. E. Church and Bethel; Rev. C. D. Hills of Saratoga Street M. E. Church; Rev. J. L. Scott of the First Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. H. Richardson of Central Square Baptist Church; Rev. N. B. Jones, Jr., of Trinity Baptist Church;

Rev. W. F. Potter of Central Square Universalist Church; Rev. R. Perry Bush of Everett Universalist Church; Rev. J. E. Twitchell, D. D., of Maverick Congregational Church; Rev. N. H. Chamberlain of St. John's Episcopal Church, and Rev. W. H. Munroe of Christ Episcopal Church. At high mass, at the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, the pastor, Rev. Father McCarthy, spoke in the most feeling terms on the life and worth of the late Rev. Mr. Cudworth, and of his estimable qualities as a man. He felt sure that the sympathy of his congregation was with the flock of the deceased clergyman in their sad affliction.

The obsequies at the church were commenced by an organ voluntary, and the singing of

Abide with me,

by a favorite quartette of Mr. Cudworth — Miss S. E. H. Munroe, soprano; Mrs. J. L. Martin, contralto; Mr. Henry Pew, tenor; Mr. C. C. Roby, bass. The Temple Quartette and the Weber Quartette tendered their services if required. The opening prayer was by Rev. J. L. Scott:

Father, wilt thou abide with us? The darkness deepens, but there is light beyond it. We call upon Thee believing that Thou wilt hear Thy children's call upon Thee to-day. Wilt Thou not have compassion for them in their grief? We are far down in the valley and the darkness of death is upon us; but we look up towards Thee. There is the stillness of absence about us, but beyond we hear the voice of our dead. There is much, O God, for which we thank Thee. We thank Thee for the stability of trust; although the preacher is gone, his words remain: although the servant has departed, his service is everlasting. We thank Thee for what Thou hast been to him. Thou wast his shield in war, and exceeding great reward in peace. Thou wast his companion at home and in foreign lands, and now Thou hast not permitted him to see death, but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he was changed, and with Thee. We thank Thee for what Thou hast been to us through him. We thank Thee for having been permitted to come in contact with this life; its breadth; its loveliness; its charity; its consecration to Thee and Humanity. Father, all of us feel we are near to Thee this day because of him. Let Thy blessing rest upon this church; although its under shepherd is dead, its Chief Shepherd lives. The words that they have heard from him; words of Christ and faith, may thy Spirit recall them; then he being dead, yet will speak. Wilt Thou be with the Sunday-school? Thy servant gave much of his life to it. Stamp, we pray Thee, thine image upon their hearts while young. Be with Thy servants who have met here to lay away their brother to rest. As we saw him fall upon the field, may we hear

Thy voice saying, "The night cometh." Consecrate this hour to Thyself; fill it with thy presence; help each heart here to-day and forever. Amen.

Response. The Lord's Prayer was rendered by the quartette. Rev W. H. Potter then read the following appropriate selections from the Scriptures, after which

Where shall we make his grave?

was sung by the quartette.

But if a man die shall he live again?

I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die. As I live so shall ye live also.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

And when the chief shepherd shall appear, they shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?

All ye that are about him, bemoan him; and all ye that know his name, say, How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!

For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord.

When the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him:

Because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him: and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

He put on righteousness and it clothed him: his judgment was as a robe and a diadem.

He was eyes to the blind, and feet was he to the lame.

He was a father to the poor: and the cause which he knew not he searched out.

Unto him men gave ear, and waited, and his speech dropped upon them.

And they waited for him as for the rain; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.

He chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Rev J. E. Twitchell's remarks were as follows:

Dearly Beloved, I stand here for a moment as a mourner with you. It falls to my lot to express the sympathy I feel for this church in their affliction and for this community in the great grief which has fallen upon us all; to express the spmpathy of the Maverick Church, of which I am the pastor, and to recall to your minds the very suggestive and thrilling words which were the last spoken by our dear brother, the last he ever uttered upon earth,—"I must stop." I am not sure that at this time words are wise; I am very sure that many words would not be wise. There is a voice in everything I see around me; a voice, which, although inarticulate, is perfectly understood. A voice I hear in these emblems; a voice I hear in these beautiful floral offerings; a voice I hear from this great sea of sad upturned faces; a voice I hear in that silent casket; that voice is beautiful and sweet and takes away all sorrow. The voice that speaks out of these surrounding scenes, and especially the voice that speaks out of these beautiful words from God's holy writ, which my brother has read, is more expressive than words that I can offer from these poor lips of mine. I have witnessed death scenes in all their forms; in the

quiet of home with tender watchers; in hospitals amid a great crowd of sufferers, and out on the battlefield amid the dead and dying; I have participated in funeral ceremonies during my ministry — but I assure you, brethren, that I never yet sat in the midst of scenes so impressive as those in which I have sat during this past week. I know that these scenes which pain and thrill us are the commissions of the Father who loves his church and children, and loves them better than can be expressed by human lips. Yes, I know that, and I know that as our brother has expressed it in his prayer, although the under shepherd is taken away, the Great Chief is not, and that Heart that beats as no other heart has ever beat still throbs for humanity. So out of the shadows and deep griefs of this hour, with bowed heads and lamenting hearts, we lift ourselves to Him who reigneth in the heavens and in the earth and by whose permission alone these sad calamities come upon men, and whose sweet sustaining grace shall be found enough for the lowest of earth. Truly a great and good man has gone. I had but one short year's connection with him in the ministry, but I tell you the solemn truth, dear friends, when I say to you that my heart, on the first vision I had of this true brother, went out to him. There are few upon this earth who would gather mourners such as are gathered here to-day. A long stream of persons poured into this church yesterday afternoon from one o'clock until ten o'clock at night, and here is assembled a vast number, and in the hall below is another gathering as large as this waiting to be addressed by us. There is nothing to be compared with it. Do you know, dear friends, that men live most

sometimes when they die? As I said this morning in my own pulpit, this earth is not yet eased of its sacrificial debt. Parents die for children, children die for parents, and pastors die for people. We are so interlaced in these human hearts and human associations, that one falls out of the ranks that the other may steady himself against his brother and march on to victory. In it we begin to live, and the testimony of this community since Thursday last has been concerning our dear brother who has gone to his reward. I could take you up and down these streets to-day, in attics and in cellars, and give you the hand of widows and orphans, who are bowed in deep grief, and whose sense of a heavy loss is as keen as is that of the people and officers of this church. I repeat, it is grand to give one's life to God, and grand to lie down with a prayer of thanksgiving upon our lips, and grand to open our eyes upon the great assembly of the Church of the First Born and see the angels of welcome waiting for us. There is no time for eulogy this afternoon in the five minutes allotted to us to bring our tributes and lay them here. May God bless all the churches and people of all conditions in the city; may God bless all the churches in this community, in whose prosperity our dear brother has been interested; God bless the poor of this community who have lost one of their best earthly friends, and through these great tidal waves along which our little boat is drifting to the further shore, may He who can command the waves put his hand upon the helm and safely pilot each one of us through this world to that blessed land into which our brother has entered and in which his glory is beginning to shine.

Rev. R. Perry Bush then made the following address:

As I have rejoiced with you, so come I to-day to weep with you and to entwine my gratitude to him with that chaplet of endearing fame to which so many have come to contribute. It is but a short time since that day and hour when you gathered to rejoice with him, when he was so suddenly stricken down, and to-day as I come here, I turn my memory leaves and my heart aches for myself and for you. Upon our streets, in our homes, everywhere that we turn, hearts are sad and eyes are red. We meet to take each other by the hand in silence, struck dumb by our bereavement, and not only by our firesides, but out in widening circles in which his presence and memory have gone, among many and many a community there is sadness and gloom. We have lost a father — a father most kind and ever sympathetic; a father with loving words and tender smile for his every child; a father with a heart big enough to take in all classes and conditions given; a father who taught all to love him and beneath whose smile our hearts took courage and went forth to do God's work. Few there be who number among the mourners so many classes and conditions of men. I stood but yesterday amid a long line of sorrowing ones passing before this altar to look for the last time upon this sacred dust, and I could number among that sorrowful throng the sons and daughters of honor and affluence mingling their tears with those of poverty and degradation, each class sending its sad representative. Not only has this church and its people lost a father,

but he whom we love, the father of this community, was a father to all. He never refused a call for assistance from whatever source, no matter how much it interfered with his cherished plans of pleasure. Could one tell to-day of the kindly acts of his life — could one tell the story of the gratitude and sorrow his death has caused obscure hearts, it would be the greatest tribute that earth could yield; it would be bespeaking what we all feel, but what the world knows not altogether of; that Christian ministering which found hearts to help as well as to lift up in kindness. O, to-day as we look upon his face, it is seen to be in quiet and beautiful repose; it is bright and beautiful and glad. And he desired so much to go in the midst of his labors, ere old age had bowed his head or made his steps to falter; God, by that act, which so well became his consecrated soul, took him home while in communion; the prayer began on earth was completed amid the most joyful hosannas around the throne of God. If we see it with the eye of the Father, it is grand and beautiful, but it is hidden by a cloud to those who look through tears. They cannot altogether bless the Father's hand. We know that he whom we love is here; we feel it in our hearts and we trust God and bless him. How grand to-day in union service and on Thanksgiving Day, bespeaking that broad catholic spirit which allied itself to every soul that worshiped Christ and God and that deep thankfulness which taught all to look up in gratitude for the blessings of life. May we not mingle with our sorrow some rejoicing? If we look up through tears, may we not with thankful hearts turn to him in praise and thank him that he gave us the gift, though now he has taken it away?

and may we not remember that he will love us the more appreciably and embody in our lives the blessings of our friend who has gone? If the star in far distant space dropped from its position and ceased to radiate, its light would still come forth to bless and gladden the heart of man. So shall it be with him. We love until time shall be no more. The light of that life shall find reflection in our hearts, and so fully shall it be reflected, that youth, age and manhood shall tell the story of his golden light of goodness until time shall be no more. God grant, my friends, that the spirit that rises again may linger still to bless us; that its memories may remain to charm us in our dark hours and bind us to that God whom he ever trusted until that Father shall lead us forth to light.

The quartette then sang,

Pastor, thou art gone to rest.

Rev. Mr. L. B. Bates remarked as follows:

He has gone to God. He sent for and took him. He did not die; he was translated. He did not know death; the change from the mortal to the immortal was so quick. The prayer he had offered and expressed hundreds of times was granted; his work done he was called to his reward. To the homes of East Boston it is a vision. In all our homes there is a death to-day — Protestant and Catholic alike. The little children who are in our streets wipe their tears; the strong men who bolted their doors last evening, the aged men and women say, "God help us now," and the Father in the vaulted heaven answers,

"I will." The peace comes which was promised by the Master when he said, "My peace give I unto thee. In this world ye shall have tribulation, but in your heart, peace; my peace I leave with you." A few moments ago it was my privilege, in the room below, to look into the eyes of four or five hundred men — soldiers, the remnant of the old Massachusetts First, who, in the field, in the battle, in the camp, in the hospital, and some of them in prison, were ministered to by that man. As I left them to come up here, one man grasped my hand and said, "I have come thirty miles through the rain to-day to look on my old chaplain; when I was sick he ministered to me." If the city of Boston ever buried a missionary, here is one they have to bury to-day — a pastor, a minister, a teacher and a missionary, and I am glad to stand here this afternoon in this presence and say in behalf of citizens to this church, this congregation, and to the bereaved family, you have our heartfelt sympathy. Three business men called at my house yesterday, attending no church, and belonging to no religious society, and standing upon the doorstep tremblingly said, "Mr Bates, is there nothing we can do to smooth over this sorrow?" I said to them, "I thank you with all my heart in behalf of the bereaved. All that you can do is to go and pray;" and those three men voiced the hearts of all the business men in East Boston. Eighteen years ago in a little chaplain's tent, it was my privilege to form his acquaintance. He was chaplain of the First, and I of the Third Regiment in the State's service. Over five years we mingled together. Coming to this place six years ago nearly, the second day, in a rainstorm, my bell rang. Going to the

door this man stood there with his umbrella, and putting out his hand said, "Brother, I welcome you. I will be your friend so long as you stay," and I am glad to say, looking upon his dead face, that he kept his pledge. From that hour to the moment he fell, he was in my heart a true brother. As it has been well said, this is not an hour for eulogy. When our hearts are a little more quiet, and the shadows shall be dispelled and reveal the number of spirits that mingle with him from among a battle-field and those homes of bereavement and sorrow, then we will think it over. When the clouds have past we will meet him where the Father and the Son are dwelling in infinite glory.

The following is the address of Rev. S. H. Winkley:

I have to say, dear friends, that I shall utter but few sympathetic words at this time, because another opportunity is to be given next Sunday to say what, perhaps, you think, after the request of my dear brother, ought to be said now. A few weeks ago a little boy from New Bedford came to my house and brought me a bulb. He said with a great deal of enthusiasm, "Now you just get a bowl and put some pebbles into it, and fill it with water, and put this bulb on the pebbles in the water in the bowl, and you will see not only the little leaves grow out at the top, but you will see the little roots go down among the pebbles in the bowl." Well, I did as he told me, and put the bulb on the pebbles in the water in the bowl

and watched it for several days, not thinking that anything would come of it. One day I took a look at it, and saw a number of little white rootlets stretching out and going down, hugging those little pebbles, and then after a little while the leaves started up from the bulb, and the growth is being carried on by the great power of God to perfection. Less than threescore years ago God gave us a little human plant, and it began in pretty much the same way. The tendrils of his affection went out to the members of his home, and moved around their hearts, over which he grew for nourishment, and by and by schoolmates came, and increased, and the little plant began to weave himself about their very beings and moved them to himself; and then in school, and in after life, until he had attained full manhood, up to the very last, the tendrils were going out from his heart and took hold of human hearts, taking nourishment into his soul from the lives of men. His knowledge came through his heart, and when he had grown greatest, it was mostly through his affection, and thus we saw him so good a man. He had read the story of the woman of Samaria, and had asked for the water of everlasting life. His tendrils reached down through the water of eternal life, and so he could lift others, and he heard and obeyed the voice, "As ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me." Now you say this destroys individuality. Not at all. Have you not sometimes been disposed to turn away from some child, and yet because you loved the father and mother, for their sake you diligently labored until at last you loved him for his own sake? Many a heart has learned to love the Master better when on some mission of mercy, and

in that way we can learn to love the great Master with a great love. Without the atmosphere, what could the plant do, and without that atmosphere which we call the Holy Spirit, that loving spirit which he took into heart at every breath, what could he have done? His inspiration was the atmosphere of what he did, and so he did on earth what prepared him for heaven. Without the sun, that beautiful, marvellous orb, ninety millions of miles away, my plant in the bowl would amount to nothing; so without the love of the Everlasting Father, the foundation of all affection, what could he have done? It was the Father that warmed his heart and breathed into his spirit, sending him to the men, women and children who needed him. Every thing was there that was needed, and so he became this beautiful plant. It would shock him to hear you say he is dead. These are his remains, and he smiles now as he smiled back upon me before when I said things of this sort. He has gone away, but he lives in glory; he has been transfigured and is more beautiful where he is now. The angels rejoice in his goodness and angel joy is greater over him who turneth the sinner from the error of his way. He has fallen into angel company as naturally as a scholar falls into school labors. And what, dear friends, would he say to you to-day? To his brother Masons he would say, "Be better Masons;" and there is not a Mason in this church who has a standard of character higher than is raised there. Let all live out to the end your pledges, as you have agreed, and he will be satisfied. Soldiers, what does Chaplain Cudworth say to you? You have fought, have gained the victory, and are in possession of the re-

sults, but will he not say to you, as a nation of men, that the best victory is that over sin, when peace and good will shall prevail the wide world over? What does he say to ministers of the Gospel? O, brethren, be diligent in His business, that many souls may be enlightened and gathered into that kingdom of joy and peace. And then will He say, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joys of our Lord."

The quartette then sang, by request, Mr. Cudworth's favorite hymn,

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Rev. Mr. Winkley then made the concluding prayer:

Our Heavenly Father, we come to thank Thee for the gift of this dear loved one whose life has been so full and precious upon the earth and whose entrance into eternal life has been so sudden and so glorious. We thank Thee that we do not mourn as those who have no hope, but while our hearts are sad, they are filled with joy from our interest in the beyond. We can also hear him say as did his Master, "If ye love me, ye would rejoice because I go to my Father, for my Father is greater than I." And so, dear Father, we do rejoice that none of Thy children die; that all live unto Thee and that the love follows all from this life into the eternal life. And so to-day we thank Thee right in the midst of our tears; right in the centre of our loneliness; fully

alive to and conscious of the greatness of our loss, that Thou hast opened the door; that gates are not only ajar, but that we can see beyond the gates and that he has entered into his rest, the rest of angelic activity, the rest which remains to those who do Thy will in the everlasting life. May Thy blessing rest upon this solitary sister; may she feel not at all as though she were deprived of a dear one, but that a mortal brother has become an immortal; and so hand in hand by faith, and heart in heart by love, may she all the more do Thy will in life and so finish the journey which she has in life that she may indeed be the consecrated sister of charity, ministering to want in every form, and carrying benediction and joy in all her pathway. Bless, we pray Thee, these relatives, these members of the church, these members of the congregation, these teachers and the Sunday-school and all the dear pupils who gathered around him, as round a really spiritual father, and who learned of him to say "Our Father who art in Heaven," as perhaps many of them had never learned to do it before. It is not always those we find at our homes that prove our nearest relatives. It is the heart going out to our heart, and our heart going back into that heart, that makes up the actual family that shall live forever. So to this large number of relatives, just in proportion to the abundance of their ministry, — just in proportion to their faith, — they may say, it is all right. It may be a garden of Gethsemane; it may be a cup full of bitterness to drink, but they drink it through kindly regard for him. If it had not been better that he should have gone, he would have remained with us; and his going may be the very oppor-

tunity for the spirit to descend in Pentacostal measure and so revive the work which he had in his heart. And the work may be done as he labored to have it. So bless them, Father, in this way that they shall feel that his mantle and obligations have been laid upon them to preach the everlasting gospel by which sin, ignorance and error shall pass away and the real faith in Christ shall complete the redemption of mankind. For this all these brothers of the different orders have come here to-day. Dear Father, many of their members have disappeared through the veil and he has joined them, and now may those who stay a little longer, who have a few more duties to discharge, a little more experience to accumulate, a few more lessons to learn, and a little more service to render, whenever in thy Providence they shall be called, may they find brothers and sisters waiting for them. Father, as these shall take the last look of the hallowed remains, may they have in their minds and hearts one joyful and comforting memory — that they are not taking their last look of him, but will all meet in that eternal home where they will praise the Lamb forever and ever. Amen.

The quartette then sang the "Sweet Bye and Bye" most touchingly, after which Rev. J. K. Richardson pronounced the benediction.

The lecture room and parish parlor below being filled with the military who could not find accommodation in the auditorium above, the clergy-

men and quartette passed from church to lecture room with their sweet words of cheer to all who could be reached. Major Thomas R. Matthews of the Veteran Association presided. "Rev. L. B. Bates offered prayer, and for twenty minutes spoke to the soldiers specially of Rev. W. H. Cudworth as a chaplain in the army, and the great service he rendered to his State, country, and to the soldiers of his regiment, who loved him as a father, and will always hold him in grateful remembrance. Rev. N. B. Jones, Jr., referred to the spirit of beneficence which was a prominent characteristic of the deceased."

No family was too humble, none too poor, none too miserable to command his presence and aid in time of need. He was always ready by day or night to minister to the suffering. His memory will be cherished by all these. They all join with you in mingling their tears of sorrow and affection. The entire community feel that they have lost a friend and a brother. You soldiers knew him. As a soldier and a chaplain you will cherish his memory while life lasts. We have all loved him. As ministers we have found in him a true Christian friend; we deeply feel his loss, and join with you to-day in our expression of sorrow. But let us remember that while God has stricken him down, it is a blessed thing that he was spared suf-

fering. When our time shall come may we hear from the Great Commander, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of your Lord."

The quartette then sang,

Where shall we make his grave?

Rev. Dr. Twitchell was the third speaker. He said:

I think I may say "Comrades," for I understand that you have seen service either in the army or navy. It was my privilege to have connection with the army during the late war, and to be able to be of some service in the presence of the sick and dying. I can therefore the better sympathize with you to-day. There are no ties so strong as those formed in times of war. We buckle our knapsacks and touch elbows to march out to fight, knowing that ere nightfall some will die. So when one pure man marches with us, many a one says, "Chaplain, pray for me to-day." Death's shafts are flying to-day; and your chaplain has fallen. It was in my church and my own pulpit. How gladly I would have caught him in my arms and prevented the fall if I could. Just above us lies the body that held a great sympathizing heart now gone to God. No matter whether or not your life be given to God, you love a Christian man. I know little of the other side, but I have been thinking these last three days, of the reunion in heaven — of the greetings of his comrades in arms. I have no question he has looked into the face of many a man who was with him on the

battlefield and that we shall clasp hands with him on the other side. Is it not glorious? I stand before you a mourner bringing the sympathies of Maverick Church. Emulate his virtues, and so live that your lives will terminate in bliss. "It is not all of life to live." Look up, and through our tears we shall see life. May God bless you all.

Rev. N. H. Chamberlain, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, remarked that he had been unexpectedly called upon to address the audience, but every soldier should be always ready to obey orders. He added:

I remember listening to a young man some thirty years ago as he preached his first sermon. His body now lies cold and stark. There is something stately and imperial about death. Scenes on the battlefield are shocking, but the poorest living flesh that lies quivering on the battlefield testifies to a great deliverance, a mastery over storm, and rage, and agony. Our brother died at his post as a Soldier of the Cross and entered through the gates to life beyond. You may answer to a creed and call it true or false, but you cannot answer against a man who goes into hovels and kneels down beside the sick and dying poor. A life of such devotion is always catholic; always true. This man I am not here to eulogize, but I know one thing clearly, that there has been buried no man out of any community where the respect and sorrow are so deep and honest as they seem to be here. Do you think this man's

life ends with his ashes? There are intelligent men who believe in annihilation, but do you? [A voice: "No."] Then I charge you for the rest of your lives to be loyal as he was loyal. If he cannot die here or hereafter; if he has just begun to live; I challenge you, as you grow old and your comrades leave you, to hold in your hearts that the grave is but an avenue, and that this life, noble as you may make it, is but the portico and beginning of the life to come. Remember that in that life there is reunion and eternal felicity for true men. May the souls of the departed rest in peace.

The quartette responded with the "Sweet Bye and Bye." Rev. R. Perry Bush continued:

Men of the Grand Army: I belong to too young a generation to have shared the dangers of the battlefield, but as a young man who has sat at the feet of the sainted dead, I may be permitted to say a few words of a true brother of your noble order, and a deeply loved friend in the day of sorrow. When you meet men you try them — not by outward form or semblance — and you will testify that when the hand of Warren H. Cudworth clasped yours it was that of an honest Christian man. You felt that his hand-clasp and smile meant something. I love every-day men who meet me face to face. In such love I always find religion; I think it will not seem strange to you when I say the *highest* religion. You did not love the men whose silver-tongued oratory told *others* to go to the front, but you loved the man and his religion who *went*, and took his Christianity with him. Such we esteem Brother

Cudworth. I came here to mourn with those who mourn. Let us never forget the example of his noble life, and so long as life shall last, let us endeavor to make it so grand, so noble, that we cannot die. God bless you, comrades in war and brothers in peace, and may the sentiment of your chaplain be ever with you to bless and to help.

The last speaker was Rev. W. H. Munroe of Christ Episcopal Church. He said:

I came here to say to you something about our departed friend and brother. If there was a man who had a large heart, that man was Warren H. Cudworth. If there was a man whose heart went out for all men, it was he. I doubt whether his place can ever be filled. We hear of minute men. *He* was a minute man. No matter where he was, no matter what he was doing, when the call came to see a sick man, to bury a dead woman, no matter whether black or white, whether by night or day, that man obeyed the summons and *went*. I have often thought when I have seen him going about that he was willing to spend and be spent in his Master's service. How sudden his death! but what a glorious transition. His very last moments were spent in thanking God for his mercies. God took him home. Could he have stood on a higher plane then he did when called away? I feel that Warren H. Cudworth was a true member of the catholic church, one who knew no sectarianism. Catch his spirit. Live for Jesus as he did, and you will go as he did, to receive a crown of glory.

The benediction was then pronounced by Mr. Munroe, and the "Comrades" to the number of several hundred, passed up-stairs to view the remains of their loved chaplain.

It was touchingly sad and yet imposing to see this sincere tribute of respect, and when the old colors of the regiment, under which he had marched, were borne by, with its reverent salute, the pent-up feelings were with difficulty restrained.

"At two o'clock the military with band and drum corps, under command of Major Rockwell, took up its line of position. The Grand Army of the Republic was formed on the left, and the First Massachusetts as a guard of honor surrounded the hearse. After the friends were seated in the carriages, the beautiful floral gifts were brought out and placed in an open landau, and the hearse drawn up in readiness to receive its precious freight (his pall-bearers were representatives of the different organizations with which he was connected), and as the casket was borne from the entrance, Chief Marshal Dalton,

taking off his hat, gave the command, "Salute!" The military presented arms, the comrades and veterans lifted their hats, and amid the roll of the muffled drums the casket was placed in the hearse, and to the music of the 'In Memoriam Requiem,' by the band, the procession began its march.

"Without pomp or pageantry, solemn and impressive as he would have wished it, the last sad rites were performed. Escorted through the streets which he had trod so often in his rounds of duty, amidst a throng of people who so often had listened to his pleasant voice, his body was borne to the silent city of the dead. After the body had been placed upon the bier, and the relatives and friends had gathered, Rev. Mr. Bush, standing at the head of the casket, offered a fervent prayer. He asked God to bless and sanctify the affliction, and to teach those present by the lesson of the life just ended to so live that they might reap the rich reward vouchsafed to him who had gone. He also asked that the blessing of God might rest upon the bereaved

sister, the afflicted friends and the veteran soldiers, and that all might at last meet in the better land where partings are unknown. As the body lay there in the gathering twilight, surrounded by choicest flowers, and as those who had known him best remembered his glorious life-work, they could but accept the sentiment of the poet:

> From his dust the laurels bloom;
> High they shoot and flourish free.
> Glory's temple is his tomb —
> Death is immortality.

"During the final ceremonies at the grave the western horizon began to exhibit signs of an autumnal sunset, and as the comrades gathered for the last time around the narrow home of him who had been so near and dear to them, their faces were lighted by an almost supernatural glow, and with a feeling of deep reverence, they raised their faces heavenward and mentally saluted their dead comrade who had gone to meet many of his former companions and join their roll call on the parade ground of eternity.

As the casket was lowered into its last resting place amid the roll of the muffled drums and the fifes playing Pleyel's Hymn, a rich red afterglow lighted up the horizon, while above the new moon beamed forth its benediction. He died as he lived — in the harness; he died as he had often expressed the wish he might die — at his work in the house of God; he died with the breath of thanksgiving on his lips; he died after a life of wonderful mental and physical activity — working to the very last, and not until the final summons came could he be induced to say 'I must stop;' he died leaving a memory fragrant with deeds well done during a long life of devotion to God and humanity. The grandeur of his life was only equalled by the grandeur of his death. His expressions of thanksgiving unfinished on earth have been completed above. Leaving a mortal congregation he joined the immortal choir in a holier and nobler service than that in which he was taking part when stricken. He leaves to a large circle of mourning friends, to his church and congregation who loved him

and whom *he* loved so dearly, to the community in which he has lived and labored, to all who knew him, he has left the example of a life well spent."

"At a regular meeting of the Wendell Phillips' and Endicott Branches of the Irish National League, held in Armory Hall Sunday evening, December 2, 1883, the following resolution was unanimously adopted."

*Resolved*, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the East Boston Unitarian Society, who have met with a great loss in the death of the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, whose many virtues as a Christian teacher and citizen endeared him to all who knew him.

At a meeting of the pastors of the East Boston Protestant churches, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted as expressive of their feelings regarding the character of their departed fellow-laborer, Rev. Mr. Cudworth.

WHEREAS, Almighty God, our Father, in His wise providence has removed by death, from our number and from this community, after an eminently useful pastorate of nearly thirty-two years, Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, a beloved brother minister, and honored citizen; therefore

*Resolved*, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies and

condolence to the only surviving sister of the deceased; also the society and Church of Our Father, and to the Sunday-school, in the great loss of their much loved pastor and superintendent.

*Resolved*, That we are happy to express our respect for his intellectual acquisitions and attainments; our praise for his diligence, earnest work and ministerial success, for his patriotism, and service for his country; our esteem for his manly, noble, genial, kind self; our admiration for his catholic, Christian spirit, and personal interest in his fellows; our pleasure in the exalted place he has gained in the estimation of citizen and soldier, of Protestant and Catholic, of adult and child; also our joy that he has been a blessing to so many thousands, and that a consecrated heart and life have such exponents of their real worth.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the sister of the deceased, Miss A. M. Cudworth, and to the church and society of Our Father; and we also respectfully request that the church present a copy of the above to Joseph Hooker Post 23, G. A. R., and to all other organizations of which the deceased was a member, and to the press for publication.

C. D. HILLS, *Pastor Saratoga St. M. E. Church;*
J. E. TWITCHELL, *Pastor Maverick Congregational Church;*
L. B. BATES, *Pastor Meridian St. M. E. Church and Bethel;*
J. L. SCOTT, *Pastor Presbyterian Church;*
W. F. POTTER, *Pastor Universalist Church;*
N. B JONES, JR., *Pastor Trinity Baptist Church;*
J. K. RICHARDSON, *Pastor Central Square Baptist Church;*
N. H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Pastor St. John's Episcopal Church.*

At a meeting held December 4, at the residence of Warren Fletcher, Esq., on Princeton street, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, God, our Father, in his all-wise providence, has removed, by death, from our midst Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, an esteemed and much loved honorary member, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Young Men's Social Union, tender our sympathy to Miss A. M. Cudworth, his sister, in her deep sorrow.

*Resolved*, That it is a pleasure to express our respect for his deep personal interest in the education of young men and their advancement into honorable positions, and our gratitude for his perseverance, interest and zeal in the exercises of the Union. We look back with pleasure to his many excellencies, worthy of our imitation, and though we regret his sudden passing away, yet "the soft memory of his virtues will linger like twilight hues when the bright sun is set."

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to his sister, and to the society of the Church of Our Father.

H. W. LORD,
J. O. GODFREY,
J. B. MACCABE,
F. W. REMICK,
W. G. EMERY,
BORDMAN HALL,
WARREN FLETCHER,
*Committee.*

CARD OF THANKS: — The undersigned, in behalf of Miss A. M. Cudworth, and the society of the Unitarian Church of Our Father, desire to extend their sincere thanks to the several veteran, military, civic, musical and ecclesiastical bodies, who participated and assisted in the obsequies of our beloved pastor, Rev. W. H. Cudworth.

EDWARD BRIGHAM,
RUFUS CUSHING,
S. TURNER MANSON,
SIDNEY PETERSON,
CHAS. K. MORRISON,
*Standing Committee of the Church of Our Father.*

At a meeting of the First Regiment Massachusetts Veteran Association, held in Boylston Hall, December 2, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The survivors of the First Regiment of Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteers, assembled here to-day to do honor to the memory of our late comrade, Chaplain Warren H. Cudworth, hereby desire to publicly express our love and respect for one whose good works will serve better than monuments of stone or bronze to keep his memory green in the hearts of his comrades, his neighbors and his associates in his chosen walk of life. We recall the faithful and continuous discharge of his duties with the regiment throughout its active term of service; how thoughtfully he cared for sick and wounded; how tenderly he closed the eyes of our dying, buried our dead and gave good coun-

sel and advice to us all. We testify to his continued interest in our welfare in later and more peaceful years; how many happy nuptials he has made more cheery by his presence, how many occasions of sorrow he has been instrumental in tempering by his earnest consolation and prayers; how many public demonstrations he has graced by his patriotic enthusiasm. Summoned to the presence of our Supreme Commander from the very midst of his labors, we cannot but feel that in the wisdom of Almighty God it was well that he was spared sickness and pain, knowing that, like a true Christian soldier, he ever had his armor on ready for his Master's call.

Sunday, December 9, a memorial sermon was preached in the church by Rev. S. H. Winkley. An exquisite floral design was placed upon the communion table — the gates wide open — which drew all eyes to the spot where *his* dear body lay one week before; and suggested the reception of his tried and purified spirit. The text was John xxi. 7: *It is expedient for you that I go away.*

These are the words uttered by Jesus when about to leave his disciples. He had also said, "If ye love me ye would rejoice because I go to my Father, for my Father is greater than I." This they could understand, even if hard so to do. But "it is *expedient* for you that I should go away" — this must have filled them with amazement.

For notice that a threefold cord held them and him together. First, a temporal consideration; second, as a friend; and third as a revelator and redeemer. First, temporally. They regarded him as the long-expected Messiah — the one who was to raise that little nation of theirs to something mighty, through making it at the same time a heavenly kingdom. He was to be king. And such a king! And they were to be princes in that kingdom. All its citizens were to be raised into the prosperity of a millennium. And yet he says to them, "It is expedient for *you* that I go away."

Second, as a friend. And what a friend! They had been together in many a scene of pleasure and of affliction. In long country walks and in the domestic circle. Amid the crowds that gathered around him to hear his instructions, and as individuals asking and answering questions. In all, he was the magnet. No wonder that they were drawn to him. No wonder that multitudes of men and of women hung upon his words, and delighted to minister to his needs. No such blessed friendship had been known before. And now that he has become the very sunshine of their lives, he says to them, "I must go." And, "It is expedient for *you* that I go."

Third, as son of God, and son of man, he was as none other. "Never man spake like this man." Similar truths may have been uttered before. Miracles of an astonishing kind had been performed by their ancient prophets, but Jesus revealed the Eternal Love in such a way as to have the Father win his children to himself. He thereby revealed to man the possibility of being children of Infinite Love. As a result of this love relation to the Father, he as-

sured them that they were passing from death unto life, and were being possessed of immortality. He made sure to them the fact that the reign of this love upon earth would be co-extensive with the willingness of man to receive it. And he, even while he revealed these glorious possibilities, must go. And to them, as they were by his aid seeing God, self, a redeemed earth, and eternal life, he says, "It is expedient for *you* that I go away." Other words he uttered to them, which if he must go, they could hear with joy.

First, "If ye love me keep my commandments." Second, "Lo, I am with you always, unto the end of the world." "My Father and I will make our abode with you and in you." Third, "I will prepare a place for you and will receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

The sad time came for him to go. They could rejoice that he had gone to the Father, and without delaying to discover *how* it was expedient for them that he should go, they kept his commandments. One promise of his was at once fulfilled. The Holy Spirit, the love spirit, abundantly descended upon them. Then the twelve, the seventy, the one hundred and twenty, and the five hundred, became mighty ones in his cause. The work which they would have left for him to do because he was so mighty, and could do it so much better, they did as well as they could. Presently their party was increased by thousands. It was in this grand result that they began to see *how* it was expedient for them — yes, for Jesus, for God, and for the world — that he should go away. Had his disciples continued thus to work through the

centuries, long ere this *love* would have conquered the world. Christ and the angels, as well as the Father, showed by this increase of numbers that they were with these true laborers. As in following years they completed their work, either through martyrdom, or a natural departure, they found their place prepared, and were welcomed by the Master; not to an immortality of ease, but to a copartnership with the innumerable company of ministering spirits, who should continue their labors till the whole world be redeemed. There were still other words which Jesus had uttered, such as these: "As my Father sent me into the world, so send I you." "He that receiveth you receiveth me." And so the loved ones have been sent down to the present time. Thus *our* loved one, who has so recently gone, might have said to us: "If ye love me, ye will rejoice because I go to the Father," and through his great confidence in the Father, he might have added, "Dear friends, it is expedient for *you* that I go." Yet for three similar reasons it seems impossible for us to assent; first, his temporal relation; second, his friendship, and third his spiritual work.

First, temporally. This church, and all its instrumentalities were his kingdom; and as if he were the only one who could or should do it, he said, "I would like this to be a free church. I will take upon myself the whole financial responsibility;" and he did so. He made this house a home for all who chose to avail themselves of it. Many have been blessed in the simple rest and quiet of this church long before they have learned to live Christian lives; and many also have derived healthful enjoyment, for an evening, from its social gatherings, who

may at the time have received little besides. Very many, both children and adults, has he taught to sing, who may not to this day have learned "to make melody in their hearts to God;" and yet who have been blessed in the song, and will be. Many an instructive entertainment has he given here which, while it has abundantly imparted information, may not yet have borne fruit unto life eternal. At many a wedding and party of pleasure has he been, with his words of cheer and gladness; and what house or hand of need has he ever passed by? As Jesus healed the sick, frequented weddings and parties, and answered the questions of many who were unready to receive from him any higher gift — so did he who fills all our minds, follow in the footsteps of his Master, and materially bless those whom he could not spiritually elevate. Regarding him only in this way, how can we hear him say — "It is expedient for *you* that I go away."

Second, friendship. You and I know what a friend he was. That firm grasp of the hand, the genial smile, the active intellect, the soul full of music, the love of every moral virtue, undisputed patriotism, active philanthrophy and acknowledged piety — all qualified him to respond so utterly to all that another had to give, and which at once rendered his friendship so valuable and so permanent. How large a place he leaves vacant! As we more and more realize our loss, how can we hear him say to us, "It is expedient for *you* that I go away."

Third, as a spiritual teacher. He taught Christian truths not as one who had simply learned them intellectually, but as the test of his experience made him sure of them. His very knowledge was derived not so much from mere

books and abstract reasoning, as from the enlightenment which comes through the affections. It was this which made him a great man; greater — if the tree is to be judged by its fruits — than his world knew. He indeed sat at the feet of Jesus, and with his thought, received his spirit; and it was through this active discipleship that he was so well qualified to teach and to preach. How clearly he revealed to the willing mind the son of Love! With what success he lifted the veil from the Infinite Father's face! With what skill he induced human hearts to open for the inflow of the Holy Spirit! In this pulpit how earnestly he preached it; and in the Sunday-school how clearly he taught it. He would have his congregation *sing* with the spirit and the understanding also. In every devotional meeting he would have all efforts mean, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." In every home he would hear "Our Father who art in Heaven." In every wedding it was the recognition of His spirit who graced the marriage at Cana. At funerals, and in every garden of Gethsemane, it was "Thy will, not mine, be done." In war or peace, in joy and sorrow, how he continually opened our eyes to see these divine truths, and our ears to hear the heavenly voices by which we were moved through love to a higher life. He would have us as individuals, redeemed from doubt and sin. He would have us comforted in our sorrows and grateful in our joys. He would have us live very near to the Father, and hold sweet communion with his children. He would have us possess the peace which passeth all understanding, and be filled with the joy of the Master. In a word, he would have us "daily increase in knowledge and wisdom, and in favor with God and

man." One would think this were enough; but *he* would not so think, unless it included as a predominant interest the like redemption and elevation of every member of the great human family. How can we hear him — who has led us in all these directions so diligently — say to us "It is expedient for *you* that I go away." We can do what the friends of *his* great Friend and ours did, leave this question for time to answer; and yet how much the favorableness of that answer rests with us. Therefore, let us heed those other three utterances: first, "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" second, "I will be with you always;" and third, "Where I am, there shall ye be also." At once, then, let us to the work as they did. Let every man, woman and child be a Cudworth; not so efficient, it may be, but in your own lot and place do your part at the best. Let there be no holding back. The time for leaning upon *him* is passed. Let, then, the work of this church go forward with fresh diligence. At once arrange that the best shall be done to make this a living society. Let every one, however wanting in influence he may consider himself, yet hold himself responsible for its prosperity, as if he were the only one who could make it sure. In this case no one will be absent from church any more than that dear friend would have been. Every part of the service will be enlivened as if he had multiplied himself into the number present. The musical interest will be looked after as if he were the soul of it. The Sunday-school will then be made to flourish, not only by the renewed zeal of the teachers, but also by the hearty response of the pupils, as if his presence were recognized. The next year will then find the school larger

and better than to-day. The devotional meetings will be ever of a higher order. Personal piety will be more marked and greater effort put forth to lead others to do his will on earth as angels are doing it in Heaven; his friends will be cared for; and his dear ones have a double portion of sympathy. The poor will be looked after; and every form of ministration will be rendered with increased zeal. Then will the twelve, the seventy, the one hundred and twenty, and the five hundred work as only lovers of God and His children can. Then will your Pentacostal time come. Every one will be greatly increased in energy, and numbers will be added to you. Then, among the cloud of witnesses with which we are surrounded, will you not rejoice to recognize *him* as still your leader? and, as one after another, you finish the earthly course, will you not meet him with joy as you point to these monuments of your love?

Yes; and before that time even, in the midst of this increased activity and prosperity; following as a necessity his departure, may you not be able to see why it was expedient for you, yes, and for him, and for all, that he should go away. You may in sadness ask, "Why did we not do all this while he was with us?" and so might the disciples of Christ have asked. If they had, perhaps the same answer would have been appropriate to both. It was necessary that he should come, and by much diligent labor lead you to a condition where you would both desire and be qualified to do this grand work; and then it was expedient that he should go away and leave the work with only you to do it, that thereby a more abundant harvest might be secured.

In the evening a service was held in the Union Hall in memory of Rev. Mr. Cudworth, who was for many years a life member and devoted friend of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. The esteem and respect in which he was held during life, and the sorrow at his decease, found expression in an attendance which speedily filled the hall to overflowing, while many were unable to obtain admittance at all. On the platform were seated President Baldwin, Rev. S. H. Winkley, Rev. L. B. Bates of East Boston, Rev. R. Perry Bush of Everett, Rev. C. W. Wendte of Newport, R. I., Master Lincoln of the Lyman School, and many other well-known gentlemen.

A very fine portrait of the deceased clergyman rested on an easel near the front of the stage, draped with smilax. The opening address was by President Baldwin, who spoke as follows:

Members and friends of the Christian Union, we have met here this evening to pay our tribute of affection and regard to our Brother Cudworth, a life member and devoted friend of this Union for many years. His loss is deeply felt throughout this entire community. We shall

miss him here at the Union, where he delighted to meet with and speak to the young people to whom he was strongly attached. Mr. Cudworth's power and influence over the young was based upon his strong, clear, spiritual convictions. He always presented the great problems of life, death, and the great future, with clearness of thought and expression. He was a firm believer in the Christian religion. No uncertain sound ever came from his lips. He cared not for philosophical and scientific essays in the Christian pulpit, his whole soul being wrought up to its highest point in dealing with the vital truths of the Christian religion. Mr. Cudworth was a true preacher, minister and friend. He was ever ready to extend "the right hand of fellowship" to those of every class and rank in God's great human family. Yes, friends, Mr. Cudworth was a true friend to all, and to this Christian Union. I dare not attempt at this time to recall the strong words of interest and appreciation in the work of this society which he so often and warmly expressed to me. Yes, we did have a friend in him for many years while on earth, and may we not have the sweet and consoling faith to believe that somehow he is now, and always will be, with us in the spirit, hovering above and around us, ever watchful of our interests, and thus may we not think of him as one of the dear friends we had on earth, and still now an interested friend in the better land to which he has been called by his Father and our Father? God grant that it may be so.

Mr. Baldwin then read the following letter from ex-Governor Long:

WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 5.

DEAR MR. BALDWIN: — I wish I could be present at your meeting of the Union next Sunday evening, if only to stand up and be counted as paying tribute, not to the memory, but to the still living worth and work of Rev. Mr. Cudworth. You have done well in your frequent commemoration of the birthdays of the great men of the country. But you do still better when you recall this shining example of one of our own familiar neighbors and citizens who for so many years devoted his energies and talents to living a good life himself and inspiring one in others; who was full of the spirit, and did the works of Christianity; whose influence was felt by a whole generation of young men, and who, true hero as he was, whether on the battlefield of war, or in the constant service of peace and good will to men, was always at his post, and at his post died faithfully at last. What a splendid example he has left in the struggles of his youth for education and opportunity, in the consecration of his manhood to the service of God and his fellowmen, in his patriotic service in the war, in his unfailing charities and works of cheer, and courage, and instruction, and in the whole influence of his life. Most sincerely do I join you in commemorating him.

Very truly yours,

JOHN D. LONG.

Chaplain Barnes at the Massachusetts State prison wrote:

I am profoundly moved by the decease of Mr. Cudworth. He was settled in East Boston the year I commenced

preaching, was brought up in my native city, and, since his settlement in East Boston, has many a time impressed me with his earnestness, sincerity and great heartedness and spiritual simplicity as few men have ever done. It seems a loss of first magnitude to the Christian church and needy humanity; so far as I can see, irreparable. God pity us who are left, and raise up some one to take his work on to perfection.

WARENVILLE, *Dec.* 6, 1883.

Rev. S. H. Winkley was then introduced, and said:

There are some men who calculate the importance of every act they undertake by the amount of dollars and cents it will be likely to accrue to them; there are others who wish you to prove logically every statement you may utter, and if you fail, or refuse to do so, they cast the principle aside as worthless. But our deceased brother belonged to neither of these classes. His was a grand, noble nature, and as simple as it was grand. His whole heart was embarked in whatever he undertook, and in view of this fact it is not surprising that he succeeded so well in life, for when a man is moved by his heart, and has perseverance, he will rarely if ever fail. Brother Cudworth had clear convictions, and exercised a strong love for all mankind. It was his especial delight to lend a helping hand to the weak and lowly, in order that they might be raised from their wretchedness, and led to know the peace and mercy of God. Selfish men vacillate, but he who loves never vacillates. If you tell him that

the way is rough and the journey long, he loves it all the more, caring nothing for hardships, misunderstandings or trials, but pursues his course faithfully and fearlessly to the end. Brother Cudworth could never leave East Boston permanently, for his whole heart was bound up in his people there, and he would ever stay with those he loved. A true man will love his enemy as well as his friend, and he will not neglect to do what he can to bring both to God. Such was Brother Cudworth, loving God and his fellow-men. Doing good to all, working day and night for the young and old, the high and lowly, he leaves behind him an example never to be forgotten.

After the singing of "God moves in a mysterious way," by the audience, Rev. R. Perry Bush of Everett was introduced, and spoke as follows:

A certain great one has said that that sentiment is little and unworthy which is over prodigal in its praise of men; but I judge it not unworthy that we meet here to-night to honor him we love. Mr. Cudworth was a man who ever, during his long and useful life, was true to the spirit of duty, and courted not the applause of the multitude. And I am glad to be here to-night that I may add my tribute to the honored dead. I come to bring to you my regard for him, knowing that in you there is an answer to that regard, and as I look in your faces I find a responsive echo in your hearts for his great friendship and continued interest in your Union. Brother Cudworth was an indefatigable worker, and from early morning until late at night he labored zealously in the vine-

yard of the Lord. He did his part well, and his memory will be a benediction. Whatever he did was with a motive clear, strong and noble. Sincerity and energy were his great characteristics, and that simple trust in God's controlling law made him always a servant of Jesus Christ. And as we think, and the tears rise to our eyes, we can feel that his spirit still lives, and is with us to inspire us to follow in his footsteps.

The next address was delivered by Rev. L. B. Bates of East Boston, who said:

The past few days have revealed to me as never before, the worth of a man's character. Brother Cudworth was a man so beloved by people of all classes, that when he died he had a funeral in every house, in every church, and in every place of business in the Island wards. I think, that in the history of Boston for the past twenty years, you will not find anothor case in which so large a number of people could say with truth, "This was my friend." From one week ago yesterday until he was buried, over twelve thousand people passed up the aisles of his church to take a farewell look and say good-by to the brother whose memory calls us here to-night. The death of Mr. Cudworth has left not a sceptic nor a doubter in the future life, in East Boston. Creeds are theories, and sometimes it matters little in regard to them. The life is the experience. Mr. Cudworth was ever mindful of the welfare of those under his charge, whether at home or on the battlefield, and often when the stars were shining on Southern scenes, and the soldiers were sleep-

ing in their tents, I have heard him praying fervently for his comrades, his country, and for his people and the church at home. In Brother Cudworth's death the community loses one of the noblest, purest and best of men, and while I have life I shall cherish the memory of that faithful servant of God whose life has done so much to link together the hearts of his brethren, and to lift up the race to holiness and God.

Rev. C. W. Wendte of Newport, R. I., was next introduced, who spoke as follows:

My dear friends, our dear departed brother died leaving us an example that we should take to heart, that we may follow reverently, tenderly and earnestly in his footsteps. Our lamented friend had two great characteristics which we may take home with us as an incentive to imitate that lovely and symmetrical life: First, his intense earnestness and indomitable will; whatever he undertook he carried out to the end, allowing no divisions, allegations or indifferencies to swerve him from his course, and making every sacrifice possible in order to embrace all mankind in the love of God. Second, his noble unselfishness of life. Ever pure in thought and chaste in life, he was an apostle of righteousness. Young men sometimes say, "I have not had a fair chance in life, and not much can be expected of me." The memory of that good man, and of his earnest, hopeful, helpful life, should still such mur muring and rebuke such timidity.

Mr. H. H. Lincoln, master of the Lyman School

at East Boston, a parishioner and intimate friend of Mr. Cudworth since his settlement, said that it would be hard to say too much good of the departed. He had expected and hoped that he should have Brother Cudworth by his side when his own time should come to die; he had never thought that his beloved pastor would be the first to go. His last words, "I must stop," were said with his mortal lips only; his spirit cried, "I must go on." "Onward, upward, ever," was his life motto; from one perfection to another, through an infinite series; on, on, until I can command all the knowledge and wisdom in the universe. His prayer was ever "Nearer, my God, to thee." The speaker gave several instances of Mr. Cudworth's affection for young men, and closed by reciting the poem,

Over the river,

with fine effect.

On the tenth of December a meeting of the Willing Workers, connected with the Sabbath-school of the Church of Our Father, was held, and a committee chosen to prepare a set of

resolutions expressive of their irreparable loss in the departure of their president, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, who had been elected by them to fill that office during his earthly life; and the following preamble and resolutions were presented at their next regular meeting:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the ever-loving Heavenly Father to remove from his earthly work to his heavenly joy, our life-long chosen President, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, whose loving smile was a heavenly benediction to every child and youth in the band of Willing Workers connected with the Sabbath-school, therefore,

*Resolved*, That while tears will overflow when the full fount is stirred to its depths, yet we will not murmur, but cherish in our heart of hearts the rich treasure of his deep, tender, and ever unfailing love for children — his untiring devotion in word and work for their best good; and his earnest Christian counsel, that to "work for the Master" in the "willing" spirit was alone acceptable to Him, and that He would crown each loving, self-sacrificing effort, for His sake, with rich success, and the blest benediction, Well done.

*Resolved*, That to strive to carry out in our lives the exalted Christian precepts which have ever fallen so abundantly from his lips — to embody the grand character of his unselfish, untiring devotion to the good of all about him, and to be in very truth and deed the Willing Workers in Christ's Church, carrying out, so far as may be

his cherished plans for its upbuilding, we shall thereby erect for him the only enduring monument — grand and beautiful — outlasting all "gilded domes and marble spires."

*Resolved*, That we remember in sympathy his sister, Miss A. M. Cudworth, and all other relatives and friends, and all workers with him in this his church home — especially in Sabbath-school, both teachers and scholars, together with our highly esteemed Assistant Superintendent, Hon. H. B. Hill — with all we mingle our gratitude and our tears, and earnestly pray, that, while *he* will ever be our guiding star through life, the lustre thereof may grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day shall dawn, and all together, re-united with our loved leader — gone before — bask in the full beams of the Son of Righteousness, ever more to be "Willing Workers" in the angel school where Christ himself doth rule.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss A. M. Cudworth, also that we submit the same to the *East Boston Advocate*, and to the *Argus*, requesting publication.

SUSAN C. DAMON,
SAMUEL C. MARTIN, JR.,
ALBERT T. SNOW,
*Committee.*

At the regular meeting of the East Boston Band of Hope, which was held in the lecture room of the Church of Our Father, the following resolutions were also unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom has called our friend and helper, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, to his home above, and we shall see his face no more,

WHEREAS, We shall ever remember his unfailing interest in our welfare, manifested by innumerable acts of kindness, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with his lonely sister, while we mourn for ourselves and pray that the memory of his truth and integrity may ever remain to help us in our lives.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss Cudworth, and that they be published in the *East Boston Advocate*.

MRS. GEORGE O. PARKER,
MISS MARGARET J. BAILEY,
MISS MAUDE FOLTZ,
*Committee.*

December 12 the Union Sewing Circle of the Church of Our Father held their first regular meeting after the departure of their deeply lamented pastor, and the following preamble and resolutions were called forth:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst the much loved pastor, and ever devoted friend in our circle, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, who has filled the office of trustee for the last twenty-two years, but is now called to his higher trusts in the angelic circle, therefore,

*Resolved*, That while we submit without murmur to the ever-wise and all-loving will of God, we will ever keep in the treasury of our hearts and minds his precious legacy of disinterested love, and active devotion to the good of the Church, his perfect sacrifice of self on the altar of Christian life, and his spirit of "Good Will" to all, which ever brought harmony from discord, and put new energy into every activity.

*Resolved*, That by the memory and influence of the past, we will re-dedicate our industrial circle to the interests of the Church of our Father, reconsecrate our hearts and hands to the work made so sacred by his labor, his prayers, and his life-sacrifice — that we may enter into his labor, having the mantle of his spirit fall on us, that we may thereby build the only enduring monument of his glorious life.

*Resolved*, That we extend to his sister, Miss A. M. Cudworth, and other relatives, our heartfelt sympathy in their deep bereavement; and rejoice together with them in the hope that when we too "must stop" in our earthly course, the dear remembered hand-grasp may once more be ours, with the greetings of the angelic circle ever busy doing our Father's will, in His house of many mansions, where there will be no more going out forever.

These resolutions being unanimously adopted, it was voted to send a copy to the bereaved sister, and also to submit the same to the *Advocate*, and to the *Argus*, for publication.

At a meeting of the directors of the Boston North End Mission, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, God in his wisdom has seen fit to remove suddenly from our number the Rev. W. H. Cudworth, a member of the board of directors of this Mission, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we acquiesce in the dealings of that Divine Providence which "sees the end from the beginning," and "doeth all things well," believing that our great loss is the unspeakable gain of our friend and associate.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the only surviving sister of the deceased, and to the church over which he for over thirty years ministered, our sympathy and condolence in the great loss which they have sustained.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Mission, and a copy be forwarded to the sister of the deceased, and to the Church of Our Father, East Boston.

H. E. ABBOTT, *Secretary.*
L. B. BATES, *Chairman.*

BOSTON, *December* 18, 1883.

The accompanying resolutions were unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, In the death of the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth the order of the Temple of Honor in general, and Phœnix

Temple of Honor in particular, have sustained an irreparable loss,

*Resolved*, That Phœnix Temple of Honor, while bowing meekly to the will of Divine Providence, cannot permit the dispensation which has deprived them of a devoted brother, a warm friend, an earnest champion, to pass without placing on record a recognition of the valuable services of their late brother, and their sincere sorrow at his sudden death.

*Resolved*, That as a Temple we acknowledge the numerous favors which we have received at his hands and gratefully remember his endorsement of our work on numerous public and private occasions.

*Resolved*, That we will endeavor to emulate his example in his devotion to the principles we have vowed to support, and pledge ourselves, in view of the death of our brother, to renewed fealty to those principles in theory and practice.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the sister of our deceased brother; that they be spread upon our records, and that they be published in the *East Boston Advocate*.

A. H. Lewis,
A. W. Hussey,
J. W. Swint,
*Committee.*

East Boston, *Dec.* 20, 1883.

At the last directors' meeting of the Home Club, the following resolutions were passed:

*Resolved*, That in the death of Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, the Home Club has lost a warm and generous friend, whose hearty sympathy in our work has been from the first year of our organization, a source of encouragement and strength.

*Resolved*, That while we recognize and deplore the great loss which not only this organization, but the whole community, has sustained, we yet rejoice that so lofty an example of a noble and upright life has been granted us. We are grateful for his purity, his integrity, his devotion to humanity, his truth to the highest ideals, and we trust that his memory in this community may serve as an inspiration to nobler modes of thought and life.

*Resolved*, That we tender to his bereaved sister our tenderest sympathy in her affliction; we weep with her for loss of a tender brother, and beseech her to rejoice with us in the beauty of the life that has closed, and in the fullness of the life that has begun.

M. B. ERSKINE,
*Cor. Sec'y Home Club.*

EAST BOSTON *Dec.* 31, '83.

The same kind friend who the year previous had filled a part of the windows of our beautiful church with the pictured representations of the Evangelists and the birth and ascension of our Lord and Redeemer, was this new year to finish the gift; and the life of Jesus from his baptism to his crucifixion, according to the pastor's wish,

were to fill the remaining windows. But he was not allowed to see them in their place, and they were set as a sacred legacy to the church he could no longer serve.

The following, from one of the smaller societies, is but one of many:

WHEREAS, The Father in Heaven, in His infinite wisdom, has called our friend and brother, Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, to his home above, and hid him from our view; and,

WHEREAS, Brother Cudworth's ministrations to our society in days gone by, his ever cordial sympathy, and his hearty interest in our welfare made him dearly beloved by each and all among us, and awakened in our hearts most tender regard, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we deeply sorrow at this separation, and with the sister, and the unnumbered multitude of friends, we unite to mourn his loss, and to pray that the remembrance of his words and works may long remain to help us in our lives;

*Resolved*, That we tender to all friends of the deceased our earnest sympathy, and in token thereof, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss Cudworth, and that they be published in the *East Boston Argus*, the *East Boston Advocate*, and the *Everett Free Press*.

J. E. COBURN,
R. M. BARNARD,
REV. R. PERRY BUSH,
*For the Everett Universalist Society.*

At a meeting of Mount Tabor Masonic Lodge, held January 17, 1884, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from us the earthly companionship of our worthy, honored and loved brother, Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, who departed this life on Thanksgiving Day, while offering a union Thanksgiving prayer to Deity in behalf of the people of the Island ward, therefore,

*Resolved*, By the officers and members of Mount Tabor Lodge duly assembled, that by his death and removal, we have lost one of the most valuable members that ever enlisted in the cause of our institution.

*Resolved*, That we hold in reverential admiration the noble and glorious works of his whole life, his sincere devotion and never-ceasing labor in the cause of advancing to higher life and noble ambition the whole human race to unite them in one common bond of universal brotherhood.

*Resolved*, That we have no words adequate whereby to express the great sorrow that we feel and realize in the sudden bereavement of one so loved, honored and respected; whose bright example and exemplary life reflect so much honor, not only on our institution, but on all the institutions with which he was connected.

*Resolved*, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his sister, his nearest relative, and all his relatives, his church and people, his Sunday-school especially, and all those asso-

ciations to which he belonged, we mourn with them, for we feel their grief, and we will keep green his memory in heart of hearts until it shall cease to beat.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records, a copy sent to his sister, and church and society.

J. A. MAYNARD,
G. S. SAMPSON,
J. S. PERKINS.
*Committee.*

The following letter is given as another loving testimony from one of his many friends.

FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK, BOSTON, *Jan.* 31, 1884.

DEAR MADAM: — At the quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees held this day, the following was submitted by Hon. Frederick Lincoln: — The last member of our Board whose departure we deplore is the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, who became a trustee in 1877. He was the beloved chaplain of the First Regiment of Massachusetts in the late civil war. No one of his profession evinced, by active, personal service, a more devoted and patriotic interest in his country's cause. His connection with our institution commenced early in the struggle. Such was the confidence placed in his integrity by many of the soldiers in his regiment, that they voluntarily put in his hands the money which they received when paid on the field. These sums he transmitted to our bank, to be held in security until their return, or the wants of their families required. This was only one of the philanthropic

measures which distinguished his public and private life. While discharging to a remarkable degree the sacred duties belonging to a clergyman, he also possessed business qualifications which eminently fitted him for a seat on our board. No death in our city within the last twelve months has been more universally regretted, or sincerely mourned. We shall miss his hearty greeting, and genial presence; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, as a token of respect to the memory of our late associate, that the secretary be requested in our behalf, to transmit a letter of condolence, with the assurance of our deep sympathy in the bereavement sustained; and that a copy of this action of the Board be entered in full upon the records.

HENRY WHITTEMORE, *Secretary.*

A visitor at his grave thus writes:

I found I was not the only pilgrim to this shrine; the whole broad avenues on either side were completely filled with people, composed largely of Mr. Cudworth's parishioners in East Boston, with many Everett friends, making a congregation larger than in many of our churches this day: a congregation he was then and there speaking to without words, with a sermon unwritten, yet apparently sinking deeper into the hearts of all present, than any of his most eloquent discourses. Each one remembered some kind word spoken which awakened them to a new and better life; or some kind deed done which no one else knew, and this silent preacher covered with June's flowers, preached his greatest sermon without words — Immortality

— and this silent congregation, standing in the fading sunlight of this first day of summer, worshipped the Father for having given to them the faithful teacher of liberal Christianity, and left to them a noble life for our example.

The following characteristic letter is from the *Christian Register*. "We could not cite a better illustration of Mr. Cudworth's readiness for service than the following note, written by him in June last, in which he heartily accepts a very difficult task. The directors of the Suffolk Conference had proposed a series of thirty theatre meetings to be held this winter — 1883 — in the Boston Theatre. Desirous to give unity to the course and to place it under the direction of some one man who knew the people, they earnestly invited Mr. Cudworth to direct it, with the understanding that he should select and invite the preachers, arrange the music, and, in brief, make it his evening service for the winter. To this proposal, involving, as will be seen, work of the hardest, simply in the common cause, Mr. Cudworth immediately and cordially assented in the following note to Mr. Hale, the chair-

man of the conference. We print it with a certain sad pleasure, as showing the readiness of spirit of the man:

As to the Theatre services of last winter, I am glad to know that the Suffolk Conference feel encouraged by their success; more glad that the gentlemen who compose it meditate a repetition; and most glad to be accounted worthy by the Lord and them of any humblest part or place in such an enterprise. All life comes from use, of use, and for use — use and exercise. Boston Unitarianism needs a little more exercise. If Boston Unitarians would take hold heartily of such an enterprise as thirty theatre Sunday evening meetings to instruct and Christianize the rough or cultivated mass, one hundred thousand strong, of people outside of all church influence in our midst, they would score of their gospel triumphs one of the greatest. Count me your leader, if you will, though I am not worthy the poorest follower's place. Everything I have, and all I am or can be, are at Christ's service and yours, for their good in this great city, for whom, if second death were necessary, he would even die again.

Cordially yours,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

When the period came for the opening of the course, Mr. Cudworth was obliged, very unwillingly, to withdraw from the charge of it. It seems as if, even then, he had some indication

that he must spare this faithful body which had served him so well, and must not undertake all that his heart or his hand found to do.

Judge E. R. Hoar, in an essay in December, on "Church Hospitality," paid this fine tribute to Mr. Cudworth. "I should hardly like to have this gathering separate without bringing to mind the name of one man in this city whose sudden and lamented death within the last few weeks brought out such a burst of sympathy and respect and admiration from men of every religious denomination, of all the churches about him — Mr. Cudworth, of East Boston, a man who was himself an exemplification of religious and church hospitality. I wish to express my opinion that I know no citizen of Boston, no matter what his position, social or political, no matter what his wealth, whose death would be a greater loss to the cause of everything that is good and valuable in our community, than is the death of that man. He had gathered the largest Sunday-school of our denomination in the country, and a large society (which if not rich

is yet not poor). Where the heart, the purpose and the belief is found, as in the case of Mr. Cudworth, we shall find somehow or other we are accomplishing the object."

The New York *Christian Union* had the following editorial: "The sudden death of the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, the widely known and successful Unitarian clergyman of East Boston, while offering prayer in a union service in the orthodox church, touched chords that vibrated sensitively through wide circles. As if prophetic of the coming day when God's watchmen shall all see eye to eye, it has been the custom for some years for all the Protestant churches to unite in Thanksgiving services. On the recent occasion Mr. Cudworth had just begun to pray, but he suddenly paused, remarking, 'I — must — stop,' and fell over upon his side, and instantly passed away. With the exception of several years in the army, and one year recently abroad, he has been in active service the year through in his church in East Boston, since the commencement of his ministry in 1852. He gath-

ered a large congregation; a Sunday-school of some seven hundred — the largest Unitarian school, I have seen it stated, in the world; he was ever active among all classes, bright, cheerful, hopeful and helpful, especially to young men; busy in temperance work and all works of reform; vivacious, apt, eminently sensible; of pure life and earnest purpose; he did his work well, and seemed ready, at the age of fifty-eight, for his translation. Of the men of all denominations who have frequently spent the night in my family, a visit or two from Mr. Cudworth, while engaged in his temperance work, left an aroma especially for the children, as fragrant as any; and those occasions will ever be recalled with pleasure and gratitude."

The Rev. Mr. Cook, at the Baptist Bethel, spoke thus of Mr. Cudworth: "We have known him here at the Bethel — some of you have known him ever since he came to Boston. He did not look coldly upon me when I asked him to come and speak at our temperance meetings, for whenever he could spare the time he has

been here to speak to us. In the fourteen years we have labored together no other man who has died has created so much sorrow in this portion of the city. He was an upright and honest man. He wanted to deal justly and walk humbly before his God. When in the army, on pay days, he would visit the soldiers who were spending their money for liquor, or in gambling, and would say to them, Let me send your money home to your families. They would hand it over to him, because they knew they could trust him better than they could themselves. No wonder the streets were lined with people and soldiers to-day, during the funeral services. And what a demonstration was there when, a few years ago, he started for Europe. Millionnaires go to Europe, but no crowds attend their departure, as was the case with him. It is the duty of every man to imitate the industry, the honesty, the large-heartedness of the deceased toward the poor. He always rejoiced in the work we are doing here for the poor and lowly and for the sailors. He didn't belong to that

class of Unitarians who deny the inspiration of the Bible. His church has been a great blessing to the poor children of that part of Boston where he lived. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' I could have said to those soldiers today, 'Tread lightly, comrades, he was a man.'"

The *Watchman* pays this tribute to the late Rev. W. H. Cudworth: "At home, he was a man of so abounding usefulness to the community, so assiduous in his ministry to the poor, and so consistent in his manifestation of a Christian spirit, as won the love and respect of all who knew him. He was such a man as might well be indifferent whether the summons should come to him with or without warning."

*Zion's Herald* (Methodist) says of Mr. Cudworth: "His name will long be held in reverence in East Boston by people of all religious faiths."

At the time of his death Rev. Mr. Cudworth had attended one thousand four hundred and seventy-eight funerals, solemnized eight hundred and sixty-six marriages, received four hundred

and sixty members to his church, baptized two hundred and forty adults, and christened one thousand one hundred and six children.

## A PRAYER FOR HIS CHURCH.

Here may faith with fervor blend,
Here devotion's flame ascend,
Grace and mercy here abound
And the peace of God be found.
Oh, let hungry souls be fed
Here with true and living bread,
And to Thee accepted rise
All our Sabbath's sacrifice.

Holy influences distill,
Every heart with fervor fill,
Quell the sinner's anxious fear,
Dry the mourner's bitter tear;
Truth and duty help us learn
Till our hearts within us burn,
Till each soul shall deeply feel
Earnest life and fervent zeal.

Teach us, Father, to fulfil,
All thy wise and sacred will,
Every doubt and fear remove,
Warm our hearts with holy love;
For the Gospel help us feel

Deep concern and fervent zeal,
And we all united be,
One in Christ and one with thee.

REV. W. H. CUDWORTH.

As the coincidence is somewhat marked in the spiritual and military life of Mr. Cudworth, it may be interesting to note it. The church on Webster street, in which he first preached, has since been used by the G. A. R. Ritchie Hall, where he next preached, is now used by the Maverick Rifles, and the first church of the society is used by the Sheridan Guards. The military order of the Sons of Veterans of the United States mustered into service, soon after his death, Camp Number 4, and named it for him. As it grows stronger in numbers and means, may it uphold in "honor," his name with their own.

And with a poetical tribute in harmony with this thought, our labor of love will close:

Mid the breath of the flowers' sweet perfume,
And the flags drooping low o'er thy breast,
Mid the muffled drums' slow solemn dirges,
Pass, "Servant of God," to thy rest.

Just a step from the bank of the river
To the depths of the tide flowing by,
Just a step from his altars earth-builded,
To the courts of thy "Father" On High.

Unworn yet the strength of the scabbard,
Ensheathing the blade firm and true,
Undimmed yet the eagle eye's lustre,
"Strong in Zion," thou passeth from view.

No watching, and wearying, and waiting,
While the strong frame with anguish is torn,
But swift on "the wings of the morning,"
The soul to its mansions is borne.

Azriel's coming was swift, sure and silent;
None heard the dark rush of his wing,
Or saw from the bright gates supernal,
The glory that welcomed thee in.

"Come up higher" — no ear but thine heard it —
"Brave soldier," still true to thy trust,
The voice of thy "Captain" is calling,
"Lay down thy frail armor of dust."

"Our Father" from earthly courts calling,
Droop Azriel's dark wings o'er thee now,
But a light from the glory eternal
Hath lifted his shade from thy brow.

Thou need'st not earthly petition,
But oh! to thy dwelling place blest,
Take with thee the prayer yet unfinished,
Breathe for us in Heaven the rest. E. E. B.

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